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*John Trotter Brockett*

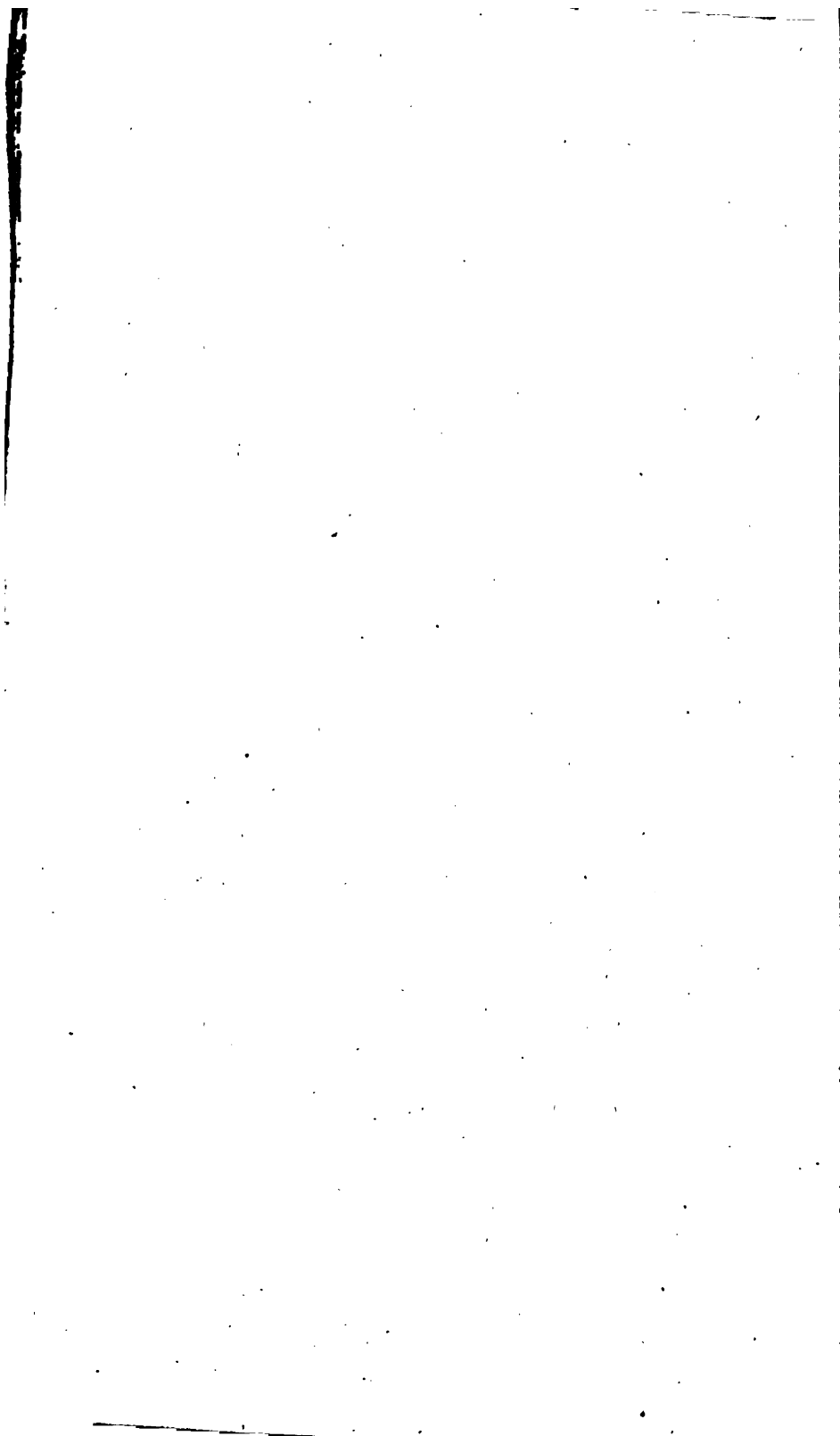


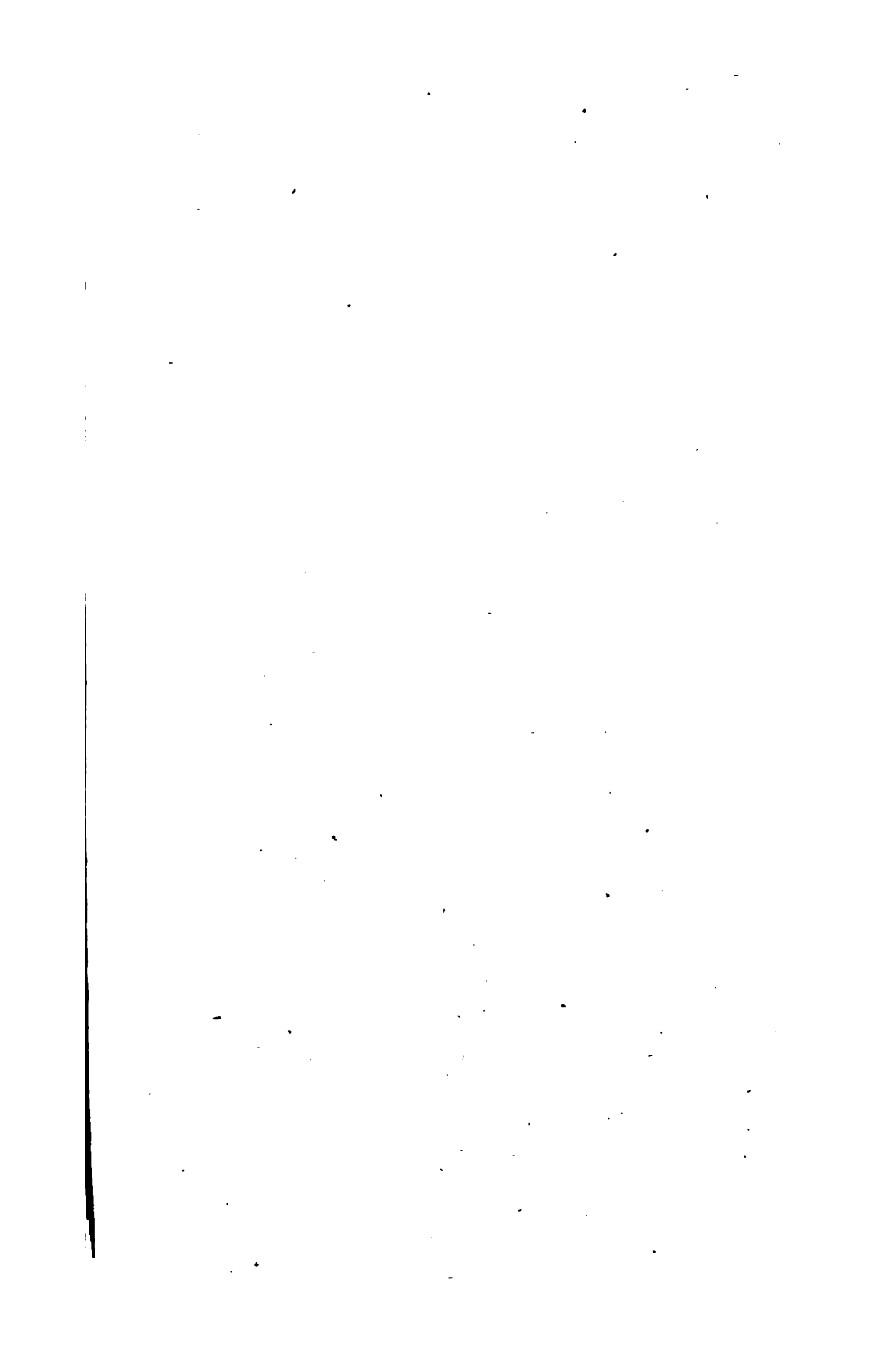
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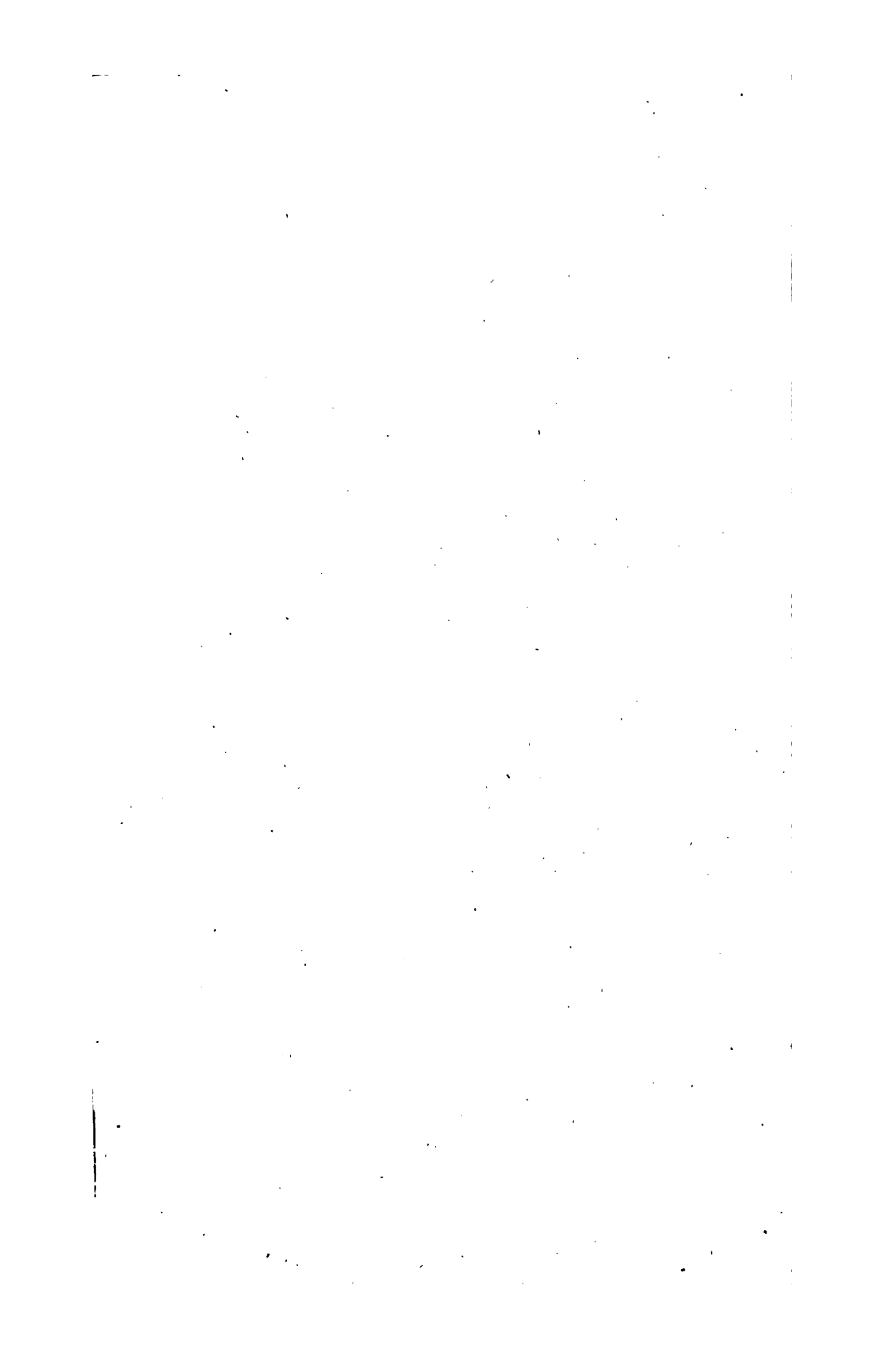












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THE  
BRITISH REVIEW,  
AND  
LONDON CRITICAL JOURNAL.

AUGUST, 1817.

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ART. I.—*A Series of Discourses on the Christian Revelation, viewed in connection with the Modern Astronomy.* By Thomas Chalmers, D.D. Minister of the Tron Church, Glasgow. 8vo. pp. 276. Smith and Son. Glasgow, 1817.

THAT the stupendous scene which the heavens disclose to us by day and by night should awaken the wonder of mortals; that in an age of religious blindness it should have captivated idolaters, and that it should actuate the thoughts, influence the belief, and modify the reasonings of those who live within the sound and illumination of the Gospel, are consequences very natural to a weak and trembling creature whose condition is so little known to himself, and over whom changes so solemn, and destinies so mysterious, are fearfully suspended. Man alone has an upward look, among the breathing myriads which cover the face of our globe; and if the sky was not adorned for the exercise and delight of the human faculties, it is at least undeniable that the mind is furnished with a capacity to contemplate the beautiful spectacle, to stretch the line of its intelligence over at least some part of the exterior arrangement, and to extract from the glittering and gorgeous scene an exhaustless theme of praise and wonder. The argument appears so irresistible and direct which God has given us of his being and attributes, in the works of his hands, that to the believing mind it is scarcely possible to comprehend the existence of an Atheist. And yet how little has all this display of energy and might and goodness done, towards bringing men to a just sense of the Deity, without a revelation. In a world bursting with proofs of his benevolence, and blazing



*Dr. Chalmers's Discourses.*

with the trophies of his omnipotence, the stupidest and grossest hypotheses have disputed with God the honour of the Creation, and philosophy, falsely so called, has found substitutes for the Creator himself among the emanations of his power. There is one only medium, one only lens, through which these objects can be viewed so as to bring them upon the deep chamber of the mind in their proper focus. We must first see God as Christians, and then we are permitted to see his works with the intelligence of pure philosophy,—with the understanding of the heart,—with the interior intimacy of the privileged and initiated. We can *know* God but in one way, we may *honour* him in a thousand: but it is necessary to know him first in order to honour him rightly, and nothing is better proved by the world's history and experience than that, though God has always had his “witnesses in heaven,” and “his hand in the sea, and his right hand in the rivers,” yet without a special communication, without being first enabled “to understand the way of his precepts;” we have not even so much as known how “to talk of his wondrous works.”

The oscitancy and absurdity of the ancient philosophical Atheists had fallen into contempt among the ancients themselves; and the Pagan mythology had, before the Christian revelation, begun to give way to a sublimer and more rational theism; but nothing in the natural world had thus improved the speculations of mankind: and if the mind by its own efforts was raised above materialism, it was only to people nature with a crowd of invisible agents, characterised for the most part by the vices and passions of men, and clothed with attributes and personifications incongruous, obscene, and ridiculous. The Stoics and the Moralists, who drew their opinions, not from material or physical observations, but from a more spiritual comprehension of Divine things, carried a better intelligence to the subject, and surveyed the phenomena of the natural world, with a point of reference in their minds, which conferred upon it the moral beauty of union, totality, and design. This, indeed, is the true position in which the subject should be placed. The priorities of religion and philosophy should be thus settled, before it can be distinctly perceived how physiology attains its rank in the intellectual and moral scale, and has its bearings upon a future world, and the destinies of an immortal Being. Thus Plato reasoned, thus Socrates before him, and thus Aristotle after him: they maintained that the existence of one wise and perfect Being was too high a truth to be reached by minds unpurified, and weighed down by carnal and gross propensities; and fancifully derived it from a certain Divine sagacity, a ray of Divinity, that imparted the holy secret to the soul. Christianity realized these visions, and substantiated these beautiful adumbrations; at once opened a cor-

respondence with God in the heart of man; lighted up the creation with the blaze of the true altar; and "put a new song in its mouth, even a thanksgiving unto our God." Without those true notions of the Deity, which Christianity has imparted to us, it seems as if the human soul would be little the gainer by extending the bounds of natural knowledge. Every fresh discovery of the Creator's might, was only to place him at a further remove from man; every advance into the realms of infinity was so much loss to humanity, in the scale of comparative importance.

The sequestration of the Divine mind from man and his concerns was more peculiarly the fruit of the Epicurean physics, because the theology of that sect was entirely founded on the observation of material existences. And thus the philosophical poet describes the gloomy barrier of eternal separation:

Omnia enim per se Divum natura necesse est  
Immortali sevo, summa cum pace fruatur,  
Semota a nostris rebus, sejunctaque longe:  
Nam privata dolore omni, privata periclis,  
Ipsa suis pollens opibus, nihil indiga nostri  
Nec bene pro meritis capitur, nec tangitur ira."

*Lucret. ii. 645.*

The natural inquiries of the Stoic led him, it is true, to much nobler conceptions of the Deity; he saw the impresses of a Divine hand legibly traced in every part of the creation. He saw the motions of the heavens so certain, and the orders of the stars so established, and all things so fitted to their ends, that it was impossible to consider them as the effects of fortuitous force, or blind impulse; and from the glorious scene of God's works, he deduced the convincing testimonies of his providence, his wisdom, and his power. The same contemplation, also, tended to exalt him in his own opinion. "We alone, of all the animals," says the Stoic of Cicero, "have known the risings, settings, and courses of the stars: by man it is that the day, the month, and year is determined; that the eclipses of the sun and moon are known, and foretold to all futurity." And then, having shown how piety and justice, and all the other virtues, are connected with these considerations, he raises his good man to a pitch of blessedness equal to the celestials in all but their immortality.\*

Thus the tumid philosophy of the Stoics placed man in a competition with the nature of the gods themselves, and strove to contract the distance between human and Divine, by dressing up the human soul in the attributes of Divinity. After all, however, its most gaudy trappings were borrowed from things of

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\* Cic. de Nat. Deor. lib. ii. 60, 61.

earthly composition and transitory tenure. "The whole dominion of this world's goods," says Cicero's Stoic, "is in man. The fields and the mountains are for our enjoyment. Ours are the rivers, and the lakes. We sow corn, and plant trees, and fertilize the earth by irrigation. We urge, direct, and alter the course of rivers. By the strength and contrivance of our hands we superinduce another nature upon nature itself. And does not the reasoning faculty of man penetrate even unto heaven itself?" \* And yet, in another mood of the Stoical vein, how different is the view presented us of all these high pretensions: "Man learns not," says Seneca, in his *Natural Questions*,† "to despise the stately piazzas, the roofs shining with ivory, the trimmed groves, and the pleasant rivulets conveyed to our houses, until he hath surveyed the whole world, and from his airy speculation looking down upon our little globe, covered in a great manner by the sea, and, where not so covered, squalid in its appearance, and either parched with heat, or frozen with cold, he saith to himself, is this that *point* which, by fire and sword, is divided among so many nations? O how ridiculous are the limits which confine mortal men! The Ister bounds the Dacians; the Strymon, the Thracians; the Euphrates, the Parthians; the Danube divides the Sarmatians and the Romans; the Rhine gives bounds to Germany; the Pyrenees, to France and Spain; and between Egypt and Ethiopia lie tracts immeasurable of sandy deserts: if human understanding were given to ants, would not they too divide their molehill into divers provinces?" And, in this strain, he proceeds comparing the diminutiveness of this little spot of earth, and all its assumed importance and imaginary grandeur, with the immensity of the space around us, where the swiftest planet is thirty years in accomplishing his journey; and room is given for the revolutions of countless stars. But is man degraded from his dignity by these views of the creation? Certainly not, according to the stoical hypothesis; for into the possession of these vast spaces the mind is admitted, if properly defecated from the things of this earth. *Si expeditus levisque, ac contentus modico, emicuit.* It must be previously prepared for this possession, by the contemplation of it; by having constantly and tranquilly meditated on these wonders of the upper regions, their glittering orbs, and their pure ethereal canopy as ultimately its own. There, when it arrives, it is to receive an instantaneous enlargement, and feel itself in its proper home, in communion with Divinity itself.

This is the compensation which the stoic philosophy, by far the most pure and consistent of ancient creeds, has found for our humiliated condition upon earth: in proportion as it vilifies this

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\* Cic. de Nat. Deor. ii. 60, 61.

† Sen. Nat. Quest. lib. i. Pref.

globe and its petty transactions, it exalts the interior man above its polluted surface, and invests the soul with a sort of spiritual property in all the magnificent apparatus of heaven.

Qua niger astriferis connectitur axibus aër ;  
 Quodque patet terras inter, lunæque meatus,  
 Semidei manes habitant, quos ignea virtus,  
 Innocuos vitæ, patientes ætheris imi  
 Fecit, et æternas animam conlegit in orbes.

*Luc. Phars. lib. ix.*

Astronomy, however, has not left to man the flattering belief that the heavenly bodies were made only to minister to him while on earth, or to shine for the recreation of his disembodied spirit. The progressive development of the analogies subsisting between our own globe, and those radiant orbs that spread their glory around us, has gradually induced the belief that they also have their inhabitants, who stand in a relation, moral or spiritual, similar or superior to our own, to the great Source of life and intelligence. Under the touch of this talisman, the painted heaven of the Stoics and Platonists vanishes, and in its stead, a countless multitude of real worlds press upon our aching vision ; orbs upon orbs, suns upon suns, systems upon systems, succeed and defy calculation. So vast, so exhaustless is the scene, that if comparative magnitude were the measure of importance, and the regards of the Creator were proportioned as ours are, well might this spot of relative nothingness, which we call emphatically the world, be overlooked. Before the urgency of these considerations, the dignity of man expires like a vapour ; and no longer any ground can be taken on which a single hope of future felicity, or even life, can be erected, but the infinite condescension of that only Potentate, who sits pavilioned in unapproachable and ineffable supremacy, beyond all these orbs, these suns, and these systems. In proportion as the optics of man are extended, and new worlds, new hosts of worlds, march into the field of view, numbers without number, in jubilant succession and never-ending pomp, the place of our own sojourn, upon which God himself, for the sake of its sinful inhabitants, hath, according to the Christian theology, descended in the flesh, and performed an act of mysterious grace, which angels desire to look into, has shrunk into a point, an atom, a scarcely appreciable and noticeable magnitude, in the vast interminable range of creation. Here then is a struggle, a jar, a collision, between the philosophy of man, and the propositions involved in the Christian scheme of grace and redemption. To reconcile what is great with what is little according to her notions of great and little, is difficult and startling to human wisdom. Measuring things by her own rule, and line, and compass, she cannot easily digest a plan of divinity which

brings infinite and finite into contact; alters the forms and magnitudes of moral objects; and presents to us a Being stooping from an altitude which no thought can scale, to a depth of commiseration which no line can fathom.

But, after all, the difficulty to which we have alluded is a difficulty of habit only. Christianity does no real violence to the laws of reason: she asks only of philosophy to correct her own prejudices, to control her vanity, to distinguish between human and Divine things, between what is spiritual and what is corporeal, what hath bounds and what hath none, between moral and material magnitudes, between an eye that never sleeps, an arm that never tires, thoughts that know no variableness or shadow of turning, and the qualities, powers, and predicaments of a being who can give no account of himself, "whose breath is in his nostrils;" who, under shelter of his covering of clay, feebly holds his perishing tenure of misery and mortality.

To show that philosophy, truly so called, is not at variance with the Christian scheme; that the modern astronomy, which, by the powerful aid of optical glasses, has so prodigiously extended the bounds of the visible creation, and so enlarged our conceptions of the greatness of Creation's Author, that it makes this earth appear, in relation to the shining myriads that surround it, as a single leaf in the shady forest, or as a particle of dust in the sultry plain, opposes no obstacle to the faith of the Scripture, but teaches us rather with the greater fervency to join the apostle in exclaiming, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!" is the object of the book which we have now undertaken to review. Whether our author may not attach rather too much importance to the argument he so strenuously in this volume opposes, or whether, as we have heard it suggested, his own mind may not, at some period of his course in religious inquiry, have felt its force in a degree that still paints it upon his memory in a more formidable shape than belongs to it, we will not inquire. We are sure that there is no objection so weak as to be unworthy of refutation, if it has at any time crossed the path of the Christian pilgrim, or given birth to an ephemeral doubt in the bosom of the pious, or hid for a moment the heavenly promise from the hope of a repentant sinner. Objections, too, vary in their impressions, according to the state of the recipient, or the complexions of different minds, or the situation of the vulnerable and vital parts of the mental frame: though cased in armour, from the head to the heel, the Christian safety consists in a never-ceasing apprehension of danger from within and from without. To prevent any ill effects upon the soundness of our religious principles, from an exercise of such general benefit, so invigorating to the faculties, so elevating to

the thoughts, and so entirely worthy of a being formed for contemplation, and "of large discourse," as an inquiry into the wonders of the creation, is another view in which the exertions of Dr. Chalmers rise to great importance. But sorrowful indeed would be the case, if an argument for God's forgetfulness of his creatures could be drawn from testimonies of his might;—if, by musing upon the immensity of his power, our confidence in the immensity of his love could be shaken;—if, as the scene of creation expanded, the prospect of redemption were necessarily to become diminished in scope, in beneficence, or in brightness. Can it argue greater power to preserve than to create? Can we derive an inference of exhaustion from the display of infinitude, or is there any plausibility in the supposition that God can have overcharged himself by the magnitude, or minuteness, or multiplicity of his works; or that, for the repose of his Spirit, he requires a partial remission of care,—something of that sabbath of secluded ease, enjoyed by the gods of Epicurus?

We must frankly confess that we do not remember to have ever had to encounter this argument against the Christian doctrine of redemption; or, if we have by chance heard an allusion to it, we have given it no heed on account of its apparent insignificance. We have stated our reasons, however, for thinking that it ought not to be neglected, and we are the more glad that Dr. Chalmers has deemed it a subject worthy of his exertions, because it has afforded him a field of display, well suited to the character of his genius. In this flowery field that genius has blossomed, like the Rose of Sharon, and spread its fragrance over all the land.

By being suddenly raised to literary eminence,—to that eminence which secures the public attention to whatever he may publish, an author is invested with a power, to which we cannot but attach a very solemn responsibility; and we think it matter of general congratulation, that this sort of moral power has, in the present instance, fallen into hands which are very likely to make it instrumental to human happiness. It happens but rarely, indeed, that fashion lends itself to the interests of religion, and fortunate is he who can borrow the wand of that enchanter, to charm the busy idlers of the world into a few hours of still attention to the plea of Heaven in behalf of their souls. Dr. Chalmers, by one effort of his pen, has leaped forth into fashion; the ear that has long refused to listen to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely,—the ear which has hitherto heard nothing but the language of blandishment, or of blasphemy,—the ear, through which nothing has found its way but a false and flattering unction to the conscience, has, peradventure, under the spell of Dr. Chalmers' rhetoric, been opened

to that "word which endureth for ever," hath heard of "the sufferings of Christ," of "the glory that shall be revealed," and of the wretched case of him who walks without God in the world, and dies without a part in the Saviour.

We trust it is superfluous to say to this gentleman, "*Macte virtute tua*:" it is not any sacrifice which he is called to make to the interests of religion; "neither bonds, nor stripes, nor imprisonment, nor tribulation, nor distress, nor persecution, nor nakedness, nor peril, nor the sword," oppose his career; we trust, if they had, they would not have separated him from Christ; but the stars in their courses fight on his side; and the principalities and powers of this world have, for a time at least, withdrawn their open hostility. The success of his pen has prepared the way for his success in the pulpit; numbers who go not, or but seldom go, or go because others go, or go they know not for what, without delight, or awe, or love, to the worship of him who made both the heavens and the earth, of him who telleth the number of the stars, and calleth them all by their names, press in throngs, regardless of inconvenience, or distance, or trouble, old men and maidens, young men and children, to hear how brilliantly the creature can eulogize the Creator, with what new garniture he can array the heavens, to what compass of descriptive magnificence human utterance may be made to expand, or how the "loveliness of the song" may be yet further enforced by new notes of rapture, and new touches of sublime expression.

This is what numbers call edification, and for this sort of edification numbers have run to hear Dr. Chalmers. This has been the primary attraction; by these credentials has this ambassador of Christ been first introduced to his courtly and crowded audience. The captivating manner in which his inferences have been drawn of the power of the Creator, from the great spectacle of his works, laid the foundation of his popularity. Had he written only in the language of awful verity, concerning righteousness, and temperance, and judgment to come, no man of the world would have *trembled*, because no man of the world would have read him. But having fortunately pitched upon a subject, in itself extremely attractive, coinciding with the philosophical tone of the times, demanding no labour of attention, or preparation in the reader, but affording to the peculiar excellence of the writer the fullest opportunity of display, he has produced a volume of sermons, which has suspended for a time every other fashionable topic of the literary kind, and spread as far as any tale of unholy love, mysterious murder, or sentimental crime.

But has Dr. Chalmers contented himself with thus amusing and attracting the public? Does popularity appear to have been

his real aim? To say this of him would, in our opinion, be doing him great injustice. We have been all this while adverting only to the primary impression, and immediate attraction of his work, which, we think, is to be ascribed partly to the popularity of his subject, and partly to the luxuriant graces of his composition. But of these qualities the impression is fugitive. The work before us possesses also those to which a style the most lofty is of very inferior importance, and without the support of which it is but the mimicry of reason and passion. Though we cannot say that Dr. Chalmers has presented us with any thing very new in argument, or even in the matter of his descriptions, nor that we have any anxious fears for Christianity on the side in which he has thrown up an additional rampart, yet, for elevating views of the Majesty on high, for apt illustrations of the providential care of the Creator, for reconciling the extremes of glory and condescension, for combining the perfections of JEHOVAH JESUS in the blessed fruits of righteousness and grace, and especially for the lines and characteristics of correct religious feeling, drawn with such precision, in the last discourse, we cannot testify to Dr. Chalmers, in terms above his merit, the sense we entertain of his labours. These properties of his work are now in operation; the first glance of beauty has been shot; the brilliance, which at first was almost *nimum lubricus aspicit*, is improved into a steadier lustre; our pleasure becomes more profound, and our heart more permanently engaged. This is a true test of the merit of the performance, a sure earnest of its lasting celebrity; and on this experience we found our opinion that Dr. Chalmers is no meteor, but a fixed star in that firmament of science, which he has taught to shine with the radiance of the Gospel.

He has begun his argument with imputing to the astronomical objectors an assertion and an inference, both of which he undertakes to deprive of their weight. "The assertion is, that Christianity is a religion which professes to be designed for the single benefit of our world; and the inference is, that God cannot be the author of this religion, for he would not lavish on so insignificant a field, such peculiar and such distinguishing attentions, as are ascribed to him in the Old and New Testament." The assertion, he contends, is without foundation; for Christianity makes no such profession. And after having, in his first discourse, paid the fullest homage to the energy of the Divine attributes, and given the widest expansion to the hypothesis of a plurality of worlds; after having deduced from the astronomical fact, that God has done the same things, for the other planets, as he has done for that which we inhabit, giving them lights in their firmaments, to be for signs and for seasons, and for days and for years, and dividing the light from the darkness,



he deduces the presumption, that the Creator has not left them without beings to profit by these arrangements. After letting the fancy loose to tire itself with wonder and conjecture, amidst the host of luminaries that light up the whole concave of heaven, and to exhaust its powers of conception in multiplying the probabilities of the living works of creation, he meets the astronomical sceptic in all that he has attempted to raise, upon the widest extent to which he can urge the theme. He denies the postulate, that Christianity necessarily bounds itself to this earth and its inhabitants: he challenges the objector on this ground to the proof, that the religion of Jesus is unknown to those planets, and those stars, thus peopled by this splendid hypothesis. "For any thing such objector can tell, sin has found its way into these other worlds. For any thing he can tell, their people have banished themselves from communion with God. For any thing he can tell, many a visit may have been made to each of them, on the subject of our common Christianity, by commissioned messengers from the throne of the Eternal. For any thing he can tell, the redemption promised to us is not one solitary instance, or not the whole of that redemption which is by the Son of God; but only our part in the plan of mercy, equal in magnificence to all that astronomy has brought within the range of human contemplation."

So much for the assertion, which Dr. Chalmers thus shows to be merely gratuitous. But admitting that the hypothesis of the Christian scheme necessarily bounds it to this earth—to this diminutive spot—to this spot, so unappreciably small in comparison of a dimensionless creation, that, were it suddenly swept away into annihilation, it would be only like one leaf lost to the forest; still, in the argument of this instructive writer, a moral magnificence and extent is given to the character and results of the work of salvation, which is quite independent of physical magnitude. Divine love, in his just and reasonable consideration, has no spiritual limit to its supposable efficacy, however small the immediate scene of its operation; for what is the magnitude, and where is the distance, over which the light from a single point, (to speak humanly, for all comparative magnitudes are merged in infinity), in the work of the Divine mind, may not be imagined to extend its effulgence. Great and Little have reference to the associations of a finite mind; the importance of things in this world are according to the impressions which our nature receives from them; we measure things by rules derived from our own infirmity, and throw the colours and characteristics of our own impotence over that small part of the creation which lies within our view; but are God's thoughts as our thoughts? Is it likely that to Him who is *maximus in minimis*, who car-

ries his finishing hand to things of evanescent smallness, and, in proportion as the microscope gives magnitude to things invisible, develops his might in a downward series of infinite gradation,—is it likely, or is it consistent with unprejudiced philosophy, to suppose that to him small and great, as we count small and great, should furnish standards of appreciation, and vary his interest in the objects of his care?

Dr. Chalmers well argues, that an objection, grounded on the extent of astronomical discoveries, “goes to expunge a perfection from the character of God.” For, even if we ascribe to the Deity the rules of human estimation, and the same views as our own of comparative magnitudes, yet can we suppose, that, in all the amplitude of his creation, there exists an object so humble as to be utterly beneath his regard. Human thoughts are easily overcome by numbers, and distracted by diversity; but is God liable to be lost in the crowd of his own creatures, or to suffer a world to be forgotten in the throng of existence? Let it be admitted, that what is vast is more precious than what is minute, yet if the vast is safe, and needs no remedy, shall we think that the contemplation of worlds, free from corruption, however great or numerous, can work an estrangement in the mind of the Creator, from one sinful portion of the universe, however little, or throw it out of the pale of his boundless and pervading love; at least, does it not add a kind of consummation to that assemblage of perfections which compose our idea of God, to think of him as of one, who, while from “ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands” of greater orbs, his ear is saluted with perpetual praise, he yet casts an eye of pity towards a little world of rebellious souls, on the eve of absolute and everlasting ruin? He is Alpha and he is Omega, and between these infinite extremes all is surveyed by the eye of his omniscience, all is embraced by the arms of his mercy, and pardon is offered to all through repentance and faith. And so this pious writer would have us think, and so the Christian revelation allows us, nay commands us to hope. But it is time that Dr. Chalmers should be suffered to explain himself in his own words.

“The objection we are discussing, I shall state again in a single sentence. Since astronomy has unfolded to us such a number of worlds, it is not likely that God would pay so much attention to this one world, and set up such wonderful provisions for its benefit, as are announced to us in the Christian Revelation. This objection will have received its answer, if we can meet it by the following position:—that God, in addition to the bare faculty of dwelling on a multiplicity of objects at one and the same time, has this faculty in such wonderful perfection, that he can attend as fully, and provide as richly, and manifest all his attributes as illustriously, on every one of these objects, as

if the rest had no existence, and no place whatever in his government or in his thoughts.

“ For the evidence of this position, we appeal, in the first place, to the personal history of each individual among you. Only grant us, that God never loses sight of any one thing he has created, and that no created thing can continue either to be, or to act, independently of him; and then, even upon the face of this world, humble as it is on the great scale of astronomy, how widely diversified, and how multiplied into many thousand distinct exercises, is the attention of God! His eye is upon every hour of my existence. His Spirit is intimately present with every thought of my heart. His inspiration gives birth to every purpose within me. His hand impresses a direction on every footstep of my goings. Every breath I inhale, is drawn by an energy which God deals out to me. This body, which, upon the slightest derangement, would become the prey of death, or of woeful suffering, is now at ease, because he at this moment is warding off from me a thousand dangers, and upholding the thousand movements of its complex and delicate machinery. His presiding influence keeps by me through the whole current of my restless and everchanging history. When I walk by the wayside, he is along with me. When I enter into company, amid all my forgetfulness of him, he never forgets me. In the silent watches of the night, when my eyelids have closed, and my spirit has sunk into unconsciousness, the observant eye of him who never slumbers, is upon me. I cannot fly from his presence. Go where I will, he tends me, and watches me, and cares for me; and the same Being who is now at work in the remotest domains of Nature and of Providence, is also at my right hand to eke out to me every moment of my being, and to uphold me in the exercise of all my feelings, and of all my faculties.

“ Now, what God is doing with me, he is doing with every distinct individual of this world's population. The intimacy of his presence, and attention, and care, reaches to one and to all of them. With a mind unburdened by the vastness of all its other concerns, he can prosecute, without distraction, the government and guardianship of every one son and daughter of the species.—And is it for us, in the face of all this experience, ungratefully to draw a limit around the perfections of God—to aver, that the multitude of other worlds has withdrawn any portion of his benevolence from the one we occupy—or that he, whose eye is upon every separate family of the earth, would not lavish all the riches of his unsearchable attributes on some high plan of pardon and immortality, in behalf of its countless generations?

“ But, secondly, were the mind of God so fatigued, and so occupied with the care of other worlds, as the objection presumes him to be, should we not see some traces of neglect, or of carelessness, in his management of ours? Should we not behold, in many a field of observation, the evidence of its master being overcrowded with the variety of his other engagements? A man oppressed by a multitude of business, would simplify and reduce the work of any new concern that was devolved upon him. Now, point out a single mark of God being thus oppressed. Astronomy has laid open to us so many realms of

creation, which were before unheard of, that the world we inhabit shrinks into one remote and solitary province of this wide monarchy. Tell me, then, if, in any one field of this province, which man has access to, you witness a single indication of God sparing himself—of God reduced to languor by the weight of his other employments—of God sinking under the burden of that vast superintendence which lies upon him—of God being exhausted, as one of ourselves would be, by any number of concerns, however great, by any variety of them, however manifold; and do you not perceive, in that mighty profusion of wisdom and goodness, which is scattered every where around us, that the thoughts of this unsearchable Being are not as our thoughts, nor his ways as our ways?

“ My time does not suffer me to dwell on this topic, because, before I conclude, I must hasten to another illustration. But, when I look abroad on the wondrous scene that is immediately before me—and see, that in every direction, it is a scene of the most various and unwearied activity—and expatiate on all the beauties of that garniture by which it is adorned, and on all the prints of design and of benevolence which abound in it—and think, that the same God, who holds the universe, with its every system, in the hollow of his hand, pencils every flower, and gives nourishment to every blade of grass, and actuates the movements of every living thing, and is not disabled, by the weight of his other cares, from enriching the humble department of nature I occupy, with charms and accommodations of the most unbounded variety—then, surely, if a message, bearing every mark of authenticity, should profess to come to me from God, and inform me of his mighty doings for the happiness of our species, it is not for me, in the face of all this evidence, to reject it as a tale of imposture, because astronomers have told me that he has so many other worlds and other orders of beings to attend to—and, when I think that it were a deposition of him from his supremacy over the creatures he has formed, should a single sparrow fall to the ground without his appointment, then let science and sophistry try to cheat me of my comfort as they may—I will not let go the anchor of my confidence in God—I will not be afraid, for I am of more value than many sparrows.”  
(P. 106—111.)

In this manner does this vigorous champion of the truth expand his inferences, and adorn his subject. It is thus that he presents to us the Deity travelling in the greatness of his strength, and prosecuting the details of his mercy; the Lord dwelling on high, “yet humbling himself to behold the things,” the least things “that are in heaven and earth;” “the high and lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity,” at the same time “dwelling with the contrite, and reviving the spirit of the humble;” stretching his wonder-working hand beyond the bounds of sight, however aided, or thought, however raised or depressed in the great and in the little; scattering through immensity the blazing testimonies of his power, yet pervading all with the intimacy of his

presence, and the local regards of his providence; in nothing comprehended, in every thing felt,—over all, above all, and in all.

When once the difficulty is surmounted, if difficulty it be, of supposing the Almighty Mind capable of comprehending all the parts of his creation distributively and collectively at the same time, and of extending his concern to the lowest and the least without exhaustion or confusion, the Christian has nothing to fear from astronomy, but may look, not with unconcern merely, but with holy rapture, though the telescope of Galileo, and discern in the magnificent scene which it opens to him, new reasons for exclaiming in the spirit not of doubt, but of gratitude, “Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him; and the son of man that thou visitest him!” To this view of the subject Dr. Chalmers, after a full developement of what may be called the mechanical proofs of God’s protecting care of the minutest of his productions, proceeds with confidence to the mighty work of love and condescension unfolded in the Christian dispensation.

“It is a wonderful thing,” says Dr. Chalmers, “that God should be so unencumbered by the concerns of a whole universe, that he can give a constant attention to every moment of every individual in this world’s population. But, wonderful as it is, you do not hesitate to admit it as true, on the evidence of your own recollections. It is a wonderful thing that he, whose eye is at every instant on so many worlds, should have peopled the world we inhabit with all the traces of the varied design and benevolence which abound in it. But, great as the wonder is, you do not allow so much as the shadow of improbability to darken it; for its reality is what you actually witness, and you never think of questioning the evidence of observation. It is wonderful, it is passing wonderful, that the same God, whose presence is diffused through immensity, and who spreads the ample canopy of his administration over all its dwelling-places, should, with an energy as fresh and as unexpended as if he had only begun the work of creation, turn him to the neighbourhood around as, and lavish, on its every hand-breath, all the exuberance of his goodness, and crowd it with the many thousand varieties of conscious existence. But, be the wonder incomprehensible as it may, you do not suffer in your mind the burden of a single doubt to lie upon it, because you do not question the report of the microscope. You do not refuse its information, nor turn away from it as an incompetent channel of evidence. But to bring it still nearer to the point at issue, there are many who never look through a microscope, but who rest an implicit faith in all its revelations; and upon what evidence I would ask? Upon the evidence of testimony—upon the credit they give to the authors of the books they have read, and the belief they put in the record of their observations. Now, at this point I make my stand. It is wonderful that God should be so interested in the redemption of a single world, as to send forth his well-beloved Son upon the errand, and he, to accomplish it, should, mighty to save, put forth

all his strength, and travail in the greatness of it. But such wonders as these have already multiplied upon you; and when evidence is given of their truth, you have resigned your every judgment of the unsearchable God, and rested in the faith of them. I demand, in the name of sound and consistent philosophy, that you do the same in the matter before us—and take it up as a question of evidence—and examine that medium of testimony through which the miracles and informations of the Gospel have come to your door—and go not to admit as argument here, what would not be admitted as argument in any of the analogies of nature and observation—and take along with you, in this field of inquiry, a lesson which you should have learned upon other fields—even the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God, that his judgments are unsearchable, and his ways are past finding out.” (P. 117—119.)

The reflections to which we have above directed the reader's attention, very naturally conducted Dr. Chalmers to the deductions and reasonings of which his fourth discourse consists, by which our views are directed to the probable existence “of the knowledge of man's moral history in the distant places of the creation.” If we know little or nothing of the moral and theological economy of the other planets, we agree with Dr. Chalmers that “we are not thence to infer that the beings who occupy these widely-extended regions, even supposing them not higher than ourselves in the scale of understanding, know little of ours.” The Bible intimates that the history of the redemption of our species is known in other parts of the universe, and allows us to conjecture that other worlds may be concerned in the mysterious virtue of the atonement. If we can properly say that any thing collateral can heighten the interest, which, as the heirs of corruption and the inhabitants of a sinful world, we feel in the Divine scheme of charity under which we are redeemed, we may draw a very natural pleasure from considering the rest of the intelligent creation as taking a sympathising part in the reconciliation wrought for our rebellious little world by an act of Divine grace, rendered so much the more stupendous and amazing by comparison with the diminutiveness of the object. If haply there be any unfallen worlds, or if all be pure from sin and sorrow except this little spot of forfeited bliss; if, among all those vast and distant habitations which to our natural or assisted vision show themselves in the dark blue profundity among those receding vistas which give to the senses an impression of eternity, all be love and innocence and holy joy; if God in his fulness be there felt and worshipped; still something might be wanting to attest the moral excellence of the Deity, something of that attractive beauty in the character of the creation into which angels might desire more especially to look, had not this lapsed portion

of the universe, little indeed, but not too little for all-searching Goodness, afforded a platform on which a work might be done more stupendous than all besides in moral magnitude;—an act of crowning grace and mercy, enrapturing the spheres of an harmonious universe, and making the sons of God and the firmament itself to shout in a chorus of thanksgiving.

“ When they saw rebellion lifting up its standard against the Majesty of heaven, and the truth and the justice of God embarked on the threatenings he had uttered against all the doers of iniquity, and the honours of that august throne, which has the firm pillars of immutability to rest upon, linked with the fulfilment of the law that had come out from it; and when nothing else was looked for, but that God by putting forth the power of his wrath should accomplish his every denunciation, and vindicate the inflexibility of his government, and by one sweeping deed of vengeance, assert in the sight of all his creatures, the sovereignty which belonged to him—Oh! with what desire must they have pondered on his ways, when amid the urgency of all these demands which looked so high and so indispensable, they saw the unfoldings of the attribute of mercy—and how the Supreme Lawgiver was bending upon his guilty creatures an eye of tenderness—and how in his profound and unsearchable wisdom he was devising for them some plan of restoration—and how the eternal Son had to move from his dwelling-place in heaven, to carry it forward through all the difficulties by which it was encompassed—and how after, by the virtue of his mysterious sacrifice, he had magnified the glory of every other perfection, he made mercy rejoice over them all, and threw open a way by which we sinful and polluted wanderers, might, with the whole lustre of the Divine character untarnished, be re-admitted into fellowship with God, and be again brought back within the circle of his loyal and affectionate family.” (P. 141, 142.)

Looking thus to the essential quality of the great act of redemption, and, if we may so express ourselves, to its moral excellence, rather than to the area on which it has been displayed, we are soon taught to feel the absurdity of estimating God's works by geometrical measurement. If we can talk of difficulty in the achievements of an Omnipotent Being, the difficulty in this case lay in reconciling his mercy with his justice, his pardon with his immutable character, and in giving to the unclean an access to the fountain of purity. The salvation of the whole universe could not have demanded a greater sacrifice, and for no spot in that whole universe could a less satisfaction have sufficed. This being the real magnitude of the transaction, we can hear without amazement that the Lamb who was slain for our world, if for our little world alone that precious blood was poured, is surrounded by the acclamations of one wide universal empire; that the might of his wondrous achievement spreads a tide of gratulation over the multitudes who are about his throne; and

that there never ceases to ascend from the worshippers of Him who washed us from our sins in his blood, a voice loud as from numbers without number, sweet as from blessed voices uttering joy, when heaven rings jubilee, and loud hosannahs fill the eternal regions."

The case put by Dr. Chalmers, of an earthly potentate celebrated for his mighty deeds, illustrious in counsel and in arms, yet eclipsing the renown of all his other achievements by an act of a single day, in behalf of a single family; by a soothing visit of tenderness to a poor and solitary cottage; or by a noble effort of self-denial in generously forgetting the fault of a man who had insulted and aggrieved him, by way of parallel,—allowing for an infinite distance in degree,—to that of the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, surrounded by the splendours of an everlasting monarchy, turning himself to our humble habitation, hither bending his mysterious way, and sojourning as a servant under the roof which canopies our obscure and solitary world, is drawn and contrasted with all the peculiar beauties and powers of expression which this writer has at command.

Thus the infidel argument drawn from the narrow boundary of the space on which the great event of our redemption has been accomplished, after reading the work before us, if ever it was formidable, ceases to be so. We think we may say that it has been made to appear contemptible. But we can scarcely suppose an objection to arise in any rational mind from regarding the *time* expended in accomplishing the work of salvation. We really do therefore think that Dr. Chalmers, in dealing seriously with this argument, has clothed it with too much importance. To suppose that the Almighty could not have afforded the time assigned to this object without deducting a disproportionate share of his attention from his other works, his other worlds, and the general charge of the universe, proceeds upon a ground of such gross and heathenish conceptions of the Deity—such grovelling materialism, that the objection scarcely deserved to be refuted with any powers of language or argument. If any thing could invest this argument with danger, it must be the gravity with which such a man as Dr. Chalmers condescends to treat it. We could almost smile at the solemnity with which the preacher states the supposed objection. "It is the *time*," says he, "which the plan of our salvation requires, that startles all those on whom this argument has any impression. It is the *time* taken up about this paltry world, which they feel to be out of proportion to the number of other worlds, and to the immensity of the surrounding creation." Was it necessary, in order to secure us against the attacks of this notable argument from the divine economy of time,—an article truly of prodigious value to an eternal Being! to remind us that



"the whole time which elapsed between the fall of man and the consummation of the scheme of his recovery, was but the twinkling of a moment to the mighty roll of innumerable ages; that the whole of this interval bears as small a proportion to the whole of the Almighty's reign, as this solitary world does to the universe around it." There is, however, no portion of the subject which this writer has touched without adorning it; he has imparted new graces where he has conferred no additional securities; and where truth has profited but little from his reasons, the soul has caught an inspiration from his sounds.

Having thus shown the futility of those false standards borrowed from our own gross and fleshly infirmities, and so apt to be applied in derogation of the Divine infinitude and omnipotence, we are, in the fifth discourse, conducted to another view of the Majesty on high, in which, in the character of Father, a pitying Father, he suffers himself to be brought into some sort of comparison with the tenderer and better parts of human nature. That holy and perfect Being can endure no comparison with any thing of mortal and material substance, but there is a part of our nature, that part to which charity, if not in its scriptural plenitude, yet in certain measures, belongs, will supply some analogies to aid our conceptions of the tender mercies of Him who has descended from His radiant seat of glory, passing by all the hierarchies and thrones of His empire, passing by the great and possibly the guiltless orbs, that roll and shine in countless multitudes about his path, to visit and save this small receptacle of peccant beings from that utter ruin to which they had wilfully consigned themselves.

"It was nature, and the experience of every bosom will affirm it—it was nature in the shepherd to leave the ninety and nine of his flock forgotten and alone in the wilderness, and betaking himself to the mountains, to give all his labour and all his concern to the pursuit of one solitary wanderer. It was nature; and we are told in the passage before us, that it is such a portion of nature as belongs not merely to men, but to angels; when the woman, with her mind in a state of listlessness as to the nine pieces of silver that were in secure custody, turned the whole force of her anxiety to the one piece which she had lost, and for which she had to light a candle, and to sweep the house, and to search diligently until she found it. It was nature in her to rejoice more over that piece, than over all the rest of them, and to tell it abroad among friends and neighbours, that they might rejoice with her—aye, and sadly effaced as humanity is, in all her original lineaments, this is a part of our nature, the very movements of which are experienced in heaven, "where there is more joy over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance." For any thing I know, the very planet that rolls in the immensity around me, may be a land of righteousness; and be a member

of the household of God; and have her secure dwelling-place within that ample limit, which embraces his great and universal family. But I know at least of one wanderer; and how woefully she has strayed from peace and from purity; and how in dreary alienation from him who made her, she has bewildered herself amongst those many devious tracks, which have carried her afar from the path of immortality; and how sadly tarnished all those beauties and felicities are, which promised, on that morning of her existence when God looked on her, and saw that all was very good—which promised so richly to bless and to adorn her; and how in the eye of the whole unfallen creation, she has renounced all this goodness, and is fast departing away from them into guilt, and wretchedness, and shame. Oh! if there be any truth in this chapter, and any sweet or touching nature in the principle which runs throughout all its parables, let us cease to wonder, though they who surround the throne of love should be looking so intently towards us—or though, in the way by which they have singled us out, all the other orbs of space should, for one short season, on the scale of eternity, appear to be forgotten—or though, for every step of her recovery, and for every individual who is rendered back again to the fold from which he was separated, another and another message of triumph should be made to circulate amongst the hosts of Paradise—or though, lost as we are, and sunk in depravity as we are, all the sympathies of heaven should now be awake on the enterprise of him who has travelled, in the greatness of his strength, to seek and to save us." (P. 179—182.)

The arguments, parallels, and illustrations in this discourse are extremely fine, and touching; and if the exquisiteness with which they are laboured be allowed, as we think they must be, to border upon excessive refinement, there is in them a stability of thought and compass of expression, which sustains them in their utmost extent; and although repetitions do certainly abound, in substance, they still occur under such various modifications of structure and embellishment as to secure a deeper assent of the heart and understanding. It appears, indeed, to be the habit of this writer to exhaust his subject before he relinquishes it. As long as in the permutations of language a power remains of shifting, expanding, or re-casting his leading idea, his mind remains engaged in its service. With Cicero's power of amplification he has found in the vastness of his theme, and in the play and pliancy of his less perfect, but more copious idiom, advantages from which Cicero and the ancients were shut out; and, perhaps, in sparkling vigour of expression, opulence and control of diction, and a profound feeling of his subject in all its capabilities and aspects, scarcely any writer, ancient or modern, can stand a comparison with the Author of these discourses.

There is still another view of our little planet in which Dr. Chalmers finds an argument for its importance, notwithstanding

its astronomical insignificance. And this is the subject of his sixth discourse. He considers that it may have been "the actual theatre of a keen and fiery contest among the upper orders of the creation."

"You know," says the preacher, "that how for the possession of a very small and insulated territory, the mightiest empires of the world have put forth all their resources; and on some field of mustering competition, have monarchs met, and embarked for victory, all the pride of a country's talent, and all the flower and strength of a country's population. The solitary island around which so many fleets are hovering, and on the shores of which so many armed men are descending, as to an arena of hostility, may well wonder at its own unlooked for estimation. But other principles are animating the battle; and the glory of nations is at stake; and a much higher result is in the contemplation of each party, than the gain of so humble an acquirement as the primary object of the war; and honour, dearer to many a bosom than existence, is now the interest on which so much blood and so much treasure is expended; and the stirring spirit of emulation has now got hold of the combatants: and thus, amid all the insignificance which attaches to the material origin of the contest, do both the eagerness and the extent of it receive from the constitution of our nature their most full and adequate explanation.

"Now, if this be also the principle of higher natures—if, on the one hand, God be jealous of his honour, and on the other, there be proud and exalted spirits, who scowl defiance at him and at his monarchy—if, on the side of heaven, there be an angelic host rallying around the standard of loyalty, who flee with alacrity at the bidding of the Almighty, who are devoted to his glory, and feel a rejoicing interest in the evolution of his counsels; and if, on the side of hell, there be a sullen front of resistance, a hate and malice inextinguishable, an unquelled daring of revenge to baffle the wisdom of the Eternal, and to arrest the hand, and to defeat the purposes of Omnipotence—then let the material prize of victory be insignificant as it may, it is the victory in itself which upholds the impulse of this keen and stimulated rivalry. If, by the sagacity of one infernal mind, a single planet has been seduced from its allegiance, and been brought under the ascendancy of him who is called in Scripture, "the god of this world;" and if the errand on which our Redeemer came, was to destroy the works of the devil—then let this planet have all the littleness which astronomy has assigned to it—call it what it is, one of the smaller islets which float on the ocean of vacancy; it has become the theatre of such a competition, as may have all the desires and all the energies of a divided universe embarked upon it. It involves in it other objects than the single recovery of our species. It decides higher questions. It stands linked with the supremacy of God, and will at length demonstrate the way in which he inflicts chastisement and overthrow upon all his enemies. I know not if our rebellious world be the only strong-hold which Satan is possessed of; or if it be but the single post of an extended warfare, that is now going on between the powers of light and of

darkness. But be it the one or the other, the parties are in array, and the spirit of the contest is in full energy, and the honour of mighty combatants is at stake; and let us therefore cease to wonder that our humble residence has been made the theatre of so busy an operation, or that the ambition of loftier natures has here put forth all its desire and all its strenuousness." (P. 198—201.)

The malignant artifices of Satan, whereby the taint of moral evil was introduced into this devoted mansion of conquered souls, and the errand of the Saviour, by which "the wisdom of the great adversary of our species was overmatched," and acceptance with God for the transgressors effected, with a saving of the Divine justice, and of the stability and consistency of its decrees, are parts of the subject which Dr. Chalmers has managed with a reverence suited to the awful theme, but, with the liveliest emotions of Christian sensibility. There is something in this sharp conflict of grace with malignant and rebellious powers, in this angelic warfare for the spiritual dominion of man, in this victory gained by humiliation, in these trophies of triumphant sorrow, in this immortality of blessedness won by voluntary and vicarious agonies, and in the display of God's marvellous and minute condescension and love towards a little world bedded and almost buried in a dense infinitude of greater and more glorious orbs, each teeming, as it would seem, with life and intelligence, which so transcends our powers of comprehension, that every stretch of diction and imagery which helps our endeavours to feel the subject as it deserves, is a succour and relief to the labouring soul.

"I will not affect a wisdom above that which is written, by fancying such details of this warfare as the Bible has not laid before me. But surely it is no more than being wise up to that which is written, to assert, that in achieving the redemption of our world, a warfare had to be accomplished; that upon this subject there was among the higher provinces of creation, the keen and the animated conflict of opposing interests; that the result of it involved something grander and more affecting, than even the fate of this world's population; that it decided a question of rivalry between the righteous and everlasting Monarch of universal being, and the prince of a great and widely extended rebellion, of which I neither know how vast is the magnitude, nor how important and diversified are the bearings: and thus do we gather from this consideration, another distinct argument, helping us to explain, why on the salvation of our solitary species so much attention appears to have been concentrated, and so much energy appears to have been expended." (P. 209, 210.)

"To an infidel ear, all this carries the sound of something wild and visionary along with it. But though only known through the medium of revelation; after it is known, who can fail to recognize its harmony with the great lineaments of human experience? Who has not felt the workings of a rivalry within him, between the power of conscience

and the power of temptation? Who does not remember those seasons of retirement, when the calculations of eternity had gotten a momentary command over the heart; and time, with all its interests and all its vexations, had dwindled into insignificance before them? And who does not remember, how upon his actual engagement with the objects of time, they resumed a controul, as great and as omnipotent, as if all the importance of eternity adhered to them—how they emitted from them such an impression upon his feelings, as to fix and to fascinate the whole man into a subserviency to their influence—how in spite of every lesson of their worthlessness, brought home to him at every turn by the rapidity of the seasons, and the vicissitudes of life, and the ever-moving progress of his own earthly career, and the visible ravages of death among his acquaintances around him, and the desolations of his family, and the constant breaking up of his system of friendships, and the affecting spectacle of all that lives and is in motion withering and hastening to the grave;—oh! how comes it, that in the face of all this experience, the whole elevation of purpose, conceived in the hour of his better understanding, should be dissipated and forgotten? Whence the might, and whence the mystery of that spell, which so binds and so infatuates us to the world? What prompts us so to embark the whole strength of our eagerness and of our desires, in pursuit of interests which we know a few little years will bring to utter annihilation? Who is it that imparts to them all the charm and all the colour of an unfailing durability? Who is it that throws such an air of stability over these earthly tabernacles, as makes them look to the fascinated eye of man, like resting-places for eternity? Who is it that so pictures out the objects of sense, and so magnifies the range of their future enjoyment, and so dazzles the fond and deceiving imagination, that in looking onward through our earthly career, it appears like the vista, or the perspective, of innumerable ages? He who is called the god of this world.” (P. 211—213.)

The 7th discourse of Dr. Chalmers, which is “on the slender influence of mere taste in matters of religion,” is of peculiar value and excellence; and although at first it seems to have no connection with the series in the consideration of which we have been hitherto employed, yet, on closer inspection, we see in the too natural consequences of an indulgence in the splendid visions of the six preceding sermons, a proper source of the corrective lessons, of which that on which we are entering consists. It consists of a developement of that interior character of the Christian religion, from which we learn how glorious a picture of the Divine attributes may be present to the thoughts; to what a pitch of temporary devotion the feelings may be transported by the power of sacred eloquence or song; to how sincere an admiration of holy things, to how lofty an elevation above earthly objects the soul may be raised by the inspiring influence of such descriptions as these pages contain, without the conscience being seriously touched, without any real movement of repent-

ance, without, as Dr. Chalmers beautifully expresses it, "any positive lodgment of faith within the breast, with her great and constraining realities." It is thus that the preacher expresses himself on those fugitive feelings of devotion and of self-congratulation raised by sacred music.

"Amid all that illusion which such momentary visitations of seriousness and of sentiment throw around the character of man, let us never lose sight of the test, that "by their fruits ye shall know them." It is not coming up to this test, that you hear and are delighted. It is that you hear and do. This is the ground upon which the reality of your religion is discriminated now; and on the day of reckoning, this is the ground upon which your religion will be judged then; and that award is to be passed upon you, which will fix and perpetuate your destiny for ever. You have a taste for music. This no more implies the hold and the ascendancy of religion over you, than that you have a taste for beautiful scenery, or a taste for painting, or even a taste for the sensualities of epicurism. But music may be made to express the glow and the movement of devotional feeling; and is it saying nothing, to say that the heart of him who listens with a raptured ear, is through the whole time of the performance in harmony with such a movement? Why, it is saying nothing to the purpose. Music may lift the inspiring note of patriotism; and the inspiration may be felt; and it may thrill over the recesses of the soul, to the mustering up of all its energies; and it may sustain to the last cadence of the song, the firm nerve and purpose of intrepidity; and all this may be realized upon him, who in the day of battle, and upon actual collision with the dangers of it, turns out to be a coward. And music may lull the feelings into unison with piety; and stir up the inner man to lofty determinations; and so engage for a time his affections, that as if weaned from the dust, they promise an immediate entrance on some great and elevated career, which may carry him through his pilgrimage superior to all the sordid and grovelling enticements that abound in it. But he turns him to the world, and all this glow abandons him; and the words which he had heard, he doeth them not; and in the hour of temptation he turns out to be a deserter from the law of allegiance; and the test I have now specified looks hard upon him, and discriminates him amid all the parading insignificance of his fine but fugitive emotions, to be the subject both of present guilt and of future vengeance." (P. 219—221.)

We do not doubt that a mind finely disposed to receive religious impressions, or prepared by some cultivation and exercise for the accelerating effects of exterior accompaniments, may derive assistance and invigoration from the charms of devotional melody; but it is too possible for the imagination to be captivated while the heart is free, for the conscience to rest on a fancied advance in holiness, while the work of practical piety has had no beginning. Neither eloquence nor music nor decoration are more to be relied on as the means of fixing in the heart the religious principle,

than the elaborate ceremonial and imposing spectacles of the Romish church. As soon as the pageant is removed the image vanishes like a morning dream, or a summer cloud. No permanent joy, or comfort, or conviction, settles in the thoughts. The senses are often the only register of these impressions, and with the passing scene they take their trackless departure. Sometimes, indeed, they rather divert the mind from, than determine it towards, the only real object of grandeur. The creature too often stands in the Creator's light; earthly pomps hide from us the pure Majesty of Heaven, and all that is spiritually august. Between God and the soul a carnal veil of splendour is thus interposed which obstructs the communication. To worship God in the beauty of holiness, every thing should be significant of that sacrifice with which he has declared himself best pleased, the sacrifice and dedication of all the heart and all the mind, and all the soul; such as does not escape in vague admiration, or fume away in fleeting rapture.

It is not the business of sound religion to drown the senses in delirious wonder, or to agitate the spirits with indistinct emotions, but to plant in the soul a devotion deep, composed, and meditative, and to teach that even this reverential contemplation of Divine perfection is in itself nothing unless it is accompanied with silent self-examination, produces "the fruit of good living," and speaks peace in accents not to be mistaken to the troubled conscience; unless, in short, it covers the splendid mechanism of human celebrations, and services, and solemnities, and all the instruments of a spurious self-complacence, with the mantle of gospel humility. Dr. Chalmers, in this last discourse, has expressed himself on this subject in terms so forcible, so fine, and so full of wisdom, that, long as this article is becoming, we cannot withhold the following page or two from the reader.

"An exquisite relish for music is no test of the influence of Christianity. Neither are many other of the exquisite sensibilities of our nature. When a kind mother closes the eyes of her expiring babe, she is thrown into a flood of sensibility, and soothing to her heart are the sympathy and the prayers of an attending minister. When a gathering neighbourhood assemble to the funeral of an acquaintance, one pervading sense of regret and tenderness sits on the faces of the company; and the deep silence, broken only by the solemn utterance of the man of God, carries a kind of pleasing religiousness along with it. The sacredness of the hallowed day, and all the decencies of its observation, may engage the affections of him who loves to walk in the footsteps of his father; and every recurring Sabbath may bring to his bosom, the charm of its regularity and its quietness. Religion has its accompaniments; and in these, there may be a something to soothe and to fascinate, even in the absence of the appropriate influences of religion. The deep and tender impression of a family-bereavement is

not religion. The love of established decencies, is not religion. The charm of all that sentimentalism which is associated with many of its solemn and affecting services, is not religion. They may form the distinct folds of its accustomed drapery; but they do not, any, or all of them put together, make up the substance of the thing itself. A mother's tenderness may flow most gracefully over the tomb of her departed little one; and she may talk the while of that heaven whither its spirit has ascended. The man whom death hath widowed of his friend, may abandon himself to the movements of that grief, which for a time will claim an ascendancy over him; and, amongst the multitude of his other reveries, may love to hear of the eternity, where sorrow and separation are alike unknown. He who has been trained, from his infant days, to remember the Sabbath, may love the holiness of its aspect; and associate himself with all its observances; and take a delighted share in the mechanism of its forms. But, let not these think, because the tastes and the sensibilities which engross them, may be blended with religion, that they indicate either its strength or its existence within them. I recur to the test. I press its imperious exactions upon you. I call for fruit, and demand the permanency of a religious influence on the habits and the history. Oh! how many who take a flattering unction to their souls, when they think of their amiable feelings, and their becoming observations, with whom this severe touch-stone would, like the head of Medusa, put to flight all their complacency. The afflictive dispensation is forgotten—and he on whom it was laid, is practically as indifferent to God and to eternity as before. The Sabbath services come to a close; and they are followed by the same routine of week-day worldliness as before. In neither the one case nor the other, do we see more of the radical influence of Christianity, than in the sublime and melting influence of sacred music upon the soul; and all this tide of emotion is found to die away from the bosom, like the pathos or like the loveliness of a song." (P. 221—224.)

To these reflections on the delusive fascinations of what is here called a religion of taste, Dr. Chalmers is led by considering how possible, how probable, indeed, it is for the attention to be charmed awhile by the sublime and interesting topics on which he has been expatiating through his six previous discourses, without any real, permanent, practical, or vital profit. He reminds us, and he appeals with too much justice to the experience of most of us, how easy it is to be wafted, for a few hours, by such contemplations, "above the grossness of ordinary life; to be raised to a kind of elevated calm above all its vulgarities, and all its vexations;" how easy it is to look around us with a kind of religious rapture from a commanding height, upon the rivers and fields and waterfalls, and forests and precipices and mountains, and then turn upwards our wondering eyes to the glories of the celestial scenery; to look upon those golden suns, and their accompanying systems; to feel all their magnificence, and



to yield oneself up to their overpowering ascendancy for some hours at least, and yet to possess a conscience unmoved, a soul unawakened, and a heart unreformed. How easy to hear or read descriptions of all this might and magnificence, and to feel a pleasurable warmth kindling our minds into sublime conceptions of Heaven, and to see in thought the goings forth of the Majesty of the great Potentate amidst the wonders of His omnipotence, and yet atheistically to disown God in His true character of Godliness, and practically to deny His sovereignty over that quarter of His empire,—the spiritual life and kingdom within us,—in which it pleases Him best to dwell and to govern.

In all that Dr. Chalmers has said upon this subject, we most cordially and unreservedly agree. And we more particularly desire to express our thanks to him, for his disinterested and righteous reproofs of that spirit of vain curiosity, and vainer admiration, which brings such occasional crowds to the House of God.

“ And thus it is, that still on the impulse of the one principle only, people may come in gathering multitudes to the house of God; and share with eagerness in all the glow and bustle of a crowded attendance; and have their every eye directed to the speaker; and feel a corresponding movement in their bosom to his many appeals and his many arguments; and carry a solemn and overpowering impression of all the services away with them; and yet, throughout the whole of this seemingly exhibition, not one effectual knock may have been given at the door of conscience. The other principle may be as profoundly asleep, as if hushed into the insensibility of death. There is a spirit of deep slumber, it would appear, which the music of no description, even though attuned to a theme so lofty as the greatness and majesty of the Godhead, can ever charm away. Oh! it may have been a piece of parading insignificance altogether—the minister playing on his favourite instrument, and the people dissipating away their time on the charm and idle luxury of a theatrical emotion.” (P. 237, 238.)

We have never thought it a truly religious sign of the times, that the pursuit after preachers has become so prevailing a propensity. It is an addiction, branching out of the religious taste, so well described by Dr. Chalmers. The supreme, single, sole object of regard in God's own house, should surely be God himself; who, if he be a jealous God, has reason to be most jealous there, where his title is most exclusive. A running after preachers is quite consistent with all those fluttering and vagrant feelings, if feelings they can be called, in respect to religion, its ordinances, and its obligations, which end in a mere gossip about the thing, a kind of pious small talk, an unholy mixture of gratuitous profession and incongruous practice, finishing the sacred side of the character of those bifurcated religionists, the fashionable

frequenters of morning church and evening concerts. To these amateurs of preaching, Dr. Chalmers has addressed many observations of vital importance: they may not alter their practice, nor radically subvert their errors, but they may lay a foundation of silent slow-working self-dissatisfaction, which, with the help of a little godly sorrow, may destroy the gourd of a sapless divinity, to make room for the plant which "brings forth its fruit in season," and whose "leaf shall never wither." Except the practical lessons which Mrs. More has given us, there is not, perhaps, in the whole compass of preceptive divinity in the English language, soberer lessons for reforming the heart, than are found in this last of Dr. Chalmers's discourses. We most earnestly recommend the perusal of it to all who are willing to be what they ought to be, or are in danger of resting where they are; who forget that religion is a moving principle, and that when it stands still, it soon begins to vacillate; or, that with much stir and parade of motion, it may lose all real progression, in a perpetual oscillation forwards and backwards, like the planets in their arcs of retrogradation. In these wise, and manly, and searching observations, the pseudo-religionists of the day may read the character of that superficial creed, which consists in a dry acknowledgment of obligations that are never recognized in practice, or exhibited in a living form. To Dr. Chalmers we owe such a specification of the dangers of the soul, as, we trust, may in some cases, such is the force and accuracy of his pencil, excite ease into wholesome exertion, exalt formality into feeling, and alarm security into safety. To Dr. Chalmers we also owe a clear and faithful portrait of that speculative doctrinal divinity, which contents itself with a talking creed, and a professing faith, in which there is often no more vital heat than in the colour of flame; no more fragrant than in the picture of a rose. He has taught us to see in Christ not a *magister scholæ*, but a *magister vitæ*; that the business of a Christian is not to dispute, but to do; that to know the Saviour is to keep his commandments; that He who, in the language of Holy Writ, says, "Son, give me thy heart! give me thy heart!" will deem all else without it but a vain oblation; that the kingdom of God consists not in words, but in life and in power. To Dr. Chalmers we owe a discerning exposition of that vague enthusiasm of sensibility, which buries, in abstractions and unintelligible notions, the simple severity of Gospel truth. The quackery of German sentimentalism and of Madame de Staël, with its mystical and ecstatic morality; that affectation which has made religion a thing of taste, and placed it among the fine arts; which, from finding Homer full of religion, and the Bible full of poetry, has at length found out for us a poetical religion; all this, at the rebuke of this master teacher,

is drifted like chaff and stubble before the mountain breeze. Would that the ploughshare of his Christian rhetoric could pass through the whole territory of this comfortless region, obliterating every trace of those enchanted castles which have neither their foundation in Christ, nor in any ground of human exigence, nor in reason, nor in feeling, nor in experience. To Dr. Chalmers, finally, we owe the discomfiture of that ethical religion which has no thought in captivity to Christ, or in dependence upon the Bible—which, without any regard to that internal holiness, of which Christ is the standard, is satisfied with the didactics of human prudence, and the egotisms of its own convenient morality; right above the rule of Scripture, secure without its aid, and privileged above its injunctions. To all these various religious errors, originating in an utter ignorance of our creed, of our worse than negative state without the gospel, of our alienation, our expulsion, our perdition, from which there is no way of return or escape but one, and that one vouchsafed only upon terms of total dependence upon it, however necessary it be that this dependence should be active and fruitful: to all this self-worship, this God-less divinity, this moral mysticism, Dr. Chalmers has spoken by that “counsel which standeth for ever,” and in the language of that faith which “should not stand in the wisdom of man, but in the power of God.”

With these feelings of gratitude as men, towards this able advocate for the cause of the human soul, we take up the mere critic's task with great reluctance. Happily there is little call for the exercise of it. Some few observations, however, we feel ourselves compelled to make. Perhaps, as a general remark, we shall not be far from the truth, if we say that the whole composition is too rhetorical. It is covered over with one crimson flush. A few intermissions of vivacity would have improved, upon the whole, the tone of the colouring; but the mind of the writer, full of sap and living juices, under the glowing influence of the radiant heaven he has described, has kept nothing back, but has burst at once into total efflorescence. We have only the fourth edition on our table, but we are informed that the subsequent editions exhibit no corrections in the style. We will, however, venture to recommend a little of the pruning knife, which we are sure will improve the general vigour of a too luxuriant growth. We could mention certain passages as more especially open to this censure, which, indeed, is scarcely more than moderated praise; but we persuade ourselves, that if Dr. Chalmers should happen to have his eye directed to these pages, he will not let our suggestions be lost, if, by a wise application of them, they can be rendered useful.

To some of his phrases and combinations we have objections,

on the score of grammar and of taste; as, for example, "undone eternity," Pref.: "fractionary rank," p. 46: "To kindle in resentment along with him," p. 57: "Threw a lustre around the radiance," p. 71: "To blink a single question," p. 124: "Ply their prudential expedients," *ibid.*: "To mince his ambiguous scepticism," *ibid.*: "All should be above boards," p. 125: "Whether she grapple it with the pride of philosophy," *ibid.*: "To stand in fronted opposition," *ibid.*: "surveying glance," p. 127: "How becoming well," p. 128: "To keep him humble of his understanding," p. 129: "Have sent him scarce another message than told," p. 131: "He cannot fetch up himself from," *ibid.*: "Verges the field of," p. 133: "subordinated," p. 137: "The alone theatre," p. 140: "withdrawment," p. 156: "The alone idol," p. 191: "The attributes of the Divinity stood staked," p. 204: "Panorama of its fleeting pleasures," p. 213: "The drama of this world's history," p. 214: "This severe touchstone would, like the head of Medusa," p. 223: "To frown unmannerly," p. 226: "When he thinks him of the majesty of God," p. 232: "The sublime of Deity," p. 233: "The every" is also a favourite phrase; the exclamations of O and Aye are much too apt to recur; and the word "field," is almost in every page. The anaphora, or the beginning of a long series of sentences with the same words is injudiciously frequent. Nothing is more apt to tire than the too prodigal use of this figure. Among very many instances the reader will find, in pages 79, 85, and 88, those which will soonest convince him of the propriety of this objection. Here and there a passage is refined almost into prettiness and effeminacy; as that wherein the words "delicate test," is applied to the Divine attributes; again, in pages 178 and 182, and we think, too, in some others. The ends of perspicuity would be answered by occasionally breaking the sentences; and here and there to thin a paragraph of its epithets would be to remove an incumbrance, and to improve the harmony of the period.

Having said thus much, we have said nearly all which we think can be thrown into the scale against the eulogy which we have felt to be deserved from us by this amiable and able performance. We will only add, in conclusion, that the discourse in which the character and merits of Sir Isaac Newton is the principal subject, does not seem essentially to forward, or, indeed, to have much connection with the argument, and we cannot help supposing that this part of the present volume was composed before the other sermons were written or thought of. We feel it impossible to dismiss the work we have been thus endeavouring to follow, and to develope to our readers, without declaring that it has the suffrage of our hearts as well as of our understandings; and

when we class it among the finest productions of modern genius, we shall do it but feeble justice, unless, at the same time, we observe that it has an eminent worth and dignity, to which modern genius seldom rises or aspires.

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ART. II.—*Lalla Rookh; an Oriental Romance.* By Thomas Moore. 4to. pp. 405. Longman and Co. London, 1817.

WITH Dr. Chalmers we have been travelling in thought among those wandering and stationary fires which light up the concave of heaven with innumerable splendours; with him our imagination has winged its way towards that scene of awful and mysterious wonders through which the mighty Creator, Father of all things, seems to travel in the greatness of His strength; with him we have pursued the theme until we have seen this stupendous might soften and dissolve into redeeming love; we have seen that even for this little rebellious province of the great creation, a path has been opened to the abode of happy spirits and angelic natures before the throne of Grace and Mercy. Now, all this may be very well for those that like these things; it is endless to dispute about tastes: but we must acknowledge, however it may operate against him, that Dr. Chalmers has not given us a single glimpse of either Houri or Peri in the heaven he has opened to us; no, not in any one of the orbs which he has filled with inhabitants, where the men, for ought that can be collected from him, may be only of the common standard; and the eyes of the women may be less radiant than the least sparkling of those stars themselves seen from our earth. Mr. Moore is a good contrast to Dr. Chalmers. He confines our views very modestly to this earth, and it must be admitted that nothing has been wanting on his part to render us entirely satisfied with it. He has endeavoured in this, as in all his other laudable productions, to convince us that man's heaven is properly in this world, when rightly understood; and though he may sometimes have coloured our enjoyments of sense, as they occur under the latitude of London, a little too highly, he knows of a place or two (with which he has very lately, we believe, become acquainted) where all is

“ Love and light,  
Visions by day, and feasts by night.”

Where the very wind is full of wantonness, and the aspen-trees tremble all over with love; where the spirit of fragrance holds his revels among the night-flowers; where the shores answer in

song to the kiss of each wave; and harams, like living parterres, lie basking in blushes and odours.

We have read a good deal, heard a good deal, and seen a good deal of this world, and having withal, as Critics should have, a sober sort of temperament, we cannot help looking with profane scepticism upon this voluptuous detail, and sincerely doubting, whether, as life is constituted, we need not say how right the appointment is, we best consult even the interests of sense and appetite by a total dedication of mind and body to the means of augmenting their gratifications. Mr. Moore, however, appears to think that the art of love is in its infancy, and that many improvements and discoveries remain to be made. Those whose time of life has put them out of the reach of this sort of instruction, may yet live to see his lessons prosper in the rising generation, and the British youth, by constant study in this new Oriental school, acquire as much enervation of mind and fibre as can be maintained with so little direct assistance from the sun. What cannot be effected by direct excitement in a climate so physically unfavourable, may be in some measure supplied by sympathy; and if we can forget the faces and forms of those who migrate hither from various parts of southern Asia, and the impressions made on our minds by the close alliance of dirt and debauchery through all the squalid population of the Mahometan world, we may be made, in a poetical journey with Lord Byron or Mr. Moore, to feel, or to fancy we feel, all that suns and flowers, and singing and sighing, dark eyes with their "holy revealings," and fair forms, with their scanty concealings, are fitted to produce.

We had been taught to expect, by common rumour, an epic poem from the hands of Mr. Moore, and having erroneously imagined he must by this time have been left without any thing more to say about eyes and lips and cheeks, and the sensual apparatus of stimulated desire, the mere dearth of topics on this beaten ground might constrain him to try his pen on some subject of a manly and moral tendency. But it has somehow happened that of late years the circumstances of the times have brought us into such familiarity with the Eastern continent, as to generate a sort of travelled taste for its habits and indulgences. From this new commerce of mind passion has received vast accessions of stimulating ideas, and fancy has lent its faith to all the exaggerations of hyperbole in the description of Oriental voluptuousness. The great mistake of which these poets take advantage is this: where so much is made of corporeal delights, and the various gratifications of sense; where we hear of nothing but of groves and baths and fountains, and fruits and flowers, and sexual blandishments, we are too apt to figure to ourselves a

paradise of sweets; whereas the real truth is, that wherever these objects constitute the only or principal bliss or ambition or business of a people, there dirt and every disgusting impurity is sure to prevail, and there man tramples upon man in a series of cruel oppression down to the drooping wretchedness of the squalid populace, who have neither the reason nor rights of men. These miserable Turks and Greeks and Persians and Albanians make a figure only in the sickly pages of our epicurean poets; there is scarcely an individual among them whom an English gentleman of cleanly habits could endure by his side; and yet, because they live in the free indulgence of animal pleasures, devoting life and human faculties to luxuries enjoyed in common with the brutes, it is to these specimens of humanity that of late years the thoughts of our countrymen are turned by our poets of nature, as involving all that is lovely and caressing in woman, and all that is great and deserving in man.

Mr. Moore's excuse may be the following, and if our readers are not satisfied with it, we can only say it is the best we can make for him. The laziness, luxury, lust, and cruelty, which have overspread the Mahometan world have been found so captivating in Lord Byron's poetry; so many ideas transplanted from the harems of the East have of late begun to grow and ripen in the bosoms of our youths and maidens, so luxuriantly have these exotics expanded, and so vivid are their colours even in this northern climate, that the indigenous products of a mere English fancy have in a great measure lost their odour and their flavour. Even Mr. Moore's poetry may have begun to suffer by this comparison; women cannot, as women are characterized in this and other Christian countries, be held forth, even by the licence of poetry, as mere instruments of pleasure; they are pretty generally with us supposed to have souls, which occasions their persons to be treated with some little ceremony. Where the scene, therefore, is laid in England, the full riot of licentious ideas, even in song, would be unsuitable at least, if not insupportable; but let the reader be transported to the haram, the kiosk, or the pavilion of the Sultan, or the Pashaw, and behold him in a situation which disposes him well to receive impressions of another order respecting the destination and dignity of women; behold him under the spell of a transforming fascination which binds him in slavery to the genius of the place; behold him in a frame of mind to listen to and imbibe whatever the poet may sing, or the lying traveller may say, in behalf of a gilded corruption and voluptuous abandonment.

The British Muse, in her migration to the scenes of Oriental luxury, has naturally enough, therefore, carried our poet in her train: proceeding onward with an intensity which appears to be-

long to his genius, he has not drawn his pen till his fairy jaunt has placed him in the heart of Bucharía. Here he has taken his stand, and opening his treasures of information, has collected all names of musical or portentous sound, all legends of amatory lore, until he has filled his exhausted magazines with new ammunition; and here the bard has begun his mysterious lay of all pervading passion, till the very groves have seemed to feel the impulse, and to ring with rapture, and nothing has been left unsensualized through all the creation around him, whether men or women, or birds, or bees, or butterflies, or trees, or winds, or waterfalls. Now really, we think that to all this the phrase of "too delicious," which are the terms in which the valley of Cashmere is described, may be properly applied. We are so cloyed before we come to the end of Mr. Moore's quarto volume, with these stimulating sweets, as to be ready almost to wish ourselves in a garden of leeks and onions to relieve our senses, that we may not

"Die of a rose in aromatic pain."

Though beautiful forms and female graces, though delicious scenery, flowers of all hues, and fruits of all flavour, may well deserve to captivate a poet's imagination, and exercise his descriptive powers, yet surely it may be questioned, whether these agreeable topics will bear to be made almost the constant theme of so many pages; and whether a sickliness is not felt to come over the mind, and a weariness almost bordering upon disgust, when beauty itself has constant possession of our fancy, for ever compelling admiration, for ever dancing in vision before us, and intercepting the view of all other objects. Contemplating things through Mr. Moore's poetry is like looking through a prismatic spectrum, which exhibits nature in the colours of the rainbow. Who does not grow tired, after a time, of the deceptions glare, and long to see things as they are, however homely they may be. Besides all which, we must ever think that real poetry, such as a great deal of what is produced by Mr. Moore has a title to be called, has claims to a nobler use and destination than to the endless whimperings of these turbaned lovers and their silly sultanas. We have but little hope, however, of ever bringing Mr. Moore over to our sentiments, because, besides the dominancy of his depraved habits of writing, we doubt whether he does not annex in idea something of sacredness to these images and descriptions on which his pen has so long been employed; for we observe a "strange, mystical, we had almost said fanatical, use of the word "holy," in conjunction with what we should have thought to have been composed of very carnal and common materials. The breezes are *holy*; the flowers are *holy*; the lakes are *holy*; the moon



is *holy*, as giving light to lovers; Cashmere with its feast of roses is *holy*; the music of the haram is *holy*; and, as we have observed before, the eyes of the ladies have "*holy* revealings." We are not sorry that, as the poet has chosen to make so cheap a use of this epithet, he has not applied it to any subject of the Bible when it has seemed proper to him to allude to it. To the story of the patriarch Joseph, and his chaste repulse of the wife of Potiphar, he seems to annex nothing very *holy*. He whom he calls the *Hebrew boy*, was nevertheless the peculiar care of Jehovah himself; and if this circumstance had impressed that awe upon the mind of the poet which true "*holiness*" ought to impart, he would scarcely have imaged him on the walls of a polluted haram as "*turning to gaze,*" and,

"Half undone,

Wishing that heaven and she could both be won."

When we reviewed this gentleman's late publication of "*A Series of Sacred Songs,*" we intimated our fears that his new subject had taken but an imperfect hold of his heart; that he was

"Wishing that heaven and sin could both be won;"

and our fears have been but too well confirmed by his return to what perhaps he may choose to call his *holy* themes—to feasts of roses in the *holy* vale of Cashmere, the *holy* revealings of female eyes, and the *holy* music of the haram. This relapse of his muse we most sincerely regret, and could have wished him to have once more plunged her into the river Jordan, if haply thus these feverish fancies might thereby have been cooled, and the stains of her leprosy have been washed away.

It has occurred to us to make these few observations on a style of poetry which, after the example of two or three men of genius, is usurping the place of all that is useful, natural, simple, and sublime. But we are most afraid of its moral and political effects. The time is arrived in which, such is the freedom with which opinions may be promulgated, doctrines derided, morality ridiculed, and authority defied,—in which the power of the press acts so widely and so efficaciously,—that the quality of our popular literature is become of an importance as great—as life, and property, and home, and protection, are precious. If we look at the world as it is, and has been, we dare not, without giving the lie to all history and observation, deny that a nation demoralized is never free, that lust and cruelty dwell constantly together, that a voluptuous homage paid to woman's charms argues no respect for her character or her comforts; and that, in proportion as man is sensualized, woman is degraded. It is melancholy to observe how foolish misses, and their more foolish mammas, overlook a truth so important to themselves,

and with what avidity they devour these hyperbolic compliments of our amatory poets to the damask roses of their cheeks, the dark blue lustre of their eyes, and their thousand other charms, while they forget that in countries where these things are most celebrated in song, women are merchandized, and men are their proprietors, the reward of beauty is imprisonment for life, and those eyes, and cheeks, and thousand other charms, are the fading property of capricious lust. But it is now time to look into these poems with a little more particularity, though we shall claim to be excused from any thing like detailed criticism on a work which founds itself on the fictions of Oriental extravagance, and proceeds without moral, or purpose, or plan, through two or three wild love-stories, in a tissue of flowery language, amorous description, and rambling vehemence. We may remark also by the way, that the Oriental learning collected in the notes has the rawness of recent acquisition—the bloom of yesterday's gathering. Mr. Moore seems to be as yet only a novice in the *holy* college of Cashmere.

The main story thus begins:

“ In the eleventh year of the reign of Aurungzebe, Abdalla, King of the Lesser Bucharía, a lineal descendant from the Great Zingis, having abdicated the throne in favour of his son, set out on a pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Prophet; and, passing into India through the delightful valley of Cashmere, rested for a short time at Delhi on his way. He was entertained by Aurungzebe in a style of magnificent hospitality, worthy alike of the visitor and the host, and was afterwards escorted with the same splendour to Surat, where he embarked for Arabia. During the stay of the Royal Pilgrim at Delhi, a marriage was agreed upon between the Prince, his son, and the youngest daughter of the Emperor, Lalla Rookh;—a Princess described by the poets of her time, as more beautiful than Leila, Shirine, Dewildé, or any of those heroines whose names and loves embellish the songs of Persia and Hindostan. It was intended that the nuptials should be celebrated at Cashmere; where the young King, as soon as the cares of empire would permit, was to meet, for the first time, his lovely bride, and after a few months' repose in that enchanting valley, conduct her over the snowy hill into Bucharía.” (P. 1, 2.)

The departure of Lalla Rookh, from Delhi, is next described, in which a very copious account is given us of the splendour of the cavalcade by which she is accompanied, but which we must leave to the reader's imagination; neither need we consume any time in detailing the delights of her journey, which was through a succession of beautiful and romantic scenes, save that it is important to point the reader's attention to Feramorz, a young poet of Cashmere, celebrated for his recital of the stories of the East, whom his Royal Master had permitted to accompany the Princess on her journey, to beguile its tediousness by the exercise of his

agreeable talents. The four stories which compose the volume, viz. the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, Paradise and the Peri, the Fire-worshippers, and the Light of the Haram, are related by the young Feramorz to the Princess of Delhi, in the course of her journey to Cashmere; and in the sequel the poet, who is described to be as beautiful as Crishna, the Indian Apollo, obtains entire possession of the heart of the Princess. As the Princess becomes more sensible of the progress of this dangerous attachment, her natural cheerfulness deserts her, and she sinks under a depression which alters her looks, and injures her health. The journey, however, is accomplished, and with a heavy heart she prepares to meet her future Lord, the young King of Bucharia. Seated on a magnificent throne, the Monarch awaits the coming of his bride. With trembling feet, and revolting affections, she scarcely ascends the marble steps, which conduct to the great saloon; the Prince descends, and who should this Prince be but Feramorz himself, at once the graceful minstrel of Cashmere, and the magnificent Sovereign of Bucharia. The happiness of the Royal Pair was complete, and the Princess, "to the day of her death, in memory of their delightful journey through the vale of Cashmere, never called her King by any other name than Feramorz." We had nearly forgotten to mention that our poet has diversified his narrative, which of itself cannot be said to be very sprightly or interesting, by the introduction of a character, which, it is probable, may not have been uncommon at the Courts of these indolent and voluptuous Monarchs. This was Fadladeen, the Grand Chamberlain, who attended the Princess on her journey, to adjust the ceremonials, and to superintend all the arrangements which were necessary to be attended to on this important occasion. This person is represented as a bigoted Mussulman, whose whole religion consisted in a punctilious observance of the minutest forms and ceremonies, and as a pretender to profound criticism, being the depositary at once of his master's conscience and his taste. By this man, whom the author intends we should perceive to be very shallow, vain, and envious, certain criticisms are pronounced at the conclusion of every story recited by the young poet, which, we cannot help suspecting, are meant in anticipation of the dull, vapid, unfeeling dogmas we Reviewers were likely to pronounce in the examination of this sublime production. Notwithstanding this ingenious anticipatory defence, we are constrained by the truth to confess, that we do adopt many of the strictures of the Great Chamberlain, as having sense and reason on their side.

The first of these stories, told by the graceful poet of Cashmere to the enamoured Princess, is, "the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan," the outline of which is as follows:

Mokanna, the Prophet—King of Khorassan, a region of eastern Persia, had his royal throne and residence at Merou, the capital city of his empire, to which throne he had been raised by the blind belief of his followers, whom, by his arts and impostures, he had persuaded to worship him as one sent from heaven with a divine commission, to bring devout believers to Paradise. A silver veil concealed the Prophet's aspect from the view of mortals, in mercy, as it would seem, to save them from the splendours of that brow which no mortal could support. Determined to give "freedom to the world," the Prophet, on a certain day, received into his awful presence the various chieftains who had come to support his claims to universal conquest, and to hear his assurances of the immortality of blessedness, which he was to procure for them in return. Of this number was young Azim, a new proselyte, and the hero of the tale, who offered himself and his irresistible sword before the throne of the impostor. In the midst of this pageant we have a hint given us of the Prophet's real character, by an allusion to the curtained galleries of the Haram, seen between the lofty pillars of porphyry, which surround the hall of audience. Among the fair prisoners in this impure sojourn was the beautiful Zelica, who had formerly loved the accomplished Azim, when in the groves of Bokhara they passed their first years of innocence together, in mutual love and delight. The youthful lover had left this happy repose to join the standard of Persia, whose troops were marching against Byzantium. The solitary maid, whom one cannot but accuse of a good deal of impatience, during the absence of Azim, which promised only to be temporary, threw herself into the Haram of the Prophet-King, and surrendered her innocence to him, upon terms of his translating her to Heaven, and there making her the everlasting bride of her beloved Azim. If there was any thing a little hard of digestion in all this, the author has with great skill removed the difficulty, by making the heroine a little crazed through grief at losing her lover; yet not so but that her senses might be easily restored, whenever they were wanted to carry on the story, and might come and go in a very poetical sort of alternation. A terrible account is given us of an oath, which this fair nymph is made to take in a charnel-house, never to leave the side of the Prophet; and from this moment her case becomes irreparable and thus the poet represents it:

"From that dead hour, entirely, wildly given  
To him and—she believ'd, lost maid!—to heaven;  
Her brain, her heart, her passion all inflam'd,  
How proud she stood, when in full Haram nam'd  
The Priestess of the Faith!—how flash'd her eyes  
With light, alas! that was not of the skies,

When round, in trances only less than hers,  
 She saw the Haram kneel, her prostrate worshippers!  
 Well might Mokanna think that form alone  
 Had spells enough to make the world his own :—  
 Light, lovely limbs, to which the spirit's play  
 Gave motion, airy as the dancing spray,  
 When from its stem the small bird wings away!  
 Lips in whose rosy labyrinth, when she smil'd  
 The soul was lost; and blushes, swift and wild  
 As are the momentary meteors sent  
 Across th' uncalm, but beauteous firmament.  
 And then her look!—oh! where's the heart so wise,  
 Could unbewilder'd meet those matchless eyes?  
 Quick, restless, strange, but exquisite withal,  
 Like those of angels, just before their fall;  
 Now shadow'd with the shames of earth—now crost  
 By glimpses of the heav'n her heart had lost;  
 In every glance there broke, without controul,  
 The flashes of a bright but troubled soul,  
 Where sensibility still wildly play'd,  
 Like lightning, round the ruins it had made!" (P. 27, 28.)

It happened on a certain evening Mokanna was over-heard by Zelica, while he waited for her in a small kiosk, amusing himself with a most diabolical soliloquy, in which all his fiendish arts to make mankind his dupes, and to bring wretchedness and destruction on the whole human race, were dwelt upon with great complacency. The deluded, lost young lady, is so affected with the discovery of her true situation, that she cannot refrain from bitter exclamations, and thus the monster perceives that he is discovered. A long dialogue ensues, in which Mokanna's real character is fully avowed, and the wretched dupe of his seduction is required to use her charms in aid of a resolution Mokanna had formed to subdue the stern virtue of Azim, by exposing it to the full influence of all his haram's beauty that very night. All this brings the ruined fair to her senses, and the proposition is received with all due horror. At the end of this conversation the deceiver, who now considers that Zelica is bound to him by ties which it is quite impossible for her to dissolve, and by way of completing the distraction of her mind, raises the veil, and exhibits, O portentous sight! that countenance which no mortal had yet been suffered to gaze upon.

"He raised his veil—the maid turned slowly round,  
 Looked at him—shrieked—and sunk upon the ground."

Now comes the trial of the young hero in the recesses of the haram, which, in this poet's idiom, may be properly termed very "*holy revealings*." Here Mr. Moore seems much at home, and many a youth may rise from the perusal of his description of this

enchanted scene, with his mind much advanced in Mahometan holiness. In this place an interview takes place between these unhappy lovers; and after disclosures and protestations, full of tender anguish, they are on the point of leaving this fatal place, when a sepulchral voice is heard, exclaiming, "Thy oath! thy oath!" and immediately the horrid spell upon the mind of the hapless Zelica is renewed;—she declares herself Mokanna's bride, in virtue of that nuptial oath taken in the charnel-house; and, after a short and affecting rhapsody, breaks away from her lover, and rushes back to her execrable doom.

The next scene presented us is the march of the Caliph Mahadi, with his troops, collected from all the countries of the faithful, to dispute the Eastern world with the Veiled Prophet—the great enemy of Islam, and of mankind. The pomp of the armament and array is richly described; and there is much vehemence in the battle scene. The Caliph's troops give way, Mokanna himself seizes the black banner, when young Azim is seen rallying the flying army. By his single arm the battle is restored; and victory, complete and final victory, is the fruit of his irresistible valour. The last strong hold of Mokanna is attacked, who persuades every man on his side to sacrifice his life, in the hope of ultimate reward, and exults to the last in the success of his schemes of destruction. Having prepared a bath of burning liquor for himself, and a poisonous potion for Zelica, he leaps into the receptacle, triumphant in thus disappointing the conquerors of their victim, and leaves his miserable bride the only surviving mortal amidst the carnage within the walls. The miserable Zelica puts on the veil, which the Prophet had left behind him, that thus she might die by the hands of the besiegers, ere the poisonous draught could operate: she is killed, but it is by the hand of Azim himself, who, in the eager hope of encountering the impostor, had rushed foremost into the city, and, by a very natural mistake, plunges his weapon into the fair form concealed behind the silver veil. To be short, Zelica expires in the arms of her lover, happy in her last moments, in the thought of having thus expiated her sin; promises, before the death of her lover, to appear to him, if it may be; and, after a lapse of many years, does actually appear to him, when, an aged man, he still worships at her grave,

"All drest  
In angel smiles, and tells him she is blest;  
For this the old man breathed his thanks, and died—  
And there, upon the banks of that loved tide,  
He and his Zelica sleep, side by side."

So much for the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan. A story not ill told for such a story; but one which does not appear to us to

be calculated to produce any agreeable excitement in the reader ; and which we scarcely think well suited to the ear of a young maiden Princess, on her bridal journey through the Vale of Cashmere. There are no stories which we can recollect, in which virgin innocence has been thus finally abandoned to gloating deformity: it is so revolting to think of such an union, that some expedient is always contrived for the rescue of the fair one from the clutch of brutal violence; but Mr. Moore has left beauty and innocence to ultimate irretrievable desolation, and not wholly without the consent of the party defiled; thus exhibiting the new and uncomely spectacle of innocence and sin, "in ruin reconciled."

The metre in which this tale is told does not seem suited to Mr. Moore's ear. Many of his lines are very heavy and unharmonious; many very flat and prosaic. This, like the chromatic in music, may, in the more extended compass and variety of blank verse, afford a relief to the ear; but in rhyme, and especially in the couplets of the five feet iambic measure, in which both the sense and cadence is more confined, and each line depends upon its own effect, rather than upon an harmonious arrangement of the verse in general, these liberties are not allowable. We will give a few specimens of these uncouth lines.

"Fond maid, the sorrow of her soul was such,  
Ev'n reason sunk, blighted, beneath the touch." (P. 22.)

"When mid the proud Divan's dazzling ray." (P. 25.)

"No—had not reason's light totally set." (P. 25.)

"Ye, too, believers of incredible creeds." (P. 35.)

"The maid had stood gazing upon the veil." (P. 40.)

"Hath bound thee—aye—body and soul, all mine." (P. 46.)

"Like the faint exquisite music of a dream." (P. 59.)

"He turns away coldly, as if some gloom." (P. 96.)

"With music and with sweets sparkling alive." (P. 98.)

"Is seen glittering at times like the white sail." (P. 104.)

There are many other lines in this first poem, which are of an equally objectionable structure. It strikes us that there is always a peculiar tameness, and even vulgarity, in lines of this measure, ending in the active participle, or in the adverbial 'ly,' or in the pronoun monosyllable; as, for example,

"Ne'er tell him how debased, how sunk is she,  
Whom once he loved—once!—still loves dotingly." (P. 43.)

"So on through scenes past all imagining." (P. 56.)

"The once-adored divinity, ev'n he  
Stood for some moments mute, and doubtingly  
Put back the ringlets from her brow." (P. 72.)

"Unconsciously he opes his arms, while she." (Ibid.)

"As if to lie, ev'n for that tranced minute,  
So near his heart, had consolation in it." (P. 74.)

"Thou pitiest me—I knew thou wouldst—that sky  
Hath nought beneath it half so lorn as I." (P. 77.)

"Go—fly this instant!—or thou'rt ruined too—  
My oath! my oath! Oh God! 'tis all too true;  
True as the worm in this cold heart it is—  
I am Mokanna's bride—his, Azim, his.—" (P. 81.)

"Nor e'er did armament more grand than that  
Pour from the kingdoms of the Caliphat." (P. 89.)

We wish also that Mr. Moore would consider, that, in a poem of the length and pretensions of that on which we are now commenting, words and sentences must have definite, clear, and substantial meaning. Poetry has an extensive empire, but not an absolute sway; she must conform, as well as others, to certain rules of eternal authority, founded in the nature of things, and the constitution of the mind. In a word, there must be good sense and decided meaning to sustain the boldest imagery, and most refined phraseology. To play about the margin of meaning, where the colours of thought are blending into confusion, is a dangerous exercise of the poet's talent; and he that can tread securely upon that narrow base is a master of his art; but the poet with whom we are at present concerned has sported so long in amorous ditties, in which all that is found necessary to gain admiration is to tickle the ear with dulcet sounds, and diffuse over the mind a loose and rambling sense of pleasure, that the habit still adheres to him in works of greater enterprise and expansion. We will advert to a few of these gossamer lines.

"Bending beneath the invisible west wind's sighs." (P. 13.)

"Like war's wild planet in a summer's sky." (P. 13.)

"Shall walk transparent, like some holy thing." (P. 18.)

"As they were captive to the King of flowers." (P. 60.)

It is in the same strain that he brings before us his hero Azim, after the victory over the Veiled Prophet obtained by his prowess.

"Who does not envy that young warrior now,  
To whom the Lord of Islam bends his brow,  
In all the graceful gratitude of power,  
For his throne's safety in that perilous hour?"



Who doth not wonder, when amidst the' acclaim  
Of thousands, heralding to heaven his name—  
'Mid all those holier harmonies of fame,  
Which sound along the path of virtuous souls,  
Like music round a planet as it rolls! (P. 96.)

Some, and not a few, of the lines of which this first poem is composed, are very flat, and quite unworthy of Mr. Moore, who, with all his faults, has in general well supported his fame of a mellifluous poet.

"And music too, dear music! that can touch  
Beyond all else the soul that loves it much." (P. 59)

"When round him hung such a perpetual spell,  
Whate'er he did, none ever did so well.  
Too happy days! when, if he touch'd a flower  
Or gem of thine, 'twas sacred from that hour;  
When thou did'st study him, till every tone  
And gesture and dear look became thy own,—  
Thy voice like his, the changes of his face  
In thine reflected with still lovelier grace,  
Like echo, sending back sweet music, fraught  
With twice th' aerial sweetness it had brought!  
Yet now he comes—brighter than even he  
E'er beam'd before,—but ah! not bright for thee;  
No—dread, unlook'd for, like a visitant  
From the' other world, he comes as if to haunt  
Thy guilty soul with dreams of lost delight,  
Long lost to all but memory's aching sight:—  
Sad dreams! as when the Spirit of our Youth  
Returns in sleep, sparkling with all the truth  
And innocence once ours, and leads us back  
In mournful mockery, o'er the shining track  
Of our young life, and points out every ray  
Of hope and peace we've lost upon the way!" (P. 20.)

The second tale related by the young poet of Cashmere to the beautiful Princess, is called "Paradise and the Peri," founded upon the Persian or Indian legend of the banishment of the Peris, those aerial existences, whose food is perfume, from Paradise. The poem begins with representing one of these Peri, standing at the gate of Eden, and lamenting her unhappy exclusion. The angel keeping watch at the gate observes, and in pity reveals to her, what was written in the Book of Fate, that

"The Peri yet may be forgiven  
Who brings to this eternal gate  
The Gift that is most dear to Heaven!  
Go seek it; and redeem thy sin;—  
'Tis sweet to let the pardon'd in!"

Away she goes in search of the gift. And passing over a beautiful portion of India just after the sanguinary and desolating march of Mahmood of Ghasna, or Ghisni, who conquered India in the beginning of the eleventh century, she casts her eyes on the plain and perceives a native warrior, with his sword bloody and broken, choosing rather to perish than to receive life at the hands of the invader. The Peri catches the last drop of his heart's blood, and carries it to the Gate of Eden—but the Angel requires something "still holier far."

She next visits the vale of Rosetta in Barbary, where the plague had nearly destroyed all human life. Here she finds a youth who had retired to a lonely spot to die, wishing only that she who was betrothed to him, and to whom his heart was devoted, might be safe in her father's princely halls. But she, despising ease and safety without her lover, repairs to the place where he lay, embraces his morbid and dying body, imbibes the cruel contagion, and both expire. The last farewell sigh of this constant maiden is the gift now carried by the Peri to the heavenly gate to purchase her admission, but it succeeds no better than the first.

Away she goes again; and flies over Syria to the Temple of the Sun, at Balbec, weary and discomfited. Here a child is perceived by her at play among the rosy wild flowers, chasing the "beautiful blue damsel flies," a species of elegant insects which are found in that region. Shortly afterwards a wearied man arrives at that place, and flings himself down to slake his thirst at a fountain, who, we are given to understand, had spent his life in blood and crime. He there lies at ease, watching the innocent infant at play, till the vesper bell calls to evening prayer. The boy falls upon his knees with his face to the south, lisping his orisons to Heaven. This scene so affects the man of crime, that a sudden repentance and conversion is wrought in his mind; he weeps, and the tear of penitence, caught from his eye, turns out to be the exact price of admission into the garden of Eden.

We are not very fond of pretty thoughts about heaven, and prayer, and penitence, and pardon for sin: these are to us very awful sounds, too awful to be presented becomingly in the tinsel of Mr. Moore's decorations. And though a little happy and gentle child, arrayed in the charms of sportive innocence, is indeed a spectacle of edifying loveliness, yet a little Mussulman in the act of prayer to that impostor whose sword has made so many childless, does not, somehow or other, interest us as much as it may perhaps persons of a more oriental taste. Many passages in this little poem are, however, in very pretty dress; and though they smell a little too much of Mahomet, and musk, and Mr. Moore, they are such as indicate also the presence of genius.

But by far the most masculine and vigorous product of Mr. Moore's pen, is the third of the poems in this volume, called "The Fire-worshippers." The story is simple, but interesting, and the poetry is very full of descriptive beauty. The conquest of Persia by the Moslems affords, to the poet an opportunity of exhibiting an afflicting detail of the last struggles of patriotism, under the conduct of Hafed, a young warrior, who gathers round him a band of faithful and gallant followers, all prepared and resolved to shed their last blood in the defence of their all-but conquered country. They retire behind some rocks, which are inaccessible to the enemy, from whence they issue from time to time, and destroy vast multitudes of the invading force. Their retreat, and the only way to it, are at length made known to the leader of the Moslems, by the treason of one of this Persian band; and in one fatal night the cruel invaders rush in where this small remnant of faithful warriors are found, and after a most sanguinary defence, they are all slaughtered. Hafed, indeed, had prepared a pile, whereon he determined if possible to be consumed by fire, as a true worshipper of that sacred element, and valorously retreating before the swords of his assailants, he flings himself, covered with wounds, upon the funereal altar, just as the breath is leaving his body. With this scene of bloody contention a softer flame is of course interwoven. The poet does not forget to make his hero in love, and to give to that love a cross and unlucky direction. Hafed had scaled the tower where the hostile Emir, Al Hassan, resided, and having got into one of the apartments, had found the daughter instead of the father. Stranger as he was, thus unaccredited, and thus abrupt in his intrusion, he found a ready way to the heart of the young lady. It is discovered, however, at the second meeting, with which the poem opens, that the parties are of very opposite creeds: the one being as good a Moslem, as the other is a Gheber or Worshipper of Fire. Love, however, does not seem to give way to these difficulties, but it is necessary they should part, as the lover has very rough business to perform. Soon after, the father of the beautiful Hinda, which was the name of the fair Arabian, informs her with great joy, that a way had been discovered to the strong place, where Hafed with his chosen band had hitherto eluded his conquering force. The young lady's distress at this event appears to the Emir to arise from her horror of scenes of blood, and he resolves to send her back to her own country. The vessel, however, in which she embarks, is taken by another, carrying Hafed and his party of Persians, who convey her to the secret hold behind the rocks, where a tender interview takes place between the lovers; and here she admonishes the hero of the discovery that had been made of his retreat. After a very affect-

ing scene, the lady is again embarked on board a vessel, that she might be at a distance from the dreadful scene which was expected to ensue. Night comes, and the Moslems with it, and then commences that murderous combat which ends, as we have before said, in the destruction of the last of the true sons of Iran. The desolate maiden sees the sad catastrophe from her vessel, and, plunging into the waves, makes an end of the sad story of the lovely Hinda and the valiant Hafed, long remembered in Persian annals.

After a very vigorous description of the young and dauntless chief, whose prowess and perseverance still retarded the final success of the Arabian conqueror, he gives the following picture of the secluded glen in which Hafed and his little force still breathed the air of liberty, and from which they frequently sallied forth, and took a sudden vengeance on their oppressors :

“ But vain was valour—vain the flower  
Of Kerman, in that deathful hour,  
Against Al Hassan’s whelming power.—  
In vain they met him, helm to helm,  
Upon the threshold of that realm  
He came in bigot pomp to sway,  
And with their corpses block’d his way—  
In vain—for every lance they rais’d  
Thousands around the conqueror blaz’d;  
For every arm that lin’d their shore,  
Myriads of slaves were wafted o’er,—  
A bloody, bold, and countless crowd,  
Before whose swarm as fast they bow’d  
As dates beneath the locust-cloud !

There stood—but one short league away  
From old Harmózia’s sultry bay—  
A rocky mountain, o’er the sea  
Of Oman beetling awfully.  
A last and solitary link  
Of those stupendous chains that reach  
From the broad Caspian’s reedy brink  
Down winding to the Green-Sea beach.  
Around its base the bare rocks stood,  
Like naked giants, in the flood,  
As if to guard the Gulf across ;—  
While, on its peak that brav’d the sky,  
A ruin’d Temple tower’d, so high  
That oft the sleeping albatross  
Struck the wild ruins with her wing,  
And from her cloud-rock’d slumbering  
Started—to find man’s dwelling there  
In her own silent fields of air !

Beneath, terrific caverns gave  
 Dark welcome to each stormy wave  
 That dash'd, like midnight revellers, in ;—  
 And such the strange, mysterious din  
 At times throughout those caverns roll'd,—  
 And such the fearful wonders told  
 Of restless sprites imprison'd there,  
 That bold were Moslem, who would dare,  
 At twilight hour, to steer his skiff  
 Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff.

On the land side, those towers sublime,  
 That seem'd above the grasp of Time,  
 Were sever'd from the haunts of men  
 By a wide, deep and wizard glen,  
 So fathomless, so full of gloom,

No eye could pierce the void between ;  
 It seem'd a place where Gholes might come  
 With their foul banquets from the tomb,

And in its caverns feed unseen.  
 Like distant thunder, from below,

The sound of many torrents came ;  
 Too deep for eye or ear to know  
 If 'twere the sea's imprison'd flow,

Or floods of ever-restless flame.  
 For each ravine, each rocky spire  
 Of that vast mountain stood on fire ;  
 And, though for ever past the days,  
 When God was worshipp'd in the blaze  
 That from its lofty altar shone,—  
 Though fled the priests, the votaries gone,  
 Still did the mighty flame burn on  
 Through chance and change, through good and ill,  
 Like its own God's eternal will,  
 Deep, constant, bright, unquenchable !

Thither the vanquish'd Hafed led

His little army's last remains ;—

' Welcome, terrific glen !' he said,

' Thy gloom, that Elbis' self might dread,

' Is heav'n to him who flies from chains !'

O'er a dark, narrow bridge-way, known

To him and to his Chiefs alone,

They cross'd the chasm and gain'd the towers ;—

' This home,' he cried, ' at least is ours—

' Here we may bleed, unmock'd by hymns

' Of Moslem triumph o'er our head ;

' Here we may fall, nor leave our limbs

' To quiver to the Moslem's tread.

' Stretch'd on this rock, while vultures' beaks

' Are whetted on our yet warm cheeks,

' Here,—happy that no tyrant's eye  
' Gloats on our torments—we may die!' " (P. 207—211.)

A passage occurs in this poem, the perusal of which gave us real pleasure, as it proves the existence, in Mr. Moore's mind, of very clear ideas of that permanent, natural, and peaceful character which belongs to the legitimate passion of love. We heartily wish he could be persuaded to leave that morbid path, in which he is treading in the *footsteps* of Lord Byron, and in which no new laurels are to be won; that he could be induced to turn from that land of musk,—the Mahometan Paradise,—where the elect, seated on silken carpets, and attended by black-eyed damsels, listen to the rivers that murmur beneath the golden palm-trees, and quaff the crystal wave out of goblets made of stars,—to that proper home of weary man, the paradise of a sound conscience, that " holy hill where alone the flesh has rest in hope; and to which only *he* can ascend who leadeth an uncorrupt life, and doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart."

" Ah! not the Love, that should have bless'd  
So young, so innocent a breast;  
Not the pure, open, prosperous Love,  
That, pledg'd on earth and seal'd above,  
Grows in the world's approving eyes,  
In friendship's smile and home's caress,  
Collecting all the heart's sweet ties  
Into one knot of happiness!  
No, Hinda, no—thy fatal flame  
Is nurs'd in silence, sorrow, shame.—  
A passion, without hope or pleasure,  
In thy soul's darkness buried deep,  
It lies, like some ill-gotten treasure,—  
Some idol, without shrine or name,  
O'er which its pale-ey'd votaries keep  
Unholy watch, while others sleep!" (P. 217.)

After the terrible conflict between the crew of her own vessel and that of the Persian galliot, by which it was attacked and captured, the situation of the Arabian Maid, and the surrounding scene, is thus poetically and affectingly described.

" How calm, how beautiful comes on  
The stilly hour, when storms are gone;  
When warring winds have died away,  
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,  
Melt off, and leave the land and sea  
Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—  
Fresh as if Day again were born,  
Again upon the lap of Morn!  
When the light blossoms, rudely torn

And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,  
 Hang floating in the pure air still,  
 Filling it all with precious balm,  
 In gratitude for this sweet calm ;—  
 And every drop the thunder-showers  
 Have left upon the grass and flowers  
 Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-gem  
 Whose liquid flame is born of them !

When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,  
 There blow a thousand gentle airs,  
 And each a different perfume bears,—

As if the loveliest plants and trees  
 Had vassal breezes of their own  
 To watch and wait on them alone,  
 And waft no other breath than theirs !  
 When the blue waters rise and fall,  
 In sleepy sunshine mantling all ;  
 And ev'n that swell the tempest leaves  
 Is like the full and silent heaves  
 Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,  
 Too newly to be quite at rest !

Such was the golden hour, that broke  
 Upon the world, when Hinda woke  
 From her long trance, and heard around  
 No motion but the water's sound  
 Rippling against the vessel's side,  
 As slow it mounted o'er the tide.—  
 But where is she ?—her eyes are dark,  
 Are wilder'd still—is this the bark,  
 The same, that from Harmozia's bay  
 Bore her at morn—whose bloody way  
 The sea-dog tracks ?—no—strange and new  
 Is all that meets her wondering view.  
 Upon a galliot's deck she lies,

Beneath no rich pavilion's shade,  
 No plumes to fan her sleeping eyes,  
 Nor jasmin on her pillow laid.

But the rude litter, roughly spread  
 With war-cloaks, is her homely bed,  
 And shawl and sash, on javelins hung,  
 For awning o'er her head are flung.  
 Shuddering she look'd around—there lay

A group of warriors in the sun  
 Resting their limbs, as for that day  
 Their ministry of death were done.

Some gazing on the drowsy sea,  
 Lost in unconscious reverie ;  
 And some, who seem'd but ill to brook  
 That sluggish calm, with many a look

To the slack sail impatient cast,  
As loose it flagg'd around the mast." (P. 233—236.)

The passage of the Persian galliot with Hinda on board, over whose eyes a bandage had been tied after the vessel was captured, through the cave's mouth to the entrance into the secret glen, where Hafed and his followers concealed themselves, is very beautiful, and in our mind, if it stood alone, would establish Mr. Moore's claim to the title of poet.

" Amid the' illumin'd land and flood  
Sunless that mighty mountain stood ;  
Save where, above its awful head,  
There shone a flaming cloud, blood-red,  
As 'twere the flag of destiny  
Hung out to mark where death would be !

Had her bewilder'd mind the power  
Of thought in this terrific hour,  
She well might marvel where or how  
Man's foot could scale that mountain's brow ;  
Since ne'er had Arab heard or known  
Of path but through the glen alone.—  
But every thought is lost in fear,  
When, as their bounding bark drew near  
The craggy base, she felt the waves  
Hurry them tow'rd those dismal caves  
That from the Deep in windings pass  
Beneath that Mount's volcanic mass—  
And loud a voice on deck commands  
To lower the mast and light the brands !  
Instantly o'er the dashing tide  
Within a cavern's mouth they glide,  
Gloomy as that eternal Porch,

Through which departed spirits go ;—  
Not ev'n the flare of brand and torch  
Its flickering light could further throw  
Than the thick flood that boil'd below.  
Silent they floated—as if each  
Sat breathless, and too aw'd for speech  
In that dark chasm, where even sound  
Seem'd dark,—so sullenly around  
The goblin echoes of the cave  
Mutter'd it o'er the long black wave,  
As 'twere some secrets of the grave !  
But, soft—they pause—the current turns  
Beneath them from its onward track ;—  
Some mighty, unseen barrier spurns  
The vexed tide, all foaming, back,  
And scarce the oar's redoubled force  
Can stem the eddy's whirling force ;—



When, hark!—some desperate foot has sprung  
 Among the rocks—the chain is flung—  
 The oars are up—the grapple clings,  
 And the toss'd bark in moorings swings.  
 Just then, a day-beam through the shade  
 Broke tremulous—but, ere the maid  
 Can see from whence the brightness steals,  
 Upon her brow she shuddering feels  
 A viewless hand, that promptly ties  
 A bandage round her burning eyes;  
 While the rude litter where she lies,  
 Uplifted by the warrior throng,  
 O'er the steep rocks is borne along.

Blest power of sunshine! genial Day,  
 What balm, what life are in thy ray!  
 To feel thee is such real bliss,  
 That had the world no joy but this,  
 To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,—  
 It were a world too exquisite  
 For man to leave it for the gloom,  
 The deep, cold shadow of the tomb!  
 Ev'n Hinda, though she saw not where

Or whither wound the perilous road,  
 Yet knew by that awakening air,  
 Which suddenly around her glow'd,  
 That they had ris'n from darkness then,  
 And breath'd the sunny world again!

But soon this balmy freshness fled—  
 For now the steepy labyrinth led  
 Through damp and gloom—'mid crash of boughs,  
 And fall of loosen'd crags that rouse  
 The leopard from his hungry sleep,

Who, starting, thinks each crag a prey,  
 And long is heard from steep to steep,  
 Chasing them down their thundering way!  
 The jackal's cry—the distant mean  
 Of the hyæna, fierce and lone;—  
 And that eternal, saddening sound  
 Of torrents in the glen beneath,  
 As 'twere the ever-dark Profound  
 That rolls beneath the Bridge of Death!  
 All, all is fearful—ev'n to see

To gaze on those terrific things  
 She now but blindly hears, would be  
 Relief to her imaginings!

Since never yet was shape so dread,

But Fancy, thus in darkness thrown,  
 And by such sounds of horror fed,

Could frame more dreadful of her own." (P. 239—243.)

The funeral pyre of odorous woods, glimmering behind the altar's blaze, on which Hafed and his comrades had prepared to consecrate their deaths when all hope of resistance should be at an end; and the melancholy and fixed devotion with which the heroic youth gazes upon it, is among the many fine parts of this poem; but there is something that sounds so profanely in the comparison of this devotion with that which inspired the holy martyrs who have suffered for the name of Jesus, that we forbear transcribing it. The summoning of the dauntless few who were prepared for the last dreadful conflict with the overpowering enemy, and the parting pangs of the lovers, are told in terms so grand and pathetic, that, numerous as our extracts have been, we cannot resist the temptation to present another to our readers.

“ Scarce had she time to ask her heart  
If good or ill these words impart,  
When the rous'd youth impatient flew  
To the tower-wall, where, high in view,  
A ponderous sea-horn hung, and blew  
A signal, deep and dread as those  
The storm-fiend at his rising blows.—  
Full well his Chieftains, sworn and true  
Through life and death, that signal knew;  
For 'twas th' appointed warning-blast,  
Th' alarm, to tell when hope was past,  
And the tremendous death-die cast!  
And there, upon the mouldering tower,  
Has hung this sea-horn many an hour,  
Ready to sound o'er land and sea  
That dirge-note of the brave and free.

They came—his Chieftains at the call  
Came slowly round, and with them all—  
Alas, how few!—the worn remains  
Of those who late o'er Kerman's plains  
Went gaily prancing to the clash  
Of Moorish zel and tymbalon,  
Catching new hope from every flash  
Of their long lances in the sun—  
And, as their coursers charg'd the wind;  
And the white ox-tails stream'd behind,  
Looking, as if the steeds they rode  
Were wing'd, and every Chief a God!  
How fall'n, how alter'd now! how wan  
Each scarr'd and faded visage shone,  
As round the burning shrine they came;—  
How deadly was the glare it cast,  
As mute they paus'd before the flame  
To light their torches as they pass'd!

'Twas silence all—the youth had plann'd  
The duties of his soldier-band ;  
And each determin'd brow declares  
His faithful Chieftains well know theirs.

But minutes speed—night gems the skies—  
And oh how soon, ye blessed eyes,  
That look from heav'n, ye may behold  
Sights that will turn your star-fires cold !  
Breathless with awe, impatience, hope,  
The maiden sees the veteran group .  
Her litter silently prepare,

And lay it at her trembling feet ;—  
And now the youth, with gentle care,  
Has plac'd her in the shelter'd seat,  
And press'd her hand—that lingering press  
Of hands, that for the last time sever ;  
Of hearts, whose pulse of happiness,  
When that hold breaks, is dead for ever.  
And yet to *her* this sad caress

Gives hope—so fondly hope can err !  
'Twas joy, she thought, joy's mute excess—  
Their happy flight's dear harbinger ;  
'Twas warmth—assurance—tenderness—  
'Twas any thing but leaving her.

'Haste, haste !' she cried, ' the clouds grow dark,  
' But still, ere night, we'll reach the bark ;  
' And, by to-morrow's dawn—oh bliss !  
' With thee upon the sunbright deep,  
' Far off, I'll but remember this,  
' As some dark vanish'd dream of sleep !  
' And thou—' but ha !—he answers not—  
Good Heav'n !—and does she go alone ?  
She now has reach'd that dismal spot,  
Where, some hours since, his voice's tone  
Had come to soothe her fears and ills,  
Sweet as the Angel Israfil's,  
When every leaf on Eden's tree  
Is trembling to his minstrelsy—  
Yet now—oh now, he is not nigh—  
' Hafed ! my Hafed !—if it be  
' Thy will, thy doom this night to die,  
' Let me but stay to die with thee,  
' And I will bless thy lovely name,  
' Till the last life-breath leave this frame.  
' Oh ! let our lips, our cheeks be laid  
' But near each other while they fade ;  
' Let us but mix our parting breaths,  
' And I can die ten thousand deaths !

' You too, who hurry me away  
 ' So cruelly, one moment stay—  
 ' Oh ! stay—one moment is not much—  
 ' He yet may come—for *him* I pray—  
 ' Hafed ! dear Hafed !— all the way  
 In wild lamentings, that would touch  
 A heart of stone, she shriek'd his name  
 To the dark woods—no Hafed came :—  
 No—hapless pair ! you've looked your last ;  
 Your hearts should both have broken then :  
 The dream is o'er—your doom is cast—  
 You'll never meet on earth again !

Alas for him, who hears her cries !  
 Still half-way down the steep he stands,  
 Watching with fix'd and feverish eyes  
 The glimmer of those burning brands,  
 That down the rocks, with mournful ray,  
 Light all he loves on earth away !  
 Hopeless as they who, far at sea,  
 By the cold moon have just consign'd  
 The corse of one, lov'd tenderly,  
 To the bleak flood they leave behind ;  
 And on the deck still lingering stay,  
 And long look back, with sad delay,  
 To watch the moonlight on the wave,  
 That ripples o'er that cheerless grave." (P. 264—269.)

The " Light of the Haram," which is the fourth and last of the poems recited by the minstrel youth to the young princess of Delhi, does not demand much observation. The story has no interest, being simply a relation of a reconciliation between a Sultan and his mistress, effected by a supernatural power of song imparted by a fairy to the fair Nourmahal, who seems to be for some reason or other under a temporary disgrace. The young Sultana is called the Light of the Haram, and is invested with all the charms in which Mr. Moore knows so well how to dress the favourites of his muse. The scene in which the quarrel of these lovers is made up is the vale of Cashmere, at that season of annual festivity,—the feast of roses. This little poem is tame and cloying with its sweetness, after the brilliant tale of the " Fire-worshippers : " but there is a pretty passage in it which may convey some useful instruction to young lovers, and others linked in affection by relationship or friendship, and for their sakes we will finish our extracts with transcribing it,

" Alas—how light a cause may move  
 Dissension between hearts that love !  
 Hearts that the world in vain has tried,  
 And sorrow but more closely tied ;

That stood the storm, when waves were rough,  
 Yet in a sunny hour fall off,  
 Like ships, that have gone down at sea,  
 When heav'n was all tranquillity !  
 A something, light as air—a look,

A word unkind or wrongly taken—  
 Oh ! love, that tempests never shook,  
 A breath, a touch like this has shaken.  
 And ruder words will soon rush in  
 To spread the breach that words begin ;  
 And eyes forget the gentle ray  
 They wore in courtship's smiling day ;  
 And voices lose the tone that shed  
 A tenderness round all they said ;  
 Till fast declining, one by one,  
 The sweetnesss of love are gone,  
 And hearts, so lately mingled, seem  
 Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,  
 That smiling left the mountain's brow,  
 As though its waters ne'er could sever,  
 Yet, ere it reach the plain below,  
 Breaks into floods, that part for ever." (P. 304, 305.)

Whether Mr. Moore will see this hasty criticism we do not know ; if he should chance to peruse it we are sure he will not *now* approve of it, any more than probably Lord Byron has approved of the many frank admonitions we have from time to time, and especially in the first Article of our Number for February last, ventured to offer him. Hereafter, possibly, they may both alter their views of the proper ends of poetry, and of the duties which accompany God's precious but dangerous gifts of popular and persuasive talents. What other Journals may say about these poems of Mr. Moore, we can in a great measure anticipate. Our part on all subjects, affecting the moral principles of our countrymen, was decisively taken at the commencement of our labours, and have never been departed from. *We* cannot,—we dare not,—be inconsistent ; we *must* always raise our voice against all writings, in poetry or prose, in which we perceive a tendency to emasculate the British mind ; to melt down its robust virtue, and to dissolve the chaste hardihood of its ancient character, by delusive exaggerations of vicious delights.

ART. III.—*Karamania, or a Brief Description of the South Coast of Asia-Minor, and of the Remains of Antiquity, with Plans, Views, &c. collected during a Survey of that Coast, under the Orders of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, in the Years 1811 and 1812.* By Francis Beaufort, F.R.S. 8vo. pp. 299. Hunter. London, 1817.

THE Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, being desirous to fill up a very important chasm in hydrographical knowledge, appointed Capt. Beaufort, who then commanded the *Frederikssteen* frigate, stationed in the Archipelago, to make a nautical survey of the Southern Coast of Asia Minor. On this service Capt. Beaufort sailed from Smyrna in the month of July, 1811. The operations, which were begun at the Seven Capes, experienced an interruption when they had been carried on as far as Cape Avova; in the following summer they were renewed, and completed as far as the Gulf of Scanderoon and the confines of Syria. A set of charts (as we are informed in the Preface), have been laid down from the results of this survey, and are now engraving for the use of the navy. That they will prove a valuable addition to the collections of the hydrographer and practical seaman cannot be doubted. We have the testimony of an enlightened traveller,\* that the delineations of this coast, to be found on the best maps hitherto published, are not to be relied on; and, except some casual notices by accidental visitors, the only accounts extant of this extensive region are to be found in the writings of the ancient geographers.

Capt. Beaufort states in such modest language his claims on public attention, that we have the greater satisfaction in declaring our opinion that his work, as far as it professes to go, possesses great merit. What it undertakes is fairly accomplished, and in a manner highly creditable to the attainments and good taste of the author.

"To settle the hydrography and to ascertain the naval resources, was the main design of the expedition; and the multiplied labours attendant on a survey of such magnitude, added to an excusable impatience for the final accomplishment of the task, in order to resume the more natural pursuits of a cruising frigate, allowed but little time for indulging in the examination of other objects. Yet the venerable remains of former opulence and grandeur, which every where forced themselves into notice, were too numerous and too interesting not to have found some admission among the more strictly professional remarks; and indeed they were often necessarily combined with the operations of the survey.

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\* See Clarke's *Travels*, vol. ii. ch. viii.

"From such materials the following brief tract has been compiled: slight as they must necessarily be, yet as they were acquired in the public service, and as they relate to a country of which there is so little known, it seems to be in some measure a duty to lay them before the public; not indeed with the vain expectation of satisfying curiosity, but rather in the hope of exciting further inquiry. What facts could be collected are faithfully, however unskillfully, reported: if they throw but little light on ancient history, or add still less to modern science, they may perhaps rouse others to visit this, hitherto, neglected country, whose leisure and whose talents are better adapted to those pursuits. The professional duties and habits of a seaman preclude that fulness of detail which the artist and the antiquary alone can supply." (Pref. p. viii.—x.)

We shall proceed to give a brief account of the result of these investigations, as they regard the remains of antiquity, the natural curiosities, and the moral and political condition of the inhabitants. Capt. Beaufort appears to have made the survey with Strabo in his hand; the whole of his observations are, in this respect, highly interesting, so far as they tend to confirm and illustrate the accounts of the ancient geographer. The operations were begun at Yedy Booroon, or the Seven Capes, a knot of high and rugged mountains, which appears to be the ancient Mount Cragus,\* of Lycia, the abode of the fabulous Chimæra. Immediately under this mountain is the site of Patara, which presents some extensive and interesting ruins; but for a detailed account of them, we are referred to the report of a mission of the Dilettanti Society, by whom it appears they have been recently explored. The Island of Kastelorizo, with its port and harbour, next engaged their attention. Capt. Beaufort states very sufficient reasons for supposing this island to be "the Megisté" of the ancient geographers,† and suggests a probable etymology for its modern appellation.

"From the Gulf of Makry to Cape Khelidonia, the sea-shore is composed of a white limestone; but in this island an ochry drip, exuding from between the strata, gives a reddish tinge to the cliffs. From this circumstance it probably acquired the Italian name of Castellarosso; and it is not impossible that the present name Kastelorizo, which has no signification in modern Greek, or Turkish, may be derived from thence; for we find that many sea terms, as well as names of places, have been adopted from European sailors. However that may be, it is now called and written as above; and it appeared to me

\* It may be observed by the way, that Strabo describes Mount Cragus as having eight summits, or capes (in Lycia, tom. ii. Oxford edition).

† Capt. Beaufort observes, that "it is singular Strabo does not mention Megisté." In the Oxford edition, it is proposed to alter the common reading of the passage in which the Lycian Islands are described, from a conjecture of Salmasius, which would remove this apparent difficulty.

more judicious to retain the vernacular names, wherever they could be distinctly ascertained, than to adopt those applied by other foreigners. The custom of inventing new names is still more pernicious to the true interests of geography. (P. 10—11.)

In the lime-stone cliffs, on this part of the coast, are found, in great numbers, those highly-interesting sepulchral monuments which have excited the attention of every traveller who has visited these regions. Dr. Clarke dwells particularly on the extraordinary and fanciful situations in which they were placed, and points out the radical difference of style in the construction of monuments, standing in the same place, and, as it were, intermixed. Capt. B. confirms these remarks, and, in a subsequent part of the survey, when his attention was again drawn to the subject, he gives an interesting summary of the whole result of his observations.

"The contrast between the slight and perishable materials with which the habitations of the living were constructed, and the care and skill which the antients employed to render durable the abodes of the dead, is more than ordinarily impressed upon the mind at this place; for though all the tombs have been long since opened and ransacked, the walls are still sound; whereas of their dwellings not one continues in existence. These tombs are small buildings, detached from each other, and mostly of the same size, though varying in their proportions; the roofs are arched, and the exterior of the walls is dashed with a composition of plaister and small particles of burnt red brick. Each tomb consists of two chambers; the inner one is subdivided into cells or receptacles for the bodies, and the outer apartment is provided with small recesses and shelves, as if for the purpose of depositing the funeral offerings, or the urns that contained the ashes. These antichambers may have been likewise intended for the ceremonies and lamentations of the mourners: they are stuccoed, and neatly ornamented with that kind of border which is commonly called *à la Grecque*, but which I believe the ancients termed *Mæandrus*.

"This is the third distinct kind of sepulchre which we observed on these coasts. First, at Makry, Myra, and other places, is the excavated catacomb, with the entrance carefully closed by a slab, which is not inserted, but worked in the external face of the rock, and curiously pannelled in such exact imitation of a wooden door, that even the representation of the nail-heads and hinges is not omitted. They are frequently ornamented with a pediment and columns, which are also chiselled from the solid rock.

"Secondly, as at Patara, Phaselis, &c. the sarcophagus more or less decorated, but always consisting of a single block of stone, hollowed like a chest, and covered with another immense stone in the shape of a low roof or pediment.

"And thirdly, the house-built sepulchre of this place, covered in by an arch, and separated into chambers for the dead and for the mourners. The two former species generally bear inscriptions; whereas



these silent tombs display no record of the names and qualities of their occupiers, or of the regret or ostentation of those by whom they were erected.

"It is not meant that these three classes of tombs were the exclusive forms of sepulture at each of these places, but that they were the most prevalent; and, if the colonists of those provinces adhered to the customs of the parent states, they may afford some assistance in tracing their origin." (P. 189—192).

Near Deliktash, the ancient Olympus, our author met with a very remarkable natural phenomenon, which he thus describes:

"We had seen from the ship the preceding night a small but steady light among the hills; on mentioning the circumstance to the inhabitants, we learned that it was a *yanar*, or volcanic flame, and they offered to supply us with horses and guides to examine it.

"We rode about two miles, through a fertile plain, partly cultivated; and then winding up a rocky and thickly wooded glen, we arrived at the place. In the inner corner of a ruined building the wall is undermined, so as to leave an aperture of about three feet diameter, and shaped like the mouth of an oven:—from thence the flame issues, giving out an intense heat, yet producing no smoke on the wall; and though from the neck of the opening we detached some small lumps of caked soot, the walls were hardly discoloured. Trees, brushwood, and weeds, grow close round this little crater; a small stream trickles down the hill hard by, and the ground does not appear to feel the effect of its heat at more than a few feet distance. The hill is composed of the crumbly serpentine already mentioned, with occasional loose blocks of limestone, and we perceived no volcanic productions whatever in the neighbourhood.

"At a short distance, lower down the side of the hill, there is another hole, which has apparently been at some time the vent of a similar flame; but our guide asserted, that, in the memory of man, there had been but the one, and that it had never changed its present size or appearance. It was never accompanied, he said, by earthquakes or noises; and it ejected no stones, smoke, nor any noxious vapours, nothing but a brilliant and perpetual flame, which no quantity of water could quench. The shepherds, he added, frequently cooked their victuals there; and he affirmed, with equal composure, that it was notorious that the *yanar* would not roast meat which had been stolen.

"This phenomenon appears to have existed here for many ages, as unquestionably this is the place to which Pliny alludes in the following passage:—'Mount Chimæra, near Phaselis, emits an unceasing flame, that burns day and night.' We did not, however, perceive that the adjacent mountains of Hephæstia were quite so inflammable as he describes them. The late Colonel Rooke, who lived for many years among the islands of the Archipelago, informed me that high up on the western mountain of Samos, he had seen a flame of the same kind, but that it was intermittent." (P. 44—47.)

Dr. Clarke makes mention of this appearance on the cliffs of

Samos;\* but the yanar of Deliktash seems to resemble still more closely the appearances described by Hanway,† at Baku, on the western coast of the Caspian, except that Capt. Beaufort ascribes to the flame a greater degree of heat than is consistent with Hanway's account, who says, that a paper tunnel is sufficient to convey the flame, if its edges be guarded with clay. It is singular that Strabo, whose description of this coast is so very minute, makes no mention of this appearance. May we not conclude that its origin should be placed somewhere in the interval between Strabo and Pliny? It is evident from Capt. Beaufort's account, that the diminutive crater which is now in action must be of comparatively late date; certainly subsequent to the erection of the building, amidst the ruins of which it is found.

The operations of the survey appear to have been carried on with diligence and success, as far as Cape Avova, when they were interrupted by an incident, of which we shall lay before our readers Capt. Beaufort's own account; it affords a striking example of one of those strange moral paradoxes, which are so frequently the effect of a brutalizing superstition, at the same time that it gives one more proof, if proofs were yet wanting, of the generous humanity of a British seaman.

The city of Adalia had lately been surprised by a rival Bey; and while the frigate was on the coast, having been recaptured by its former Pasha, the unsuccessful party were of course compelled to fly in all directions.

"A large body of them came down to the beach abreast of the ship, and begged of our watering party to protect them from the fury of their pursuers. This was of course refused: we had no right to interfere in their disputes; and I determined neither to involve his Majesty's flag, nor to expose our operations to interruption or failure, through the resentment of a Pasha, whose government extends along so large a portion of the coast. Exhausted, however, as the fugitives were by fatigue, hunger, and wounds, I could not resist their importunity for a little bread, and for surgical assistance. But the refreshments that we sent were accompanied with advice, to escape while there was yet time, into the woods, where cavalry could not pursue them; and in that case, with an offer of sufficient bread to carry them out of the province. They replied, that to escape would be impossible; there were no roads open to their retreat; a price was set upon their heads; the want of success had now rendered all the inferior aghas hostile; and that their religion taught them to rely upon God for their deliverance, or to submit without repining to their fate.

"Some hours after, a large sailing launch was seen drifting out to sea, without any person on board: our boats towed her along-side, and as the horse-patroles of the victorious party were already descend-

\* Clarke's Travels, vol. ii. c. 7.

† Jonas Hanway's Travels, i. 263.

ing into the plain, I proposed to these poor wretches to victual that vessel, to repair the oars and sails, and to embark them in her, ready for the land-breeze at night.

"This also they declined—none of them were seamen; they knew not how or where to steer: and if their hour was come, they preferred dying like men, with arms in their hands on shore, to being murdered by the cannon of the Pasha's cruisers, by whom they must ultimately be overtaken.

"Things remained in this state till the next morning, when one of the Pasha's armed ships was seen rounding the cape; and the party of cavalry, which had, till then, been checked by the appearance of our frigate, now crossed the river, and surrounding at some distance that part of the beach which was occupied by the fugitives, seemed only to wait the approach of the above vessel to close upon their victims. This was the crisis of their fate. That fate depended upon me. Cold and calculating prudence forbade me to interfere; but, I could not stand by, and see them butchered in cold blood!

"My decision once made, there was not a moment to be lost. Our boats were dispatched, and in a few minutes I had the satisfaction of rescuing sixty fellow-creatures from immediate slaughter.

"Since the rejection of their entreaties on the preceding day, they had betrayed no signs of despair or impatience: they had neither reproached our obduracy, nor murmured at their fate; and when our boats landed, they were found sitting under the shade of the neighbouring trees, with an air of resignation that bordered on indifference. They now displayed neither exultation nor joy; they came on the quarter deck with manly composure; they were perhaps grateful, but their gratitude did not seem to be addressed to us; in their eyes, we were still infidels; and though the immediate preservers of their lives, we were but tools in the hands of their protecting prophet."  
(P. 67—70.)

Capt. Beaufort sailed immediately to Makry with his unwelcome protégés, and from thence to Rhodes; but finding, at both places, that the interest of the Pacha of Adalia was too predominant to allow him to leave them with any chance of security, he proceeded with them to the Island of Kos. They parted with general demonstrations of gratitude; and I believe (Capt. Beaufort adds), they felt as much as Mohammedans could feel towards Ghiaours.

These occurrences led Capt. Beaufort out of the appointed limits of his survey; they enabled him, however, to give a short account of Kos, and a very interesting sketch of the actual state of Boodroom, occupying, as it seems generally agreed, the place of the ancient Halicarnassus.

Here, however, he was doomed to experience the same disappointment with all travellers since Thevenot, as he could not induce the Bey to allow him to examine the citadel, which is supposed, and upon very good grounds, to contain many valuable

specimens of ancient sculpture. The ardour of Capt. Beaufort's curiosity was in some degree restrained, by an anecdote which the Bey repeated to him with much humour.

"Some years ago, a French frigate, being at Boodroom, the commander expressed a great desire to see the marbles in the fortress; but the then governor absolutely refused to admit him without direct orders from the Porte. The commander had interest; the ambassador was set to work; and in a short time the frigate returned, bearing the necessary ferman. The governor put it to his forehead, in acknowledgement of its authority, and declared his readiness to proceed. Arrived at the outer gate, "Effendy," said the governor, "the orders of my imperial master must be implicitly obeyed." "Let me in then," exclaimed the impatient captain. "Undoubtedly," replied the Turk, "for so I am enjoined to do by the ferman; but as it contains no directions about your coming out again, you will perhaps forgive this momentary pause, before we pass the draw-bridge." The French commandant, not choosing to put such dangerous irony to the test, departed." (P. 98, 99.)

On quitting Boodroom, the Frederikssteen sailed to Malta to refit; but Capt. Beaufort determined to employ a portion of the time which would have been passed under the restriction of quarantine, in exploring the Karabaghla rocks and islands. In the spring of 1812, the survey was resumed at Cape Avova, where its progress had been arrested the preceding year by the troublesome adventure with the fugitive Turks.

"From this bay a chain of mountains extends along the shore to the northward. Their outline is extremely broken and picturesque, peak rising over peak in succession, as they recede from the shore. These mountains undoubtedly formed the ancient Mount Climax, and the analogy is striking between that name and the regular gradation in which they overtop each other.

"The shore at their foot exhibits a remarkable coincidence with the account of Alexander's march from Phaselis. The open beach must have afforded a far more convenient road for his army, than the intricate paths of the adjacent mountains, by which a part of it had been detached. The road along the beach is, however, interrupted in some places by projecting cliffs, which would have been difficult to surmount, but round which the men could readily pass by wading through the water. Though there are no tides in this part of the Mediterranean, at least none that perceptibly depend on the influence of the moon, yet there is a considerable rise and fall of the sea produced by the alternate prevalence of the north and south winds; the former frequently lowers its surface two feet; and Alexander, in taking advantage of such a moment, may have dashed on without impediment." (P. 108—110.)

Strabo's account tallies exactly with this. He says that in calms, the beach was commonly used as a road; but at the time Alexander arrived, the weather was very tempestuous: notwithstanding

he did not wait for the waves to subside, but with his usual impetuously, ordered his troops to wade round the projecting points of land. Arrian affects to see something supernatural in this, and plainly intimates that it was *ὡς ἀνὰ τὸν Θεόν*; and Josephus, in that compromising spirit with which he always endeavoured to allure the attention, and conciliate the prejudices, of the gentile philosophers, does not hesitate to discover a resemblance between this instance of Alexander's successful temerity, and the passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites.\* Modern infidelity has not neglected so favourable an occasion of showing its ingenuity, and this has become one of those passages in history which are considered as its strong holds. By lowering the statements of the inspired writer, and exaggerating the circumstances detailed by the profane historian, a degrading kind of analogy at last appears to be established, which may be wrested to their purpose. But we envy not the heart or understanding of that man, who, in the sublime and simple narrative of Holy Writ, can refuse to acknowledge a direct manifestation of Almighty power, narrated by him who was himself the instrument of that power, and addressed to the very multitudes for whose sakes the miracle had been wrought; while from the tumid declarations of the sophist, or the imperfect testimony of the historian who compiles his account five centuries after the transaction, he is ready to adopt, and to believe, any tale of improbability which seems likely to make for his cause.

The town of Adalia, which had been the scene of conflict between the rival Beys, next engaged their attention. Its population is estimated at about 8,000, of whom one third are Greeks. Capt. Beaufort had reason to suppose that both the town and its environs were very rich in remains of ancient art; but the habitual jealousy of the Turks, heightened as it was by the peculiar feelings of distrust which their recent commotions had engendered, made it impossible to obtain permission to examine them.

Capt. Beaufort concurs with D'Anville in his opinion that Adalia was the ancient Olbia, and not Attalia, as the similarity of the names might, in the first instance, suggest. The situation of the town, with relation to the river Cataractes, decides this question. In tracing the present course of this river, which now appears under the form of several small rivulets, rushing directly over a cliff into the sea, Capt. Beaufort is led to notice a very remarkable change which appears to have been wrought by the agency of the stream.

"It is remarkable that the water of these streams is so highly im-

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\* Josephus, *Antiq. Jud.* lib. ii. ad finem.

pregnated with calcareous particles, that it is reckoned unfit for man or beast; and near some of the mills we observed large masses of stalactites and petrifications. Now the broad and high plain, which stretches to the eastward of the city, terminates in abrupt cliffs along the shore. These cliffs are above 100 feet high, and considerably overhang the sea; not in consequence of their base having crumbled away, but from their summit projecting in a lip, which consists of parallel lamina, each jutting out beyond its inferior layer; as if water had been continually flowing over them, and continually forming fresh accretions. It is therefore not impossible that this accumulation may have gradually impeded the course of that body of water which had once formed here a magnificent cataract; and may have also forced it to divide into various channels." (P. 128, 129.)

Chandler has given an account of some lime-stone depositions, near Hierapolis, on the Mæander, nearly similar to this, and scarcely inferior in magnitude. After passing the Eurymedon, a few leagues more of sandy and uninteresting coast brought them to

"Esky (Old) Adalia, where report had promised a superb collection of ruins. The size and situation of this town had already pointed out that it was the antient Sidé; and the first thing observed upon the beach when we landed, was an inscription on a broken pedestal, beginning ΣΙΔΗΤΗΣ. Were there now a single inhabitant within its precincts, his right of naming his own abode would be indisputable; but as the place is utterly deserted, it seems more reasonable to restore the antient name under which it long flourished, than to continue the absurd misnomer of Esky Adalia; or even to select a name from the various appellations of Skandalor, Candaloro, Canalahora, and Chirionda, which, according to Meletius and others, it bore at different times during the middle ages." (P. 139, 140.)

And again:

"The theatre is the most striking feature of Sidé: at the distance of a few miles from the shore; we had mistaken it for a lofty Acropolis, rising from the centre of the town. As it is by far the largest and the best preserved of any that came under our observation in Asia Minor, a short account of its form and dimensions may be acceptable to the reader, who will, it is hoped, excuse any want of perspicuity in details which are so foreign to the general pursuits of a seaman.

"Situated on a gentle declivity, the lower half only of this theatre has been excavated in the ground; the upper half is a great structure of masonry. It is shaped like a horse-shoe, being a segment of a circle of about 220 degrees; or, in other words, the circumference appears to be one-ninth greater than a semi-circle. The exterior diameter is 409 feet, that of the area 125, and the perpendicular height from the area to the uppermost seat is 79 feet. It contains forty-nine rows of seats, in two series; twenty-six below, and twenty-three above the *diazomatos* or broad platform, which forms a gallery of communication round the interior. This gallery and its parallel corridor, which

is vaulted and carried round the whole extent of the building, are on a level with the surface of the ground at the back of the theatre, and with which they communicate by twenty-three arched passages or vomitories. Another but smaller corridor, surrounds the thirteenth row of the upper division of seats, and opens to it by seven doors. Seven staircases connect these two corridors together, and branches of them continue up to the top of the building.

"The internal communication is formed by narrow flights of steps, each half the height of the seats. They are disposed in equi-distant radii, ten of them descending from the diazomatos to a platform, which intervenes between the lowest row of seats and the area; and twenty-one flights ascending to a platform, which encircles the summit of this magnificent fabric. The seats are of white marble, and admirably wrought; they are  $16\frac{1}{2}$  inches high, and  $32\frac{1}{4}$  broad; but as they project over each other  $8\frac{1}{2}$ , the breadth in the clear is only 24 inches. The front of each row, which was occupied by the spectators when seated, is raised an inch, so as to leave a free passage to each person's place, and also to serve as a channel for the rain water. Now supposing that the antients sat as we do, with the legs pendent, and not crossed under them like the modern Greeks and Turks (as Dr. Chandler seems to have thought), and therefore taking eighteen inches as sufficient for each person to occupy, this theatre would contain 13,370 persons, when regularly seated; but, in crowded exhibitions, many could sit on the flights of small steps, or could stand on the upper platform, and at the back of the broad diazomatos, without incommoding those behind them; these may be estimated at 1,870 more, and would together make the enormous aggregate of 15,240 spectators. The area of the theatre is now overgrown with bushes, and choked up with stones and earth; in digging through which, to ascertain the lower level, we discovered some inscriptions and several pieces of sculpture. One of the least injured of these was the statue of a clothed female figure, executed in a good style." (P. 142—146.)

This description is illustrated by some very neatly engraved plans. Dr. Chandler has not given us the reason for the opinion he had formed, as to the mode of sitting used by the ancients; it is certainly quite inconsistent with the shape and structure of the seats in this Theatre of Sidé.

The business of the survey so entirely occupied Cap. Beaufort's attention, that he was unable to make even short excursions into the interior. A party of officers made a visit to Tersoos, (the ancient Tarsus) which is about twelve miles from the coast.

"On their arrival, they waited on the Moossellim, or Governor, but they were desired to produce their Ferman from the Porte, before they could be admitted. He detained it a long time, and on several pretexts evaded granting them an audience: at length, however, they were admitted to his presence; when, after much haughty and impertinent examination on his part, and expostulation on their's, he offered

them coffee, and permitted them to take a walk through the city, but refused them any protection. He suspected, or pretended to suspect, that they were travelling merchants, who ought to have made him a present; but the true cause of this conduct was, that he did not see the frigate from the town; her appearance would have been a more efficient introduction, than either Ferman, present, or accompanying Janissary: and indeed, we invariably found the civility of these semi-barbarians to be exactly in the inverse ratio of their distance from the ship.

"The permission to walk about the town was of little avail; as they were closely followed by a rabble, who obstructed and insulted them. They were however able to estimate the length of the city to be upwards of a mile; and though very straggling, that it must contain several thousand inhabitants. There are many respectable looking mosques and minarehs; one of which was distinctly seen from on board. All the houses are small and wretched, except that of the Moossellim; but there were Bazaars well stocked, and the inhabitants had a general look of business. At the north-west extremity of the town, they found the remains of an antient gate; and near it a very large, and apparently, artificial mound with a flat top, from whence they had a view of the adjacent plain, and of the river Cydnus, which skirts the eastern edge of the city. The plain presented the appearance of an immense sheet of corn stubble, dotted with small camps of tents, which are made of hair cloth, and in which the peasantry reside at this season, while the harvest is reaping, and the corn treading out. Our party were assured by an Armenian, with whom they conversed, that all the remains of antiquity had been destroyed, or converted into modern buildings, except the theatre which lay near the river, covered with rubbish and bushes. He dissuaded them from searching for it, or from staying much longer in the town; alleging the ferocious disposition of the people as well as of the governor, and appealing to their countenances for the truth of his assertion." (P. 261—264.)

Capt. Beaufort had hoped not only to complete the survey of the south coast of Asia Minor, but to prosecute his researches along the shores of Syria and Cyprus. But the Gulf of Scanderoon was destined to be the limit of his labours.

"Arrived within a few leagues of the confines of Syria, we were now entering on a part of the coast which surpassed in interest all that we had already explored. In the celebrated plains of Issus, Alexander and Severus had each decided the empire of the world; and to have been able to elucidate the various accounts of those victories by an accurate survey of the field of battle, would have been highly gratifying. The altars erected by the conqueror of Darius might probably have eluded our search; but the course of the Pinarus, and the disposition of the country, must have been still obvious. Nor would it have been a less important service to historical geography, could we have determined the position of Myriandrus, and the contested situation of the famous Pylæ Amanicæ, where the Persians and Macedonians had unknowingly passed each other.



"But all these flattering hopes were disappointed.

"On the 20th of June, while embarking the instruments from a little cove to the westward of Ayas, we perceived a number of armed Turks advancing towards the boat; Turks always carry arms; and there was no reason to suppose that this party had any other object than curiosity, for several of the officers were at that time dispersed in the neighbourhood, and accompanied by the villagers; some of whom, about an hour before, had shewn the most good humoured assiduity in pointing out to me the inscriptions on the tower and other places: neither had their conduct to the watering boats, the preceding evening, led to any kind of distrust.

"As they approached, however, an old dervish was observed haranguing them; and his frantic gestures, with their reiterated shouts of 'Begone,' 'Infidel,' and other offensive expressions, left the hostility of their intentions no longer doubtful. The interpreter was absent with the officers, and all my little store of friendly words and signs seemed to irritate rather than to appease them. To quit the place seemed, therefore, the most probable means of preventing a fray; and as the boat was ready, we quietly shoved off. The mob now rushed forward; their voices assumed a shriller tone: and spurred on by the old fanatic, they begun to level their muskets: the boat was not yet clear of the cove; and if they had succeeded in reaching the outer points, our retreat would have been cut off. It was, therefore, full time to check their progress, and the unexpected sight of my fowling-piece had for a moment that effect; but as they again endeavoured to close, I fired over their heads. That expedient saved us. they immediated halted; most of them fell on the ground; the dastardly dervish ran away; and we had gained sufficient time to get the boat's head round, and almost disentangled from the rocks, when one ruffian, more resolute than the rest, sprang forward to a rock on the shore, which covering his person allowed him to take deliberate aim. His ball entered near my groin, and taking an oblique course broke the trochanter of the hip joint. Had his example been followed, all the boat's crew must have been destroyed: but fortunately, they had been so intimidated by my fire, that we were beyond the reach of their's by the time they rose from the ground. The pinnacle was luckily within signal distance; she was called down, and before I fainted from the loss of blood, I had the satisfaction of sending her round to rescue the scattered officers, and to protect the small boat, which waited for them to the eastward of the castle. Before the pinnacle, however, could reach that place, Mr. Olphert, a remarkably fine young man, who was midshipman of the former boat, had fallen a sacrifice to the same party of assassins.

"The pinnacle, which contained nineteen men, was fully armed; and by the cool and steady conduct of Lieutenant E. Lane, the rest of the officers and men were collected without farther mischief. It was with difficulty, indeed, that he could curb the natural fury of the boat's crews, which, if unrestrained, would speedily have taught these miscreants a dreadful lesson of retaliation." (P. 286—290.)

Again :

" The wound I had received was dangerous in the extreme, and the sultry climate of the Levant was highly unfavourable. My constitution had already suffered from many former wounds ; and for some time there appeared but little hope of its weathering the present struggle. But assisted by the skill of the surgeon, Dr. Hugh Stewart, of whose unwearied attention I shall always preserve the most grateful remembrance, it ultimately triumphed ; and after many months of tedious confinement and painful exfoliation, my recovery was at length effected.

" While at Malta, however, it was still uncertain. At all events there was no probability of my being able to resume the thread of the survey, which had been so untowardly broken ; and the ship being also in a bad state, we were ordered to proceed with a convoy to England, where we arrived before the close of the year." (P. 293, 294).

Nothing can serve more strongly than this occurrence to prove the state of moral and political degradation to which the inhabitants of this highly-favoured region are reduced. It adds much to this painful consideration to reflect that man is thus brutalized where nature has lavished all her gifts for his enjoyment : where she has spread her kindest skies, and poured forth her most valued productions : where the climate, tempered by alternate breezes from the mountains and the sea, seems in the highest degree delightful ; the plain teems with fertility ; the shores are indented with safe and capacious harbours.

" Sheltered from all effectual control of the Porte by the great barrier of Mount Taurus, the half-independent and turbulent-pashas, amongst whom they are parcelled, are engaged in constant petty hostilities with each other, so that their respective frontiers change with the issue of every skirmish.

" Groaning under that worst kind of despotism, this unfortunate country has been a continued scene of anarchy, rapine, and contention ; her former cities are deserted,—her fertile valleys untilled,—and her rivers and harbours idle. Perhaps nothing can present a more striking picture of the pervading sloth and misery, than the hardly credible fact, that, on this extensive line of coast, which stretches along a sea abounding in fish, the inhabitants do not possess a single boat." (Pref. p. iv. v.)

Yet even here the spirit of improvement is not wholly extinct ; there is still a capacity for amendment, which occasionally struggles forth from beneath the triple pressure of despotism, superstition, and anarchy.

" The influence of commerce on this coast has been but little felt till lately ; but the immense demand for wheat in the British garrisons of the Mediterranean during the war, and the failure of a supply from that once plenteous granary, Sicily (now hardly adequate to its own consumption), had given such a spur to the enterprising islanders of

Psara and Hydra, that in search of it they ransacked the whole surrounding coast of that sea. With dollars in their hands, every creek was explored; and a few quarters gleaned from each valley soon completed a cargo. The exportation of corn is prohibited throughout the Turkish dominions, under penalty of confiscation and slavery; but this extreme severity only serves to give fresh activity to the traffic: for, the aghas, being exorbitantly paid for their connivance, have a direct interest in promoting it; and no agha in the empire is proof against self-interest. In populous countries, and in poor soils, it may be a slow and difficult process, to push the sudden culture of corn beyond its accustomed limits, or to divert the necessary capital from other pursuits; but in the rich and thinly inhabited valleys of these countries, a single year is sufficient to produce exertions, which the stimulus of a free trade is alone wanting to perpetuate. The great plain of Adalia had begun to feel the effects of this impulse; and even from distant parts of the interior, camels, horses, and asses, were daily bringing in their separate ventures, to load the Greek vessels which lay in the port." (P. 124—126).

We cannot take our leave of Capt. Beaufort, without again calling the reader's attention to the tone of unpretending good sense which marks every page of his narrative. He is compelled to enter on a variety of subjects wholly foreign to his professional pursuits; but he has managed his discussions with the best possible taste; he is alike free from the pedantic displays of scholarship, and the crudities of wondering ignorance.

ART. IV.—*Christian Essays.* By the Rev. Samuel Charles Wilks, A. M. of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 589. Baldwin and Co. London, 1817.

THESE Essays are upon the following subjects: Sources of Error in Opinion; Full Assurance of Understanding; Full Assurance of Faith; Full Assurance of Hope; Christian Obedience; The Form and the Power of Religion; True and False Repose in Death; False Modesty in Religion; The Duty of Christian Affection between Ministers and their Flock; Comparative View of Natural and Revealed Religion. They are dedicated to Mrs. Hannah More; and it may be said of them, without saying more than they deserve, that they are a very proper Sequel to the "Practical Piety," and "Christian Morals" of that truly Christian lady; and to those who are the possessors and admirers of her delightful Lessons, we can boldly recommend these volumes of Essays.

Christ has said that "his yoke is easy, and his burthen is light." But this passage of blessed import is only rightly understood, when it is understood to imply that "the yoke" and

"the burthen" are easy and light, not in the first putting on, but in the wearing; for experience and Scripture declare that breaking with the world and renouncing its vanities is a sufficiently hard task, and demands more than unassisted courage can perform, more even than the unprompted will can undertake. Not to lower the magnitude of this undertaking, but to help to demonstrate the signs of success in it, and more especially to show "how easy" and "how light" the true Christian profession is to those who have been brought within the operative influence of its injunctions and promises, is the object of Mr. Wilks.

That the first studies in Christian knowledge should be attended with difficulty; that the renunciation of wrong habits and false impressions, the submission to a new and countervailing discipline, the substitution of constraining realities in the place of loose imaginations and visionary trusts, should demand sacrifices difficult and austere in the commencement and outset, is quite in analogy with all the rest of that dispensation under which we are placed; and so far are these primary obstacles from being any hardship, or a subject of repining in other studies and attainments, that it is in this "amicable conflict with difficulty," as a great man has expressed it,\* that our strength is effectively called forth, and final success promoted and secured. In the same manner, it is the incipient difficulties of the Christian's career which provokes and invigorates exertion, ennobles the object, and ascertains the reality of the accomplishment. To avoid these difficulties, there is no case in which man resorts to so many evasive shifts and devices. There is no acquirement in which what is spurious is so apt to be received for what is genuine; there is no task or undertaking in which so many "tricking short cuts and little fallacious facilities," to use again the phrase of the same great man, are practised with more certain disappointment and loss.

It is to expose the fallacy of all subterfuges, and the true nature and extent of the surrender which the Gospel requires, as well as its vast overbalancing compensations when once the altitude is gained;—to show how trying is the storm, and yet how easy and how safe the vessel rides when it has found and entered the proper harbour, and the only stationary anchorage, that Mr. Wilks has given to the public this valuable result of his sound and pious meditations.

The heart of man is so fertile in practices of self-imposition, that he who pursues its windings, and traces its multiplied expedients of error—he who lays open the diversified system of human sophistry by which holiness and worldliness are sought to be re-

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\* Burke's Reflections.

conciled, enters upon a theme which affords exhaustless opportunities of novelty, as well in the detection of artifice, as in the specification of danger. The actual condition of society is in perpetual flux, and the tastes and habits of mankind are for ever varying the forms of depravity, and putting the soul into new perils. To pursue these ephemeral and fugitive shapes of practical error, which have all a uniform and constant tendency to disparage the Gospel, by straining it into conformity with human maxims, is a service of never-ceasing exigency. Mr. Wilks has performed this service with great fidelity and power. He well understands his business, and his work has eminently that character of artless vehemence, of energetic simplicity, and natural strength, which mark the procedure of a man conversant with truth, and honest in its defence.

But if this writer has successfully defined the difficulties to be overcome, which arise from errors of education, and the practical mis-understanding of the Gospel, he has in a no less correct manner developed the characteristics of religious improvement, as it proceeds through its several stages of faith, hope, and Christian obedience. Perhaps the best mode of doing justice to the work will be to let it speak for itself. The view which it takes of the nature and efficacy of faith may be in some measure collected from the following specimen.

“ Both Saint Peter and Saint Paul, in speaking of the all-sufficiency of faith, guard their doctrine from abuse by alluding to one or more of its essential properties, in order that their converts might not boast of an inefficient creed, while their hearts and conduct were unrenewed. Faith that purifieth the heart and worketh by love, could not easily be supposed to mean a mere barren assent to the truth of Christianity.

“ Among the characteristic properties of faith, there is no one more remarkable than that mentioned by Saint John, and to which allusion has been already made, namely, that it ‘overcometh the world.’ It is evident from universal experience, that no other principle can produce this effect. Faith, however, performs it by a mode of operation peculiar to itself; by presenting to the view things that are invisible, and showing their great superiority to the vanities of time and sense. The reason why men prefer this world to that which is to come, is not that their judgment is convinced, but that their passions are allured. Heaven is allowedly the greater object, but it is distant and invisible; whereas the world is ever at hand with its fascinations. It assumes every shape, addresses itself to every passion, obtrudes into every recess. We are never free from its influence. Whatever we see around us is the world, and if we look into our own hearts, the world and worldliness are triumphant there. The voluptuous man worships it in the shape of pleasure; the covetous, of gold; the ambitious, of honour; the retired, of ease. It dwells in cities; but, not confined to these, it seeks the lonely retreat, it enters the temple of the Al-

mighty, it intrudes into the closet of the most heavenly-minded Christian. Persons the most unlike in every other respect are here equally enslaved. The profligate and the moralist, the infidel and the ostentatious devotee, are under its influence. Business and pleasure, pride and pretended humility, sensual and intellectual enjoyments, all partake more or less of the world.

"An object thus prepossessing, and thus obtrusive, must of necessity influence our minds, unless something more important be introduced. 'Now, faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' It brings heaven nigh. It antedates eternity. It prevents the unhallowed intrusion of the world by pre-occupying its place, and presenting to the mind objects infinitely more important, and which are overlooked only because they are remote and spiritual. Upon every earthly scene it inscribes, 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity;' while it invests every thing relating to a future world with inconceivable importance. Men in general view heaven as a dream and earth as a reality, and their conduct corresponds to their perceptions; but faith reverses the scene, and thus 'it overcometh the world.' It presents motives to duty more forcible than the highest temporal considerations, whilst it assures us of that divine encouragement and support which alone can enable us to surmount every impediment. This is a double influence, and is not easily counteracted." (Vol. i. p. 99—101.)

The genuine marks of Christian obedience are accurately delineated in the chapter on that subject. The following may serve as a specimen.

"It is to the *motive* that we must chiefly look for the immense difference between the moralist and the Christian, the Pharisee and the genuine disciple. The good works of the one spring from a principle of gratitude and affection; those of the other from habit, or expediency, or fear, or at best from an arrogant expectation of purchasing Heaven by the performance. The one is an obedient child, the other an unwilling slave.

"If, however, an earthly parent would not be satisfied with an obedience wholly unprompted by affection, why should we offer the same insult to our Father which is in Heaven? No person who loves any object better than his Creator can be said to be truly obedient. God requires our supreme and unrivalled affections; which being once engaged, our conduct will necessarily become holy and acceptable in his eyes.

"To render obedience complete, it must be constant and unremitted. There are no excepted moments in which a rival is allowed. Amidst the fatigues and the anxieties of life, our spirit must be uniformly Christian. Religion, though not always in our thoughts, must be so interwoven with the first springs of action, as to be always conspicuous in our conduct. Surrounded with the worshippers of the world, we must never bow our knee to their enchanting idol. The apostle exhorts us in the very same verse both to be diligent in business, and 'servant in spirit, serving the Lord;' so that the importance of our callings in life is by no means an excuse for our neglect of eter-

nal concerns. God is far from accepting that aguish piety which works itself up into a warm fit of devotion every seventh day, and then contentedly shivers and freezes the other six. Our devotion should be the regular glow of a soul in spiritual health, and not the alternate frost and fever of mere sentimental Christianity. A few tears shed in passion-week will not evince our love for the Redeemer, if we are deliberately crucifying him afresh, and putting him to an open shame' during the remainder of the year. Unusually solemn occasions, it is true, call for unusually solemn acts; but the general impression should remain long after the individual act has ceased. The Gospel being intended for all ages, and climates, and conditions in life, was made of such a nature that its energy might be unintermitted in every possible variety of circumstance. Had it simply consisted of a stated routine of ceremonies, its operation must frequently have been suspended, or even rendered wholly impracticable; but what season or circumstance is there which can prevent the obedience of *the heart*? In business and at leisure, at home and abroad, in prosperity and adversity, in sickness and in health, the habitual desire to obey God will find means to operate in acts appropriate to the occasion. There is no moment in which there is not some temptation to be avoided, none in which there is not some duty to be performed." (Vol. i. p. 169—172.)

In the chapter on the form and the power of religion, among many striking observations, striking by their cogent verity and correctness of delineation rather than by any studied modes of expression, we meet with the following forcible recommendation of the exercise of silent self-scrutiny.

"To the attainment of this end, among many other means, self-examination will be constantly practised; a duty which cannot possibly be omitted where the power of religion really exists. There will be an abiding wish to know our real state and character; we shall not shrink from the light; but, on the contrary, shall dread nothing so much as false security and self-deception. Every wish and feeling of the soul, every word which proceeds from the lip, every action of the life, will furnish a person thus rightly disposed with abundant matter for self-examination. Even when we are least conscious of it, we shall find, upon reflection, that if our hearts are really in a right state, we habitually and almost insensibly refer our thoughts, and words, and actions, to the standard of truth, and that we learn to view every thing immediately in its connexion with God and with eternity. It is not in our more sober moments only that we shall practise these duties, for we shall acquire a habit of constantly, and as it were naturally, investigating the nature of our conduct, and ascertaining what conclusion it suggests respecting our religious state. When sin presents itself before us we shall feel a struggle to overcome its fascinations, and the heart will be elevated towards the throne of grace for power to effect that holy purpose. The conquest thus divinely bestowed will be followed by a peaceful-satisfaction; or, if we fall in the contest, there will ensue a salutary remorse, a godly contrition, very far above the merely natural remonstrances of conscience, teaching us that we have

acted unwisely and ungratefully ; that we have crucified our Redeemer afresh, and brought darkness, if not despair, into our own minds.

" This uneasiness under conscious guilt will not abate till we are again enabled with true contrition to repent, to pray, to plead the merits of our Redeemer, and to obtain strength from above against the recurrence of temptation. Yet still there will remain a wound ; the remembrance of the past will be grievous ; and though the peaceful consciousness of a latent hope in God's mercy will distinguish this genuine penitence from that ' sorrow of the world ' which worketh death, yet abundant cause will be left for renewed humility and watchfulness. Indeed, without these the power of religion cannot survive ; for when we are unguarded in our religious frame we are inevitably exposed to the attacks of our spiritual enemies. The man who enjoys any thing of the power of his holy profession will aspire after a more humble and dependent frame of mind ; he will long to be ' clothed with humility,' knowing from experience that pride, especially spiritual pride, is not only hostile to the whole tenor of the Gospel which he professes, but invariably lays a snare before him, and causes him to fall. So far, therefore, from his superior privileges rendering him proud, they will serve to promote humility, by reminding him every moment of that free and unmerited grace which alone made him to differ from the mere formalist and Pharisee. Thus his very graces and conquests over sin increase his circumspection, and self-abasement, and prayer. The less power the world has over him the more he is afraid of its allurements ; the less susceptible he is of temptation the more he avoids its influence ; for it is not a mark of strong faith, but of very weak faith, or rather of none whatever, to sport on the brink of temptation, and to dally with those spiritual enemies whom we are commanded most anxiously to avoid." (Vol. i. p. 192—195.)

" The true and false repose in death " forms one of the most interesting parts of this work, and of this part some very useful pages are taken up with comments on the declarations, and spiritual state of our great English moralist at the conclusion of his important life. After reading and hearing about this very eminent person almost to satiety, we have to thank Mr. Wilks for giving to this part of his history a new and peculiar interest. His facts and observations are so truly discriminative and edifying, and are withal so entertaining, that we are tempted to extract the whole very able detail, long as it is.

" A few practical remarks upon the subject of the last hours of this illustrious man will not only be a forcible comment upon the foregoing propositions, but will tend to shew that what Dr. Johnson's best friends and biographers have been almost ashamed to confess, and have industriously exerted themselves to palliate, constituted, in truth, the most auspicious circumstance of his life, and was the best proof of his increase in religious knowledge and holiness of mind.

" Whoever considers with a Christian eye the death of Dr. Johnson will readily perceive that, according to the usual order of Providence,



it could not have been free from agitation and anxiety. Johnson was a man of tender conscience, and one who from his very infancy had been instructed in Christian principles. But he was also, in the strict judgment of revealed religion, an inconsistent man. Neither his habits nor his companions had been such as his own conscience approved; and even a short time before his end we find one of his biographers lamenting that "the visits of idle and some worthless persons were never welcome to him" on the express ground that "these things drove on time." His ideas of morality being of the highest order, many things which are considered by men at large as but venial offences appeared to him as positive crimes. Even his constitutional indolence and irritability of mind were sufficient of themselves to keep him constantly humbled and self-abased; and though among his gay or literary companions he usually appears upon the comparatively high ground of a Christian moralist, and the strenuous defender of revealed religion, yet compared with the Divine standard and test of truth, he felt himself both defective and disobedient.

"Together with this conscientious feeling he had adopted certain incorrect, not to say superstitious, ideas respecting the method of placating the Deity. He seems, for example, to have believed that *penance*, in its confined and popish sense as distinguished from simple penitence, is of great avail in procuring the Divine favour and forgiveness. Thus when his conscience distressed him on account of an act of disobedience to his parent, we find him many years afterwards remaining a considerable time bare-headed in the rain, exposed in the public streets to the ridicule and the conjectures of every spectator. As far as filial affection and true amiableness of mind are concerned, the actor in such a scene deserves and ensures universal veneration and esteem. Even while we smile at the somewhat ludicrous nature of the action, we instinctively feel a sympathy and respect which perhaps a wiser but less remarkable mode of exhibiting his feelings might not have procured. But Johnson seems to have performed this humiliation from higher considerations than mere sorrow for the past; for he emphatically adds, "in contrition I stood, and I hope the *penance* was expiatory."

"If these words really mean any thing—and when did Dr. Johnson utter words without meaning?—he must have intended by them to express his hope that the previous fault was really *atoned for*, in a religious sense, by the subsequent act of self-denial; or, in other words, that God accepts human penance as an expiation for human sins; a doctrine to which revealed religion gives no sanction whatever. Johnson's system appears at this time to have been, as it were, a sort of barter between himself and Heaven, and consequently his chief fear was lest the equivalent which he presented should not be sufficient to entitle him in the Divine mercy to the pardon of his transgressions.—His trust on the Redeemer, though perfectly sincere, does not appear to have been either exclusive or implicit; for though all his prayers for mercy and acknowledgments of blessings were offered up solely through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, he seems, in point of fact, for many years to have viewed the atonement rather as a

medium through which God is pleased to accept our imperfect services, and to make them adequate, by the conditions of a remedial law, to the purchase of heaven, than as a sacrifice by which *alone* heaven is fully secured and freely given to the believing penitent. Dr. Johnson's line of reading in Divinity was perhaps unfavourable to a full perception of Christian truth. The writings of Mr. Law in particular, which he had studied with some attention, were by no means well adapted to his peculiar case. For a thoughtless, a frivolous, or an impenitent sinner, the "Serious Call" might have been eminently useful in exciting a deep consciousness of guilt, a salutary remorse for the past, and holy resolutions for the future; and as far as these elements of religion extend, the perusal of this celebrated book might doubtless have had some good effect upon the mind of Dr. Johnson. But in the consolatory parts of the Gospel, in the free and undisguised exhibition of a Redeemer, whose sacrifice is perfect and all-sufficient, in the inculcation of the gracious promises of a reconciled Father to the returning prodigal, Law, and other writers of a similar school, are undoubtedly defective, and the same defect seems to have characterized for many years the views of our illustrious moralist. He lived in a perpetual dilemma by trusting to works which his well-informed conscience told him were not good, and yet on the goodness of which, in conjunction at least with the merits of Christ, he placed his dependence for eternity.

"To give therefore comfort to the mind of such a man as Dr. Johnson there were but two modes; either by blinding his conscience, or by increasing his faith; either by extenuating his sins, or by pointing out in all its glories the sufficiency of the Christian ransom. The friends who surrounded this eminent man during the greater part of his life were little qualified to perform the latter, and therefore very naturally resorted to the former. They found their patient, so to speak, in agony; but instead of examining the wound and applying the remedy, they contented themselves with administering anodynes and opiates, and persuading their afflicted friend, that there existed no cause of danger or alarm.

"But Johnson was not thus deceived. The *nostrum* which has lulled its millions to a fatal repose, on him, by the mercy of God, had no effect. His convictions of sin were as lasting as they were deep; it was not therefore until he had discarded his natural and long-cherished views of commutation and human desert, and had learned to trust humbly and exclusively to his Saviour, that his mind became at peace."

Mr. Wilks then pursues his subject through several of the recorded circumstances of Johnson's latter end; in which he very pleasingly evinces the Scriptural correctness of his feelings, and the inadequacy of those palliatives with which his superficial comforters vainly endeavoured to give repose to his conscience.

"Let us view some of the recorded circumstances of the transaction, and in so doing we shall, as Christians, have much more occasion

to applaud the scriptural correctness of Johnson's feelings respecting the value of his soul; the guilt of his nature, and the inadequacy of man's best merits and repentance, than to congratulate him upon the accession of such 'miserable comforters' as those who appear to have surrounded his dying pillow.

"Finding him in great mental distress, 'I told him,' remarks one of his biographers, 'of the many enjoyments of which I thought him in possession, namely, a permanent income, tolerable health, a high degree of reputation for his moral qualities, and literary exertions,' &c. Had Johnson's depression of mind been nothing more than common melancholy or discontent, these topics of consolation would have been highly appropriate; they might also have been fitly urged as arguments for gratitude and thanksgiving to the Almighty on account of such exalted mercies. In either of these points of view the piety of Dr. Johnson would doubtless have prompted him to acknowledge the value of the blessing, and the duty of contentment and praise. But, as arguments for quieting an alarmed conscience, they were quite inadequate; for what would it have profited this distinguished man to have gained all his well-merited honours, or, even were it possible, the world itself, if, after all, he should become, as he himself afterwards expressed it, 'a cast-away?'

"The feelings of Dr. Johnson on this subject were more fully evidenced on a subsequent occasion. 'One day, in particular,' remarks Sir John Hawkins, "when I was suggesting to him these and the like reflections, he gave thanks to Almighty God, but added, that notwithstanding all the above benefits, the prospect of death, which was now at no great distance from him, was become terrible, and that he could not think of it but with great pain and trouble of mind.' Nothing assuredly could be more correct than Dr. Johnson's distinction. He acknowledges the value of the mercies which he enjoyed, and he gratefully 'gave thanks to Almighty God' for them; but he felt that they could not soften the terrors of a death-bed, or make the prospect of meeting his Judge less painful and appalling. Hawkins, who could not enter into his illustrious friend's more just and enlarged views of human guilt and frailty, confesses himself to have been 'very much surprised and shocked at such a declaration from such a man,' and proceeded therefore to urge for his comfort the usual arguments of extenuation. He reports 'that he told him that he conceived his life to have been a uniform course of virtue; that he had ever shewn a deep sense of, and zeal for religion; and that, both by his example and his writings, he had recommended the practice of it; that he had not rested, as many do, in the exercise of common honesty, avoiding the grosser enormities, yet rejecting those advantages that result from the belief of Divine Revelation; but that he had, by prayer and other exercises of devotion, cultivated in his mind the seeds of goodness, and was become habitually pious.'

"This was the rock on which numberless professed Christians have fatally split; and to the mercy of the Almighty must it be ascribed that the great and good Dr. Johnson did not add one more to the melancholy catalogue. For what was the doctrine which the narrator at-

tempted to inculcate but this? that his friend, like the Pharisee in the Gospel, ought to place his confidence upon his being more meritorious than other men, and instead of attributing the praise to Him who had 'made him to differ,' was to 'sacrifice to his own net, and burn incense to his own drag.' Can we wonder that with such flattering doctrines constantly sounding in his ears, Dr. Johnson was suffered to undergo much severe mental discipline, in order to reduce him in his own esteem to that lowly place, which as a human, and consequently a fallen being, it was his duty, however high his attainments or his talents, to occupy."

After a variety of very judicious remarks in the same strain, the author proceeds to cite some more passages from one of Johnson's biographers, in which he unconsciously brings out into striking relief the Christian feelings of that extraordinary man.

"In a visit which I made him in a few days, in consequence of a very pressing request to see me, I found him labouring under very great dejection of mind. He bad me draw near him, and said he wanted to enter into a serious conversation with me; and upon my expressing my willingness to join in it, he, with a look that cut me to the heart, told me that he had the prospect of death before him, and that he dreaded to meet his Saviour. I could not but be astonished at such a declaration, and advised him, as I had done before, to reflect on the course of his life, and the services he had rendered to the cause of religion and virtue, as well by his example as his writings; to which he answered, that he had written as a philosopher, but had not lived like one. In the estimation of his offences he reasoned thus: "Every man knows his own sins, and what grace he has resisted. But to those of others, and the circumstances under which they were committed, he is a stranger. He is therefore to look on himself as the greatest sinner that he knows of." At the conclusion of this argument, which he strongly enforced, he uttered this passionate [impassioned] exclamation: Shall I who have been a teacher of others, be myself a cast-away?"

"In this interesting passage—interesting as detailing the religious progress of such a mind as Dr. Johnson's—how many important facts and reflections crowd upon the imagination! We see the highest human intellect unable at the approach of death to find a single argument for hope or comfort, though stimulated by the mention of all the good deeds and auspicious forebodings which an anxious and attentive friend could suggest. Who that beholds this eminent man thus desirous to open his mind, and to 'enter into a serious conversation' upon the most momentous of all subjects which can interest an immortal being, but must regret that he had not found a spiritual adviser who was capable of fully entering into his feelings, and administering scriptural consolation to his afflicted mind?

"The narrator informs us in this passage, that 'he could not but be astonished at such a declaration' as that which Dr. Johnson made. But in reality, where was the real ground for astonishment? Is it astonishing that an inheritor of a fallen and corrupt nature who is about to quit the

world, and to be 'judged according to the deeds done in the body,' should be alarmed at the anticipation of the event, and be anxious to understand fully the only mode of pardon and acceptance? Rather is it not astonishing that *every* other intelligent man does not feel at his last hour the same anxieties which Dr. Johnson experienced?—unless, indeed, they have been previously removed by the hopes revealed in that glorious dispensation which alone undertakes to point out in what way the Almighty sees fit to pardon a rebellious world. No man would or could have been astonished, who knew his own heart; for, as Dr. Johnson truly remarked, every Christian, how fair soever his character in the estimation of others, ought to look upon himself as 'the greatest sinner that he knows of;' a remark, be it observed, which shows how deeply Dr. Johnson had begun to drink into the spirit of that great Apostle, who, amidst all his excellencies, confessed and felt himself, as was just remarked, 'the chief of sinners.'

"What a contrast does the advice of Hawkins, as stated by himself in the preceding passage, form to the scriptural exhortation of our own Church! Instead of advising his friend seriously to examine himself 'whether he repented him truly of his former sins, steadfastly purposing (should he survive) to lead a new life, having a lively faith in God's mercy through Christ, with a thankful remembrance of his death, and being in charity with all men,' he bids him look back to his past goodness, and is astonished that the survey is not attended with the hope and satisfaction which he had anticipated. But the truth was, that on the subject of religion, as on every other, Dr. Johnson entertained far more correct ideas than the friends around him; and though he had not hitherto found peace with his Creator, through the blood of Jesus Christ, yet he could not be satisfied with the ordinary consolations of an uninformed or Pharisaic mind.

"The sun did not, however, set in this long continued cloud, for Johnson at length obtained comfort, where alone *true* comfort could be obtained, in the sacrifice and mediation of Jesus Christ; a circumstance to which Sir John Hawkins transiently alludes, but the particulars of which must be supplied from the narrative of Boswell, whose words are as follows:

"'Dr. Bröcklesby, who will not be suspected of fanaticism, obliged me with the following account: *For some time before his death all his fears were calmed and absorbed by the prevalence of his faith; and his trust in the merits and propitiation of Jesus Christ. He talked often to me about the necessity of faith in the sacrifice of Jesus, as necessary beyond all good works whatever for the salvation of mankind.*

"Even allowing for the brevity of this statement, and for the somewhat chilling circumstance of its coming from the pen of a man who 'will not be suspected of fanaticism,' what a triumph was here for the plain unsophisticated doctrines of the Gospel, especially that of free justification by faith in Jesus Christ! After every other means had been tried, and tried in vain, a simple penitential reliance upon the sacrifice of the Redeemer produced in the heart of this devout man a peace and satisfaction which no reflections upon human merit could bestow. He seems to have acquired a completely new idea of Christian

theology, and could doubtless henceforth practically adopt the animating language of his own church in her eleventh article, 'that we are justified by faith only is a most wholesome doctrine and very full of comfort.'

"There are several ways in which the distress of Dr. Johnson during his latter years may be considered, of which the most correct perhaps is that of its having been permitted as a kind and fatherly chastisement from the Almighty for the inconsistencies of his life. Both Johnson himself and his most partial biographer intimate that his character was not perfectly free even from gross sins; but omitting these unpleasant recollections, we are at least certain that his general habits and companions during a considerable part of his life were not such as a strictly consistent Christian would have chosen, because they were not such as could in any way conduce to his spiritual comfort or improvement. Dr. J. was indeed called in the usual course of Providence to 'live in the world,' but it was his duty so to have lived in it 'as not of it;' and with the high sense which he uniformly entertained of religion, and the vast influence which he had justly acquired in society, his conduct and example would have been of the greatest service in persuading men to a *holy* as well as a *virtuous* life, to a cordial and complete self-dedication to God, as well as to a general decorum and purity of conduct.

"It is certain that in reflecting upon his past life he did not view it as having been truly and decidedly Christian. He even prays in his dying hours that God would 'pardon his *late conversion*;' thus evidencing not simply the usual humility and contrition of every genuine Christian, but, in addition to this, a secret consciousness that his heart had never before been entirely 'right with God.'

"Had Johnson survived this period of his decisive 'conversion' we might have expected to have seen throughout his conduct that he had indeed become 'a new creature in Christ Jesus.' His respect for religion, and his general excellence of character, could not perhaps have admitted of much visible change for the better; but in heavenly-mindedness, in love and zeal for the souls of men, in deadness to the world and to fame, in the choice of books and companions, and in the exhibition of all those spiritual graces which belong peculiarly to the Christian nature, we might and must have beheld a marked improvement. Instead of being merely the Seneca of the English nation, he might possibly have become its Saint Paul; and would doubtless in future have embodied his moral injunctions, not in the cold form of ethical philosophy, or even in the generalities of the Christian religion, but in an ardent love to God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; in a union to the Redeemer and a dependance upon that holy Spirit who is the Enlightener and Sanctifier. That such a supposition is not visionary may be proved even from the meagre accounts afforded by a spectator who would of course be inclined rather to soften down than to give prominence to any thing which might be construed into 'fanaticism.' We learn then from this witness that in point of fact there was already a marked alteration in Dr. Johnson's language upon religion, as instead of spending his time upon barren generalities, 'he talked often about

*the necessity of faith in Jesus.* That, of which Dr. Johnson spoke thus earnestly and often must doubtless have appeared to him as of the utmost importance; and we have to lament—if indeed any dispensation of Providence may be lawfully lamented—that Johnson had not lived to check the Pelagianism and Pharisaism of his age by proclaiming ‘often,’ and with all the weight of his authority, that ‘faith in the sacrifice of Jesus is necessary, beyond all good works whatever, for the salvation of mankind.’

“It will of course be readily allowed, that the constitutional melancholy of this great man might have had much influence in causing this religious depression; but whatever may have been the *proximate* cause, the affliction itself may still be viewed as performing the office of parental correction to reclaim his relapses, and teach him the hatefulness and folly of sin. But without speculating upon either the final or the efficient cause, the medium through which that cause operated was evidently an indistinctness in his views respecting the nature of the Redeemer’s atonement; an indistinctness common to Dr. Johnson with no small class of moralists and learned men. He believed generally in the sacrifice of Christ, but he knew little of its fulness and its freeness, and he was unable to appropriate it to his own case. He was perhaps little in the habit of contemplating the Son of God as ‘a great High-Priest, who can be ‘touched with the feeling of our infirmities,’ and who is graciously interceding on our behalf. The character of the Almighty as a reconciled Father and Friend with whom he was to have daily ‘communion and fellowship,’ was less prominent in his thoughts than those attributes which render him ‘a consuming fire.’ He feared and respected religion rather than loved it, and by building his structure for many years on a self-righteous foundation, rendered the whole fabric liable to be overthrown by the first attack of an accusing conscience.” (Vol. i. p. 236—263.)

We are persuaded the above very long extract demands from us no apology. Much mischief has been done by the false and painted aspect which has been given to the deaths of some great men by their biographers, either from a blind and childish partiality to their heroes, or from an insidious attachment to principles to which they have made their memoirs subservient. To place in its true light the concluding scene of Johnson’s life is to render a tribute to his character most justly due to it, and to extract from his valuable life a benefit beyond any in permanence and lustre which posterity owes to his virtues or his genius. We regret, however, that this copious extract prevents our entering, with particularity, into the merits of the second volume, which consists of three chapters—on false modesty in religion; the duty of Christian affection between ministers and their flock; and a comparative view of natural and revealed religion;—subjects, certainly, neither of them for the first time handled, but scarcely handled any where in a manner better calculated to impress the heart with the inestima-

ble value of the dispensation under which we live. On the reciprocal conduct of pastors and their flocks, there occurs one passage in this volume of so much feeling and such precious admonition, that, hoping it may find its way into all those parishes where its instruction may be wanted, we have determined to give it a place.

"It is not, however, our *own* interest only that is affected by our attachment or hostility towards our spiritual pastor. We cannot estimate the future consequences of rancour or even coolness towards one who is really the servant of God. Our example may influence our friends and dependants, so that many, who, like the Ninevites, might have been brought to repent of their sins, and have thus received the divine mercy through faith in their Redeemer, may have eternal cause to reproach us as the instruments of their destruction. Nothing, on the other hand, more promotes true religion than Christian amity between ministers and their flock; even the persecutors of the primitive church could not but feel admiration while they exclaimed, 'Behold how these Christians love one another.' But where enmity, or even indifference, exists, our spiritual enemy takes advantage of them to obstruct the cause of religion; and to lay an insuperable impediment for the weak and uninformed. Where therefore we find a minister faithful to his heavenly-delegated trust, great mutual advantages will result from our confidence and regard; for few things will more constrain him to constant zeal, watchfulness, prayer, self-denial, humility, and general consistency of conduct, than finding that he is the spiritual adviser of those, who, as well as himself, are really in earnest respecting their salvation.

"Should it be asked, what is the proper line of conduct where a minister is evidently not a man of piety, or personally deserving of religious esteem, it would be difficult to give a precise reply. The circumstances of the case will, however, almost always direct a conscientious mind; and a prudent and religious friend is usually the best casuist. General casuistry, however occasionally useful to persons really sincere, is much oftener consulted to discover plausible evasions of duty, than really to enlighten a scrupulous conscience. It is a grievous task, as in the supposed instance, to provide rules for what ought not to exist. There are, besides, a thousand minute shades of character from him who is only not decidedly religious; to him who is decidedly profligate and abandoned; so that no one rule can possibly apply to every individual case. We may conscientiously respect and regard, and even derive partial profit from many an individual, in whom, however, we cannot implicitly confide respecting all the essentials of salvation.

"But what, it may be asked, are the *effects* of this divine grace of Christian affection where it exists in its due power and extent?

"On the part of *ministers*, it will produce Christian diligence and faithfulness. To 'reprove, rebuke, exhort,' so far from being inconsistent with true affection, are its surest marks; provided they be performed, as the Apostle directs, 'with all long-suffering and doctrine



On the contrary, to speak 'peace, peace, where there is no peace,' is a refinement in cruelty, at which Christian tenderness would shudder. The clerical function was not appointed in order to delude men, and to make them happy with the hopes of heaven, while they persist in the way that leads to destruction. It is the part of ministerial charity to show even professed Christians, even the moral and sincere, that they are inheritors of a corrupted nature; that they are 'very far gone from original righteousness;' that born with innate propensities to evil, they have wilfully and continually indulged those propensities by their actual practice; that they have sinned against light and against knowledge; against the silent remonstrances of God's Spirit in their consciences, and the open prohibitions and mandates of his word. A minister who really desires the spiritual welfare of his hearers, will go on to state the awful consequences of sin. He will delineate it in all its terrific proportions, not only as a moral and political evil, but as directly hostile to the divine nature and the divine law, and meriting the utmost indignation of our offended Creator. Far from extenuating its guilt, or reducing it to an almost pardonable human frailty, he will exhibit the denunciations of Scripture against it, and shew the awfulness of the eternal punishment to which it has rendered us exposed. To point out unseen and unsuspected danger is an indispensable duty of genuine affection. A faithful minister will therefore warn his hearer with fervour and a heart-felt interest for his eternal safety; invariably accompanying his exhortations with earnest prayer to that divine Enlightener of the human understanding, who alone can render them effectual." (Vol. ii. p. 69—73.)

We are truly sorry that the pressure of other matter separates us so soon from this amiable, instructive, and pious writer, towards whom we really feel too grateful for beauty of sentiment, accuracy of observation, and theological precision, to notice the few blemishes which occur in the style, and occasional amplifications and redundancies in the matter.

ART. V.—*Manfred; a Dramatic Poem.* By Lord Byron. 8vo. pp. 80. Murray. London, 1817.

As we have long considered Lord Byron as our patient, every resource of our medical skill has been exerted upon his morbid intellect: every thing has been tried from a soothing syrup, to a blistering plaster; but since this poem of "*Manfred*" has appeared, we doubt whether any thing less potent than hellebore will prove efficacious. Sometimes, indeed, we are induced to doubt whether a cure might be altogether desirable, since, if the complaint is habitual, and constitutional, the removal of it might give room to some worse disease, or let in a general languor upon the system. Perhaps, after all, Dr. Spurzheim could show that some

incurable tendency resides in the organs, to which the creation of such a monotonous series of whimsical hypochondriacs is scientifically to be ascribed.

It was a circumstance rather agreeable to us in opening this little poem, to find that the scene was in Switzerland. This, at least, gave us a hope that we were safe from our old enemies in turbans; from languishing pirates, gentlemen-thieves, and pensive cut-throats, with all the bloody delights of the divan, the kiosk, and the haram: but, alas! the Noble Poet knows only, understands only, feels only one solitary character, the prototype of which is for ever in his imagination. The constituent parts of this strange composition of a man are easily enumerated: save that he is violently in love, he is altogether a desperate villain, with just so much of palliation as a certain degree of craziness, produced by crime, may be said to afford. Without this demon to inspire him, it seems as if his Lordship were incapable of all effort; for whenever he attempts any thing independently of his assistance, absolute failure seems to be the penalty of his desertion. Now, if this be so, however we may morally regret the necessity, we scarcely know how to blame the poet. His case, indeed, is to be lamented as well as that of his readers, since all those glowing and picturesque descriptions of scenery, in which he so eminently excels, are thus under a law which compels them to pass through the mind of this conscience-smitten hero, who is sure to mix with them, in their passage, a portion of his own malignant ill-humour. From the Giaour, or perhaps from the Childe, with whom Lord Byron first started in his career of sentimental poetry, an unity of character has pervaded all the principal personages of this poet, with only that variety which the deepening shades of villainy has supplied, as his muse has proceeded. The renegade, who figured in the "Siege of Corinth," was certainly in considerable advance beyond his predecessors in crime. He had assumed the costume and religion of a Turk, to participate in the massacre of his own countrymen, the Venetians, in revenge for some imagined wrong received from some of them. Parasina, a tale of woeful debauchery, presents us with an improvement upon the turpitude of Lord Byron's former heroes; we had there the amour of a bastard son with his father's wife. This favourite character of Lord Byron seemed in this last display to have done his worst. It seemed impossible to carry him a stage further in depravity without bringing him very near his infernal home; and accordingly, in the poem now in our hands, we find our old companion in downright fellowship with familiar spirits.

Count Manfred has an insufferable load of crime upon his conscience;—some black and atrocious deed or deeds, the na-

ture of which is scarcely hinted in the course of the poem; and in virtue of his crime or crimes, he appears to have been invested with a magician's art, and to have received, or acquired, the knowledge of some spells too strong for the principalities and powers of darkness to resist, whenever it was his pleasure to summon them. He has also, by what charter it is impossible to say, a controul over very odd beings, of whom but little, if any thing, has been heard in romance,—ministering destinies, and talking elements, and young and florid witches. He is withal an astrologer, and no stranger to the visions of the Apocalypse. Arimanes is also one of the spiritual persons of this unintelligible drama, whose part is as short as it is significant, almost all he has to say being condensed in the solemn monosyllable "yea." The other spirits, however, make up for the taciturnity and reserve of their prince. When first summoned by Manfred, they appear to be officiously disposed to serve him, and to enter into a full communication with him. But it does not seem that the Count, when he has got them about him, knows exactly what to do with them. He has no commands for them. But it occurs to him at length to desire to see these spirits in their accustomed forms. They tell him they have no forms of their own, being mere mind and principle; but that they can assume any form, and they desire him to choose one. He declines making any choice, and one of them appears in the shape of a beautiful female: in this figure is involved the great mystery of the poem; he rushes forward to embrace it, but it vanishes. And now follows the incantation, which was printed some time ago among the poems of which the Prisoner of Chillon is the principal. As it stood in that publication without a bearing upon any events, it had more than its original vacancy of meaning, and served as a curious instance to show what liberties with the public the poet felt he could take upon the strength of his established reputation. The reader will be at once in full possession of Manfred's character, and sufficiently reminded of a personage with whom he has been well acquainted ever since he has known Lord Byron's muse, by the following soliloquy of the hero of this dramatic poem.

"MAN. (*not perceiving the other.*) To be thus—  
 Grey-hair'd with anguish, like these blasted pines,  
 Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branchless,  
 A blighted trunk upon a cursed root,  
 Which but supplies a feeling to decay—  
 And to be thus, eternally but thus,  
 Having been otherwise! Now furrow'd o'er  
 With wrinkles, plough'd by moments, not by years;  
 And hours—all tortured into ages—hours  
 Which I outlive!—Ye toppling crags of ice!

Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down  
In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and crush me!  
I hear ye momentarily above, beneath,  
Crash with a frequent conflict; but ye pass,  
And only fall on things which still would live;  
On the young flourishing forest, or the hut  
And hamlet of the harmless villager." (P. 23.)

Manfred is on the point of throwing himself headlong from the brow of one of the Alpine crags, when a Chamois hunter comes just in time to save him. This Chamois hunter, who talks in the strain of a buskined hero, is the character next in importance to the Count himself; he comes and goes, however, with this one scene, and contributes nothing to the development. One address, however, of Manfred to this honest villager puts his character in very pleasing contrast with his own, and shows the poet to have very accurate views of those unsophisticated joys, of which we heartily wish he had a more practical relish, and were more frequently employed in describing.

"MAN. Myself, and thee—a peasant of the Alps—  
Thy humble virtues, hospitable home,  
And spirit patient, pious, proud and free;  
Thy self-respect, grafted on innocent thoughts;  
Thy days of health, and nights of sleep; thy toils,  
By danger dignified, yet guiltless; hopes  
Of cheerful old age and a quiet grave  
With cross and garland over its green turf,  
And thy grandchildren's love for epitaph." (P. 29.)

Among the crimes of Manfred, one great and cardinal sin is constantly in his thoughts, frequently alluded to, but never distinctly divulged. It seems, however, to have partly consisted in breaking the heart of a young lady of great perfections by his ill-treatment; and we obscurely collect that the unhappy victim was so nearly related to him as to stamp an unholy character on the sentiment with which he had regarded her. When the Chamois hunter invites him to taste his wine, the following dialogue takes place:

"MAN. Away, away! there's blood-upon the brim!  
Will it then never—never sink in the earth?  
C. HUN. What dost thou mean? thy senses wander from thee,  
MAN. I say 'tis blood—my blood! the pure warm stream  
Which ran in the veins of my fathers, and in ours  
When we were in our youth, and had one heart,  
And loved each other as we should not love,  
And this was shed: but still it rises up,  
Colouring the clouds, that shut me out from heaven,  
Where thou art not—and I shall never be." (P. 27.)

In the dialogue with the Witch of the Alps, the Count speaks of the unhappy young lady as having been his own counterpart, and as having had the same lone thoughts and wanderings, and confesses that "he loved and destroyed her;" that his heart had broken hers; that he had shed blood, but not hers; nevertheless, that "her blood was shed"—he "saw it—and could not staunch it."

In a subsequent scene we have the phantom of Astarte, the injured lady, produced to the view of Manfred. The spirit is conjured to speak to him, but nothing can be obtained from her, except that on the morrow the Count is to die. Some attempts are afterwards made by an old Abbot, to soften the obduracy of the Count; but neither the secret of his soul, nor any avowal of penitent feelings, escapes from his lips. The nature of his great crime is, however, somewhat further developed, in a conversation between two of the Count's dependants, on the terrace before the castle.

"HER. Come, be friendly;  
Relate me some to while away our watch:  
I've heard thee darkly speak of an event  
Which happened hereabouts, by this same tower.

MANUEL. That was a night indeed; I do remember  
'Twas twilight, as it may be now, and such  
Another evening;—yon red cloud, which rests  
On Eigher's pinnacle, so rested then,—  
So like that it might be the same; the wind  
Was faint and gusty, and the mountain snows  
Began to glitter with the climbing moon;  
Count Manfred was, as now, within his tower,—  
How occupied, we knew not, but with him  
The sole companion of his wanderings  
And watchings—her, whom of all earthly things  
That lived, the only thing he seem'd to love,—  
As he, indeed, by blood was bound to do,  
The lady Astarte, his——" (P. 66.)

A spirit now arrives to summon the forfeited soul of Manfred away, his hour being come. The desolate man, with his usual haughtiness, defies the spirit, and denies his authority; but after a short dialogue, in which the old Abbot takes a very friendly, but ineffectual part, the man of blood, impurity, magic, and magnanimity, is seized with a rattling in his throat, and dies in good earnest, quite in the ordinary way, like any other gentleman. And thus ends this new deformed bantling of Lord Byron's muse, scarcely better than an abortion in moral form and structure, but nourished, and cradled, and rocked, as all this progeny have been, by the hand of a fostering genius, and the lullabies of melodious song.

The mischief that lurks in all Lord Byron's productions is

this—they are lying representations of human nature; they bring qualities of a most contradictory kind into close alliance; and so shape them into seeming union as to confound sentiments, which, for the sake of sound morality and social security, should for ever be kept contrasted, and at polar extremities with respect to each other. Manfred is represented to have loved but one, and the heart of that one he cruelly broke; his very love, too, appears to have been of that sort which lies under a natural interdict. He also confesses himself to have been a man of crime and blood; and yet a certain air of native nobleness, a mysterious grandeur of character, an elevation far above ordinary humanity, all these qualities are made to throw a sort of brilliance around him, and to seem, like the sun-bow of the mountain cataract, the still and magnificent product of the conflict beneath it. These representations go beyond mere contradictoriness of character; they involve a confusion of principle, and operate very fatally and very diffusively in strengthening prejudices, which are at the bottom of our falsest estimations of men and things. In Lord Byron's own mind, we perceive this proneness to childish erroneous impressions of human worth. The agents of a mild and regular government; those by whom the great machine of society is kept in repair, and peaceful limits imposed upon passion and ambition, or what may be called by some the privileges of genius, receive but little quarter from his muse, while the fate of a sanguinary tyrant, whose present restraint is the pledge of security and peace to the world, has been lamented in the third canto of the *Child Harolde*, with ludicrous sensibility.

It would be an idle parade of criticism to enter into the merits of this performance, as a specimen of dramatic composition. It has none of the properties of this kind of writing, but the division into scenes, and the conduct of the story by the means of dialogue. It affords, indeed, a pretty good ground for inferring the unfitness of the poet for this province of the art.

His peasant converses in the same language and sentiment as his nobleman; and to make up the complement of characters essential to the prosecution of the story, he throws in an old Abbot, whose province it is only to ask questions and offer advice: a couple of domestic servants, who talk together for the sake of the reader, and half a score of spirits and witches, distinguished only by their ordinal descriptions of first spirit and second spirit, first destiny and second destiny. One only character has absorbed the whole of Lord Byron's creative power. "The steady aspect of one clear large star," of demoniac influence, has fascinated his genius, and we perfectly despair of ever seeing the spell broken, and a natural, free, and wholesome exercise of those very superior talents which he unquestionably possesses.

The present poem is certainly not without specimens of those talents, of which few have been greater admirers than ourselves, and none have more feelingly lamented the waste and abuse. The following address of Manfred to the "Witch of the Alps," rising beneath the arch of the sun-beam of the torrent, is full of Lord Byron's descriptive vigour.

"MAN. Beautiful Spirit! with thy hair of light,  
And dazzling eyes of glory, in whose form  
The charms of Earth's least-mortal daughters grow  
To an unearthly stature, in an essence  
Of purer elements; while the hues of youth,—  
Carnation'd like a sleeping infant's cheek,  
Rock'd by the beating of her mother's heart,  
Or the rose tints, which summer's twilight leaves  
Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow,  
The blush of earth embracing with her heaven,—  
Tinge thy celestial aspect, and make tame  
The beauties of the sunbow which bends o'er thee.  
Beautiful Spirit! in thy calm clear brow,  
Wherein is glass'd serenity of soul,  
Which of itself shows immortality,  
I read that thou wilt pardon to a Son  
Of Earth, whom the abstruser powers permit  
At times to commune with them—if that he  
Avail him of his spells—to call thee thus,  
And gaze on thee a moment." (P. 31, 32.)

The account which Manfred gives of himself, and his early addictions, it is impossible not to admire, notwithstanding it has so much of the mannerism of the poet.

"MAN. Well, though it torture me, 'tis but the same;  
My pang shall find a voice. From my youth upwards  
My spirit walk'd not with the souls of men,  
Nor look'd upon the earth with human eyes;  
The thirst of their ambition was not mine,  
The aim of their existence was not mine;  
My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my powers,  
Made me a stranger; though I wore the form,  
I had no sympathy with breathing flesh,  
Nor midst the creatures of clay that girded me  
Was there but one who—but of her anon.  
I said, with men, and with the thoughts of men,  
I held but slight communion; but instead,  
My joy was in the wilderness, to breathe  
The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,  
Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing  
Flit o'er the herbless granite; or to plunge  
Into the torrent, and to roll along  
On the swift whirl of the new breaking wave

Of river-stream, or ocean, in their flow.  
In these my early strength exulted; or  
To follow through the night the moving moon,  
The stars and their developement; or catch  
The dazzling lightnings till my eyes grew dim;  
Or to look, list'ning, on the scattered leaves,  
While Autumn winds were at their evening song.  
These were my pastimes, and to be alone;  
For if the beings, of whom I was one,—  
Hating to be so,—cross'd me in my path,  
I felt myself degraded back to them,  
And was all clay again. And then I dived,  
In my lone wanderings, to the caves of death,  
Searching its cause in its effect; and drew  
From wither'd bones, and skulls, and heap'd up dust,  
Conclusions most forbidden. Then I pass'd  
The nights of years in sciences untaught,  
Save in the old-time; and with time and toil,  
And terrible ordeal, and such penance  
As in itself hath power upon the air,  
And spirits that do compass air and earth,  
Space, and the peopled infinite, I made  
Mine eyes familiar with Eternity,  
Such as, before me, did the Magi.—" (P. 33—35.)

The effect of the Colosseum and surrounding scene of storied ruins, in a starry night, is the passage most laboured, and perhaps most successfully so, in the poem, and it would be scarcely just towards Lord Byron not to give it a place.

" SCENE IV.—*Interior of the Tower.*

MANFRED *alone.*

MAN. The stars are forth, the moon above the tops  
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful!  
I linger yet with Nature, for the night  
Hath been to me a more familiar face  
Than that of man; and in her starry shade  
Of dim and solitary loveliness,  
I learn'd the language of another world.  
I do remember me, that in my youth,  
When I was wandering,—upon such a night  
I stood within the Colosseum's wall,  
'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;  
The trees which grew along the broken arches  
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars  
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar  
The watchdog bayed beyond the Tiber; and  
More near from out the Cæsars' palace came  
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,  
Of distant sentinels the fitful song



Begun and died upon the gentle wind.  
 Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach  
 Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood  
 Within a bowshot—where the Cæsars dwelt,  
 And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst  
 A grove which springs through level'd battlements,  
 And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,  
 Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;—  
 But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,  
 A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!  
 While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,  
 Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.—  
 And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon  
 All this, and cast a wide and tender light,  
 Which soften'd down the hoar austerity  
 Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,  
 As 'twere, anew, the gaps of centuries;  
 Leaving that beautiful which still was so,  
 And making that which was not, till the place  
 Became religion, and the heart ran o'er  
 With silent worship of the great of old!—  
 The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule  
 Our spirits from their urns.—" (P. 68, 69.)

We trust we have done justice to this little poem, which, as a drama, or as a whole, we cannot praise; as a repetition of the old story of one of Lord Byron's pleasant fellows, full of crime, and yet full of conscious superiority, we cannot but condemn; but which, for its particular passages of poetical excellence, we consider as worthy of the fame of the author.

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ART. VI.—*A Physiological System of Nosology; with a corrected and simplified Nomenclature.* By John Mason Good, F. R. S. &c. 8vo. pp. 566. Cox and Son. London, 1817.

It is not often that we carry our remarks into the regions of the healing art; but the present work has a claim upon our attention, as well from the sanction under which it appears before the world, being dedicated by permission (which permission is, we understand, never granted but upon examination of the work) to the royal college of physicians of London, as, from the extensive range it takes into the wider and more open tracks of physiology and general science.

"The main object of the present attempt is not so much to interfere with any existing system of nosology as to fill up a niche that still seems unoccupied in the great gallery of physiological study. It

is that, if it could be accomplished, of connecting the science of diseases more closely with the sister branches of natural knowledge; of giving it a more assimilated and family character; a more obvious and intelligible classification; an arrangement more simple in its principle, but more comprehensive in its compass; of correcting its nomenclature, where correction is called for, and can be accomplished without coercion; of following its distinctive terms as well upwards to their original sources, as downwards to their synonyms in the chief languages of the present day; and thus, not merely of producing a manual for the student, or a text-book for the lecturer, but a book that may stand on the same shelf with, and form a sort of appendix to, our most popular systems of Natural History; and may at the same time be perused by the classical scholar without disgust at that barbarous jargon, with which the language of medicine is so perpetually tessellated; and which every one has complained of for ages, though no one has hitherto endeavoured to remedy it." (P. i. ii.)

We cannot help regarding it as somewhat extraordinary that, notwithstanding all the zeal, industry, and success with which the different branches of the medical profession have been prosecuted for so many centuries, no writer or reasoner has hitherto been fortunate enough to devise an arrangement sufficiently wide, and at the same time sufficiently scientific, to be entitled to the character of a *general system of diseases*. There is not only no popular or pre-eminent plan at this moment which applies to the whole, but no one that can be called complete on any separate department of the profession; and hence, while the order under which the science of surgery is taught is at all times different from that which regulates the study of pathology, almost every teacher has a distinct order for each; is dissatisfied with all others; and scarcely in entire good humour with his own.

The most common arrangement of diseases among the Greeks was into acute and chronic. Celsus has, to a certain extent, adopted this arrangement; but, sensible of its insufficiency, has endeavoured to render it more definite by dividing diseases still further, into those affecting the entire frame, which he calls universal, and those limited to particular organs, which he calls partial; thus making the *seat of the disease* the foundation of its distinction. Jonston, Sennert, and Morgagni carried this principle still further, and classified, or endeavoured to classify, diseases according to the anatomy of the animal frame; a method which was strongly recommended by Dr. Mead; while Boerhaave, Riverius, and Hoffman laid hold of the supposed *causes* of diseases as determining their peculiar and distinctive character, and upon this basis erected a system which for some time continued popular, and to which they gave the name of *etiological*; till at length the *principle of causes* gave way to the *principle of*

*symptoms*, as supported and taught by Sauvages, Linnéus, Cullen, and all the most celebrated nosologists of our own times.

This last is, in effect, the only method in any degree worthy of attention; for it is the only one that will in any degree hold true to itself. Of the *seat* of diseases we often know but little; of their *causes* far oftener still less: but there are certain marks or characters in the usual progress of most diseases, which uniformly accompany and distinguish them, and to which, therefore, the epithet pathognomic has been correctly applied. It is not, indeed, to be contended that these distinctive signs are as constant and determinate as many of the distinctive signs that occur in zoology or botany. So complicated is the animal machinery, so perpetually alterable, by habit, climate, idiosyncrasy, and the many accidental circumstances by which life is diversified, that the general rule must admit of a variety of exceptions; and it is here, perhaps, rather than any where else, best established by such exceptions. Yet, after all, every distinct disease, occur where it may, so generally agrees with itself in its progress and developement, and is so generally attended by its own train of symptoms, or *coincidents*,—which is the literal rendering of symptoms,—that he who steadily attends to these will not often be greatly deceived, and if he should be, he can find no other guide to set him right.

But if the true mode of distinguishing and defining diseases has been discovered, we have hitherto been still as far from any mode of classifying them agreeably to any clear natural order, or perspicuous artificial arrangement, as ever. And hence Mr. Good, before he enters upon an elucidation of his own system, paves the way for its introduction by a dissertation of considerable length, in which he adverts to the chief nosological systems of the day, the nomenclature in actual use, and the improvements proposed in both respects by the present attempt.

After a rapid survey of the earlier methods, the systems principally discussed are those of Plater, Sauvages, Linnéus, Vogel, Sagar, Cullen, Selle, Plouquet, Pinel, Macbride, Crichton, Darwin, Parr, and Young, independently of those laid down by the monographists, or those who have treated in a classific form of a single set or family of diseases alone, among whom are especially enumerated the names of Plenck, Willan, Abernethy, and Bateman. The last have their use, though it is obvious they never can supply the place of a general system; while several of them are so peculiarly constructed, that they cannot, without great force, and a considerable degree of decomposition, be incorporated into general service. Of the former, notwithstanding all the ingenuity and contrivance they exhibit, there is not, per-

haps, one of them that can be used without an index, or is so constructed as to direct the student at once to the proper place of a genus, or species of disease, by the mere arrangement of the classification; insomuch that few or none of them are attended to in the schools of instruction of the present day; and the lecturer finds it difficult to do better than follow the simple, but unscientific mode of Dr. Heberden, and treat of every disease alphabetically: a mode which, it must be obvious, destroys all family connexion, and throws together affections the most discrepant and unlike, but not more so than many of the systematic nosologies, of which various striking examples are offered in the volume before us, as that of *psora* and *fractura*, or *itch* and *broken bones*, which follow in immediate succession in the synopsis of Dr. Cullen.

With all these systems the author shows himself to be well acquainted: he examines them with acuteness and learning, strikingly points out their defects, and candidly allows them their respective merits. The following remarks are particularly worthy of notice, because they apply not only to the writer against whom they are more directly levelled, but to nosologists in general; and we may add, to physiologists, and zoologists, and botanists, and mineralogists, of various ages, pretensions, and characters.

"It is impossible to take a survey, however brief, of Dr. Cullen's system, and not to notice his very extraordinary confusion of genera and species. And the author is the more induced to advert to it, because, extraordinary as such a confusion must appear to all who are acquainted with the difference, Dr. Cullen is by no means the only nosologist of our own day who has run into the same mistake, as will easily be perceived before the close of this dissertation.

"A genus is not a disease, any more than it is an animal, a vegetable, or a mineral; but a group or assemblage of any of these, possessing certain like characters, and associated in consequence of such resemblance. The consenting characters being abstracted and put together constitute the generic definition, and apply to the whole: while the subordinate characters or coincidents, by which one differs from another, constitute the specific definition, and distinguish 1 from 2, and 2 from 3, of the same group or genus. A genus, therefore, is a mere abstract term, a non-entity in nature; highly useful, indeed, in the chain of orders,—but which can no more exist without species than a regiment or a regimental company can exist without soldiers. On this account it is that no man can ever *discover* a genus, though he may combine generic signs, and invent a generic name. The usual order is the following; he first discovers an individual, whether a plant, animal, or disease, possessing very peculiar marks, so as to separate it distinctly from any known individual, or groups of individuals. He may now, therefore, be said to have found a new species; and he proceeds next to arrange it. He first separates from it the most striking marks by

which it is distinguished; and if this should be strictly singular it constitutes alone a sufficient character for a new genus, and will form what is called, from this very circumstance, its *essential* generic character. If it be not strictly singular, he must look for another striking character,—a coincident or co-appearance,—or if necessary, in order to render the distinction complete, a third; and the generic character will consist in the union of these coincidents, in the combination of the marks that are thus first detached from the individual, and then brought into a state of combination. To this combination of detached or abstract signs he gives what name he pleases; and he thus obtains a generic name as well as a generic definition. He then proceeds to select one, two, or more other marks, by which the individual is peculiarly distinguished; and these united form his specific definition, to which in like manner he adds a specific name. He has now discovered and identified a species, and formed and denominated a genus. His genus, indeed, consists at present but of a single species; and many genera never consist of more; but the genus is, nevertheless, formed upon a collective principle; it presupposes that other individuals may hereafter be detected possessing the same generic character, and consequently belonging to the same banner; at the same time differing in several of its subordinate marks from the individuals already arranged under such banner; and which in consequence will produce new species as long as other individuals possessing such discrepancies shall be traced out; unless, indeed, the discrepancies should be found to be casual, to depend upon soil or food; upon climate, atmosphere, position, or some other incidental circumstance; and in such case the individual is regarded as a mere variety of some species described already.

“The writer, therefore, who describes a genus that has no species belonging or subjoined to it; or who gives a generic, without a specific, name, describes a mere abstract form, a thing that has no existence without the addition of other signs or qualities which do not enter into his definition; and which, in relation to the individual, constitute the most important part.

“Now the present charge against Dr. Cullen is, that while in some cases he has given genera with the proper species belonging to them, in others he has given genera without any species whatever; and in others again that he has described species under the name of genera.”

(P. xix.—xxi.)

But the nomenclature of medicine requires as much attention as its systematic arrangement; and while chemistry, botany, and mineralogy, have submitted to extensive and important improvements, the vocabulary of the nosologist still continues to be a jumble of terms, derived from almost every language, and every system, whether dead or living, founded upon no common principle, and equally destitute of precision and simplicity. It consists of Hebrew and Arabic terms; Greek and Latin; French, Italian, Spanish, German, English, and even Indian, African, and Mexican; often barbarously and illegitimately compounded,

doubtful in derivation, cacophonous to the ear; and, for want of a determinate signification, formed, as one would think, rather for the purpose of strangling ideas than of communicating them. All which has manifestly arisen, in a very considerable degree, from those political and geographical changes which have marked the history of medicine, in its different epochs, in conjunction with that succession of theories, which, very nearly from the time of Hippocrates, has been perpetually unfolding to the world; almost every one of which, if characterised by nothing else, has at least taken care to mark its existence by a new coinage of words.

To simplify and correct this chaos of language, the author before us has endeavoured to guide himself by the following general rules. First, a strict adherence to Greek and Latin terms alone. Secondly, the use of as few technical terms as possible, and consequently a forbearance from all synonyms. Thirdly, a simplification of terms, as far as it can be done without violence or affectation, both in their radical structure and composition. Fourthly, an individuality and precision of sense in their respective use.

"Much of the character of words," says Mr. Good, "in respect to dimensions and euphony, as well as to precision, depends upon the common prefixes and suffixes which it is occasionally found necessary to employ; and which in some branches of science, and especially in that of chemistry, create and regulate considerably more than half their nomenclature.

"This subject opens a wide field, though the consideration of it, for the present, must be confined to a very narrow compass. It is altogether new, not only to medicine, but, as far as the author is acquainted, to Greek philology; at least, after an extensive inquiry, he has not been able to obtain any assistance from books professedly devoted to it. There seems much reason to believe that the auxiliary parts of every compound term, not only in medical technology, but through the whole range of the Greek tongue, had, when first employed, distinct and definite meanings, and limited the radicals, with which they were associated, to peculiar modifications of a common idea. To these meanings we can still trace many of them, though the greater number, like most of the elements in the Chinese characters, have passed through so many changes, that it is difficult, and in some instances perhaps impossible, to follow up the analysis to their original sources." (P. lvii.)

This is a new and curious subject, even in Greek philology; and, as the author observes, "is worthy of being carried much further than he has time or limits to pursue it." He first draws out a table of the suffixes and affixes in general use, amounting to about forty, and then observes as follows.

"These auxiliaries are far too numerous, and, in the course of the

vocabulary, recur far too frequently. Some of them however may be suppressed, as synonyms or duplicates of others; while it should be a rule never to employ any one of the remainder but when absolutely necessary to distinguish the compound into which it enters from the root itself, or from another compound derived from the same root, by the addition of an idea to which it is uniformly restricted.

"*Algia*, *copus*, and *odyne*, are direct synonyms; to which may also be added *agra*, for though of a somewhat different radical meaning, it is commonly superadded, like all the three former, to express the general idea of pain or ache. And hence, very much to the perplexity of the learner and the incumbrance of the technical vocabulary, we have cephal-algia for head-ache, gastr-odyne for belly-ache, chir-agra, and pod-agra for gout-ache in the hand or foot. And, worse than this, we have *osteoalgia*, *ost-dynia*, *ost-oagra*, and *osto-copus*, to signify one and the same affection of the bones. Now it may be necessary to retain *algia*, which is perhaps the most popular of the whole, but we should as far as possible banish all the rest; and with the exception of *agra* in the single instance of pod-agra, which cannot readily be dismissed, none of the others will be met with in the course of the ensuing arrangement. Parodynia will indeed be found, but in this case *odynia* is the root itself.

"*Esis*, *osis*, *itis*, *oma*, and *iasis*, have been employed perhaps for ages, and several of them very generally throughout the Greek tongue, as mere terminations, without any direct reference to their origins: and probably without a recollection or belief that they have any significant origins, or that those origins can be traced: in which case they would become simple terminating synonyms, and, in the abbreviating aim of a technical nomenclature, ought to follow the fate of the generality of the preceding list. Some of them, indeed, can well be spared; but accident, or a cause not easy to be explained, has given a peculiar and useful meaning to others, though very different from their radical sense, and these may be advantageously retained. The first three are probably derived from *ἰω* or its different compounds, and together with the Latin term *igo*, which is perhaps a corruption of *ago*, imply the common idea of 'ago, mitto,' 'motion, action, or putting forth,' and consequently, in medical combination, of 'morbid motion or action.' *Esis* (*ἔσις*) is a direct derivative from *ἰω*, as is obvious in paresis, literally 'submissio,' 'remissio,' 'laxatio,' 'restraint or inability' or 'moving or putting forth;' whence by Aretæus, and various other Greek writers, it is used synonymously with paralysis. We meet with the same word and the same radical idea, in proesis synesis, and other compounds of the same root. *Osis* (*ὄσις*, or *ὀσις*) descends in like manner from *ἵσθαι* 'sum,' itself a derivative of *ἰω*; whence *osis* or *ousia* (*ὄσια* or *οὐσία*) is literally 'ens, essentia, substantia,' the thing put forth 'in being, action, or motion.' *Itis* (*ἰτις*) is as clearly an immediate derivation from *ἵσθαι*; itself, like the preceding, a ramification from *ἰω*, and imports, not merely action, but when strictly true to itself, 'impetuous or violent action.' The literal rendering of *ἱσμεν* is 'feror impetu,' and that of *ἱσμεν* is, 'temerarius, audax, præceps periculorum.' While the direct origin of

igo betrays itself in all its compounds, for vertigo (deriving igo from ago) is literally 'rotatory motion or dizziness;' serpigo, 'serpentine motion or course,' peculiarly describing a particular modification of herpetic eruption to which the term serpigo is applied.

"Iasis, and oma, convey different ideas as issuing from different radicals. Iasis (*ιασις*) is literally *sanatio*, from *ἰάσασθαι*, 'sano, medeor,' and hence necessarily imports, in composition, 'medendus,' or 'ad sanationem spectans.' Oma (*ωμα*) is as obviously an inflection of *ὀμα*, 'crudus, ferus, imperfectus,' as is its real meaning in sarc-oma, distinctly 'crude, wild, imperfect flesh:' ather-oma, 'crude, incocted pulp or pap.' But if oma be preceded by the letters pt, as in ptoma (*πτωμα*) it is then derived from *πτισσω*, 'procido,' and constantly imports *procidence* or *prolapse*; as in pro-ptoma, 'a prolapse of any part;' archo-ptoma, 'a prolapse of the anus.' 'This is sometimes written ptosis, as in colpo-ptosis, 'a prolapse of the vagina;' hysterop-tosis, 'a prolapse of the uterus:' but for the sake of perspicuity, and especially to the learner, one mode only ought to be adhered to, and perhaps the first is the best.

"Asma (*ασμα*) is strictly 'incantamentum,' *enchantment, incantation*; and, in a looser sense, *possession, seizure*. Osma, asmus, esmus, and ismus, are mere varieties of asma; and that they were at first intended to denote this idea we may judge from the terms phantasma, enthusiasmus, phricasmus, marasmus, phrenismus, priapismus. It became long afterwards a terminal member of tenesmus, rheumatismus, pytalismus, when the original sense was nearly or altogether lost sight of. And since this period the entire group have been employed not only so generally, but in such a multiplicity of senses, that we can neither banish them nor define them; whence, like *ensis* and *osis*, they must remain to be had recourse to as mere final adjuncts whenever necessary, though the less frequently employed the better.

It is clear, then, as well from actual analysis, as from the genius of the Greek tongue itself, that each of these terminations had a distinct signification when first introduced; although it is equally clear that most of them have for some centuries been employed loosely and indiscriminately as mere final syllables. In many instances none of them are wanted; and in all such cases they ought, unquestionably, to be dropped as redundant; and, occasionally, they have been so. Thus the myopiasis of Vogel is advantageously shortened by Plenck to *myopia*, as at first written by Linnéus; and, for the same reason, mydriasis ought to have been written *mydria*. So chlorosis, if it were to be formed in the present day, would be *chloria*, and exoneirosis, *exoneiria*."

(P. lix.—lxi.)

To the auxiliary terms that are retained, whether affixes or suffixes, the author next proposes to attach a single and definite meaning, and uniformly to employ them in this sense. The following passage will afford a sufficient example of what he intends.

In various instances, again, we find, as already hinted at, several of the terminations, apparently from some accidental cause, taking a



peculiar bearing which it would be right to encourage, as long as they are retained, so as to give them a direct and definite sense. Such especially is the case with *itis*, which, from the time of Boerhaave, has been progressively employed to express organic inflammation, as in cephalitis, carditis, gastritis, and most similar affections. In this sense, therefore, when employed at all, it ought to be employed exclusively. And here the etymological idea is directly consonant with the practical: for, as observed already, it imports increased and impetuous action. A few terms only stand in our way, upon this point, even at present, as rachitis, hydrorachitis, ascites, and tympanites; all which, however, are of little consequence, as they have good synonyms, or may be easily varied, as the reader will perceive in the ensuing arrangement.

"*Oma* has, in like manner from some cause or other, a general idea attached to its use, not easy to be explained from its primary signification: it is that of external protuberance, and to this, therefore, it should be confined. We meet with this idea in ecchymoma, staphyloma, atheroma, steatoma, sarcoma, and carcinoma. It does not easily apply to glaucoma; but as this was frequently called by the Greeks glaucosis, and by the Romans glaucedo, we need not be troubled even with this slight exception. The therioma of Celsus, though continued by Vogel, is banished from general use, and if it were not, this would also admit of a ready change to theriosis.

"*Iasis* is almost as generally appropriated in the present day to denote diseases of the skin, unconnected with fever; the cause of which, it seems, also, is as difficult to discover as in either of the preceding instances: but this being the fact, the hint should be taken and the necessary limit applied. We have sufficient exemplification of this remark in elephantiasis, leontiasis, psoriasis, pityriasis, phthiriasis, helminthiasis, (applied by Plenck to cutaneous worms and larvae of all kinds, except those of the pediculus, but to which malis is preferable) and tyriasis, importing in the same author a peculiar variety of lepra. To these we may add ichthiasis, as in this case it ought to be written, instead of ichthiosis. Many of these terms are unnecessary, and may be well spared, but they serve as examples of the general turn the final iasis has been lately taking, and to which, whenever it is made use of, it would be right to attend. Satyriasis, sardiatis, and one or two other terms, form exceptions to the general tendency; but they are not wanted, as will be readily perceived in the ensuing pages; while all but the first have been long obsolete, and are almost forgotten. Hypochondriasis is not, strictly speaking, a Greek term. It is comparatively of modern origin, and may be conveniently exchanged for hypochondrias." (P. lxii. lxiii.)

The author proposes a similar unity and precision to himself, in the employment of entire terms, whether compound or radical.

"There is a strange confusion," says he, "in the general use of the terms *hemeralopia* and *nyctalopia*. Most modern writers mean by the first, 'vision, irksome, or painful, in the light of noon, but clear and pleasant

in the dusk of the evening ;' and by the second, ' vision, dull and confused in the dusk, but clear and powerful at noon-day.' But this is directly to reverse the signification of both terms, as employed by Hippocrates and the Greek schools ; and as the Greek sense is still occasionally continued, there is sometimes no small difficulty, and especially to a learner, in understanding what diseases are referred to. In the ensuing system most disorders of the sight, unconnected with inflammatory action, are arranged under a common genus, entitled *paropsia*, of which *hemeralopia* and *nyctalopia* become species ; and as they are distinguished by the names of *p. lucifuga*, and *p. noctifuga*, it is hoped that the usual perplexity will be found sufficiently avoided.

" *Æsthesia*, among almost all the nosologists, imports sensation generally ; and hence *dysæsthesiæ* is employed by Sauvages, Vogel, Sagar, and Cullen, as the name of an order, comprising diseases of sight, smell, taste, touch, and hearing ; running parallel with the order *æsthetica*, in the class *neurotica* of the present system. But Cullen, after having used the term as an ordinal name in this general signification, next employs it as the name of a distinct genus in the very limited signification of touch alone, and in contrast with all the other senses ; *anæsthesia*, the genus referred to, being defined '*tactus imminutus vel abolitus*.' Linnæus, indeed, had already used it with an equal restriction, which he ought not to have done, as the term had been already adopted by Sauvages in its wider and correcter sense. But Linnæus has not fallen into the self-confusion of Cullen ; for he has not employed *æsthesia* or any of its compounds in any other import. To avoid this irregularity the *anæsthesia* of Linnæus and Cullen is, in the present system, exchanged for *parapsia*." (P. lxi. — lxx.)

Mr. Good next proceeds to unfold to us the nature of his own arrangement ; and as we cannot give this in clearer or fewer words than those employed by himself, we shall once more allow him to offer his own explanation.

" A knowledge of the animal frame involves a deep and comprehensive acquaintance with three distinct branches of natural science ; anatomy, by which we become acquainted with the structure of this frame ; physiology, which teaches us its various functions ; and nosology or pathology, which unfolds to us the diseases to which it is subject. Unfortunately each of these branches has hitherto been taught by a different, instead of by a common, method ; and hence, the student, instead of proceeding with each at one and the same time, and with a single expenditure of labour, is compelled to apply himself to every one separately, and by a kind of new and unconnected grammar.

" The great and comprehensive mind of Haller was forcibly struck with the expediency of uniting the whole into one common pursuit. In his ' First Lines ' he gave scope to his feelings upon this subject ; and since his day various efforts have been made to concentrate the studies of physiology and anatomy. Much, however, still remains to bring even these two branches into that state of close contact and

parallel investigation for which they are so admirably fitted, and which would equally add to the perfection of both: while the view which has just been given of the general history of nosology, affords a sufficient proof that no systematic step whatever has hitherto been taken to incorporate the elementary study of animal diseases either with that of the animal structure or the animal economy.

"To accomplish such an incorporation is the object of the ensuing system; the whole edifice of which will be found to be erected on a physiological basis; and to run parallel with the divisions into which the science of physiology most usually ramifies. The track is new; and difficulties of no ordinary magnitude have been encountered in the prosecution of it. The author does not flatter himself that the whole of these are by any means removed in this first attempt: but he trusts that he will be found to have pointed out a useful though an unexplored course, and that future pioneers may be able to level and complete, what he may thus far have left rugged and unmastered.

"Having conceived the possibility of a nosological system, whose primary divisions should take a physiological range, and follow up the diseases of the animal fabric in the order in which the physiologist usually develops its organization and its functions, the author had next to determine at which end of the series he should begin; whether with Haller, at the first and simplest vestige of the living fibre, and pursue the growing ens through all its rising stages of evolution and elaboration to its maturity of figure and sensation; or, with the physiologists of later times, to take at once the animal frame in its mature and perfect state, and trace it, from some well-defined and prominent, function, through all the rest; which, like links in a circular chain, may be said to issue from it, and to be dependent on its existence and properties.

"The author was soon led to a preference of the second scheme. It is by far the simpler of the two, and directly harmonizes with the fundamental principle, which runs through all the systems of zoology, botany, and mineralogy, of forming the arrangement and selecting the characters from the most perfect individuals as specimens. He decided, therefore, upon taking the more prominent functions of the human frame for his primary or classic division, and the more important of their respective organs for his secondary or ordinal; and without tying himself to a particular distribution of the former in any authorized or popular use at the present moment, to follow what appears to be the order of nature in her simplest and most intelligible march.

"To repair the exhaustion which is constantly taking place in every part of the body from the common wear and tear of life, it is necessary that the alimentary canal should be supplied with a due proportion of food, the procuration of which, therefore, constitutes, in savage as well as in civil society, the first concern of mankind. The food thus procured is introduced into a set of organs admirably devised for its reception; and its elaboration into a nutritive form constitutes what physiologists have denominated the digestive function. The diseases then to which this function is subject will be found to create the first class of the ensuing system.

"The food thus far elaborated has yet to be conveyed to the lungs, and be still further operated upon by the atmosphere, before it becomes duly assimilated to the nature of the fabric it has to support. The function of respiration embraces this part of the animal economy; and the diseases to which this function is subject form the second class of the arrangement.

"The blood now matured and consummated is returned to the heart, and sent forth, in a circular course, to every organ of the body, as the common pabulum from which it is to seern what it stands in need of: the waste blood being carried back to the fountain from which it issued. It is this circulatory track that constitutes the sanguineous functions; and the diseases by which it is characterised form the third class of the ensuing pages.

"But the blood does not circulate by its own power. From the brain which it recruits and refreshes, its vessels (perhaps itself) receive a perpetual influx of that sensorial energy which gives motion, as the blood gives food, to the entire machine; converts the organized into an animal and intellectual system, and forms the important sphere of the nervous function. This function, also, affords scope for a large family of diseases; and hence we obtain a ground-work for a fourth class upon the plan before us.

"Such is the progress towards perfection in the life of the individual. But man is not born to be an individual; he is designed to perpetuate his species; and the last finish to his frame consists in giving full development and activity to the organs which are subservient to this purpose. We now arrive at the sexual function; and obtain from the diseases by which it is marked a fifth class for our use upon the present occasion.

"As every part is thus receiving new matter from the blood, it is necessary that that which is superseded should be carried off by proper emunctories; as it is also necessary that the antagonist processes of restoration and detrition should maintain a fair balance. And hence the minute secretory and absorbent vessels hold the same relation to each other as the arteries and veins, and conjointly create an excernent function; whose diseases lay a foundation for the sixth class of the ensuing systematic attempt.

"It will yet remain to create a class for external accidents, and those accidental misformations which occasionally disfigure the fetus in the womb. This will constitute the seventh; and under these seven classes it will possibly be found that all the long list of diseases may be included which man is called to suffer, or the art of medicine to provide for." (P. lxxvii.—lxxx.)

The succession is undoubtedly, under this division, easy and natural; every class, at least with the exception of the last, leads immediately to that which follows; and the student must at once comprehend its scope, and readily retain its arrangement. The order is strictly physiological; but it is not exactly the order which has been laid down by any physiological writer: it is more simple than that of most of the systems, and more catenated than

that of several. In consequence of which, diseases of the same tribe or family are found in the same place, instead of being scattered, as they have hitherto been too generally, over every part of the classification; and every branch of the art of healing is put, or may easily be put, into parallel lines. Passing by, therefore, the remainder of the author's dissertation, in which he particularly points out the advantage which must result, and especially in the present day, from cultivating an acquaintance with the Arabian physicians, and wherever an opportunity offers, in their native tongue; and the numerous examples he offers of medical terms in common use, derived from the Arabic language, we hasten to lay before our readers the series of classes and orders, as actually laid down in consonance with the above description.

**Class I. CÆLIACA.—Diseases of the Digestive Functions.**

Order I. ENTERICA.—Affecting the Alimentary Canal.

II. SPLANCHNICA.—Affecting the Collatitious Viscera.

**Class II. PNEUMATICA.—Diseases of the Respiratory Function.**

Order I. PHONICA.—Affecting the Vocal Avenues.

II. PNEUMONICA.—Affecting the Lungs, their Membranes, or Motive Power.

**Class III. HÆMATICA.—Diseases of the Sanguineous Function.**

Order I. PYRECTICA.—Fevers.

II. PHLOGOTICA.—Inflammations.

III. EXANTHEMATICA.—Eruptive Fevers.

IV. DYSTHETICA.—Cachexies.

**Class IV. NEUROTICA.—Diseases of the Nervous Function.**

Order I. PHRENICA.—Affecting the Intellect.

II. ÆSTHETICA.—Affecting the Sensation.

III. CINETICA.—Affecting the Muscles.

IV. SYSTATICA.—Affecting several or all the Sensorial Powers simultaneously.

**Class V. GENETICA.—Diseases of the Sexual Functions.**

Order I. CENOTICA.—Affecting the Fluids.

II. ORGASTICA.—Affecting the Orgasm.

III. CARPOTICA.—Affecting the Impregnation.

**Class VI. ECCRITICA.—Diseases of the Excrent Function.**

Order I. MESOTICA.—Affecting the Parenchyma.

II. CATOTICA.—Affecting Internal Surfaces.

III. ACROTICA.—Affecting the External Surface.

**Class VII. TYCHICA.—Fortuitous Lesions or Deformities.**

Order I. APALOTICA.—Affecting the Soft Parts.

II. STEREOTICA.—Affecting the Hard Parts.

III. MORPHICA.—Monstrosities of Birth.

This classification is simple and comprehensive. It affords an easy and, for the most part, a natural position to all the diseases of the animal frame: it requires no appendix or supplement, as is the case with most of the nosologies we have met with, and may be followed without an index. The genera and species have a due proportion of space allotted to them, their boundaries are perspicuously defined, and they never run into each other. A wider compass is allowed to the genera than has been conceded by most writers; in consequence of which, several genera of former nosologists, or which have been so called, are, in the present system, often consolidated into one, greatly to the simplification of pathology, and to the ease of the student. The same remark applies to the author's species; and it has hence been necessary to give, in every instance, a new definition. This has demanded great labour, but the labour has answered: the definitions are brief, clear, and comprehensive: and we seldom perceive the Linnéan dictum upon this subject transgressed in the length which it allows.

There are also two additional features, and of considerable importance, which are peculiar to the present work; and have not been obtained without extensive research. In order to assimilate it more closely to works of the same kind in the collateral branches of natural knowledge, to the systematic name of every disease is subjoined its chief vernacular, as well as technical synonyms: the former extending to the French, German, and English tongues, the latter to the Arabic as well as the Greek and Latin: the Arabic synonyms being given in Arabic as well as in Roman characters, for the purpose of enabling the reader, who is capable of comparing the two characters, to see the peculiar power which, in the present rendering, is assigned to the latter. Of the introduction of the Arabic characters upon such an occasion we cannot but approve; they seem indeed to be imperatively called for from the very different manner in which the Arabic terms have been spelt in Roman characters by different writers, and especially writers of different countries, none of whom have hitherto given more than the Roman characters alone, as derived from the Latin versions.

We have noticed the first of the two peculiarities we refer to as characterizing the present work. The next is, perhaps, of greater value: and consists of a well-digested, and running commentary, which gives first the etymology and authority of every classic, ordinal, generic, and specific term made use of; and afterwards, with a view of affording relief to the dryness of technical definitions, and verbal criticism, illustrates the disease by a series of interesting cases, valuable remarks, and singular physiological facts, gleaned from an extensive perusal of approved authorities,

ancient and modern; occasionally interspersed with familiar incidents as they have occurred to the writer in his own walk and intercourse of life. Many of these are peculiarly interesting; and will be found not less entertaining to the general reader than instructive to the medical student.

From this mass of scientific matter it is difficult to make a selection: the following genus seems neatly sub-divided, and will be understood by the unprofessional as well as by the initiated. It occurs under Class II. Order I. PNEUMATICA, PHONICA.

### "GENUS VI.

#### PSELLISMUS.

The articulation imperfect or depraved.

Psellismus. *Sauv. Linn. Sag. Cull.*

1. BAMBALIA. The flow of the articulation disturbed by irregular intermissions or snatches.

Timtamet (تيمتامة). An onomatopy produced by an iteration of the letters T and M, which are most difficult for the stammerer to articulate.

Stammlen. *G.*

Bégayement. *F.*

Stammering.

- " Hæsitans. Involuntary and tremulous retardation in articulating particular syllables.

Psellismus Ischnophonia. *Sauv.*

Ischnophonia. *Vog.*

Anstossen. *G.*

Hesitation. *F.*

Hesitation.

- 6 Titubans. Involuntary and tremulous reduplication of some syllables, alternating with a tremulous hurry in uttering those that follow.

Psellismus. *Linn.*

Battarismus. *Vog.*

Stottern. *G.*

Bredouillement. *F.*

Stuttering.

These two varieties of stammering are thus well described by Shakspeare: 'I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightest pour out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once or none at all.'

2. BLÆSITAS. The enunciation vitious.

Blæsitæ. *Auct. Lat.*

Traulotes (τραυλότης.) *Auct. Græc.*

Alken (الكن).

- " Ringens. With a vibration or redoubling of the letter R.  
Psellismus ringens. *Cull.*

- 6 *Lallans*. The letter L unduly liquid, or substituted for R. As when delusive is pronounced deliusive, as though the l possessed the power of the Spanish ll, or the Italian g<sup>l</sup>; or as when parable is pronounced palable. Alcibiades is supposed to have laboured under this defect. It is also said to be common to the Jews of China, who have dwelt among the Chinese so long as to have lost the sound of R, in consequence of its not existing in the Chinese tongue; and who consequently pronounce in Gen. i. 1, בראשית ברא בראשית ברא.

*Lallatio*. *Auct. Lat.*

*Psellismus lallans*. *Cull.*

*Psellismus Lambdacismus*. *Sauv.*

- 7 *Emolliens*. The harsh letters exchanged for soft, as in the substitution of angel for angel; capitol for capitol; dat for that.

*Psellismus traulotes*. *Sauv.*

- 8 *Balbútians*. Labials, as B. M. P, too frequently introduced, or used instead of other letters. So Veda is pronounced Beda, Venares, Benares, in Bengal, the Bengalee having no V. So impringe is often used for infringe; ibory for ivory; though b and not v is here the radical letter, the Latin term being ebur.

*Psellismus balbutiens*. *Cull.*

- 9 *Mogilália*. Labials omitted or exchanged for other letters.

Most commonly P for F and F for V, as filfer for pilfer; vish for fish, antle for mantle. So the Latin sibilo is transformed by the French into siffler.

*Psellismus mogilalia*. *Sauv.*

*Psellismus acheilos*. *Cull.*

*Faifait* (فافة). An onomatopy or imitation of the sound produced by a vitious reduplication of the letter f.

- 10 *Dentiloquens*. Dentals, as C, S, T, Z, too frequently employed; producing the effect of what is called, in common language, speaking through the teeth.

*Asthenia vocis*, *Thetismus*. *Young.*

*Lispeln*. *G.*

*Graseyement*. *F.*

*Lisping*.

- 11 *Gutturalis*. Imperfect utterance of the guttural letters: as

G. J. H. X.

*Psellismus Jotacismus*. *Sauv.*

*Psellismus lagostomatum*. *Cull.*" (P.98—101.)

We will conclude our very cursory view of this new contribution to medical science, with thanking the author for having brought the study of medicine within a more practicable compass, and correct boundary, without sacrificing what is necessarily complicate to a popular affectation of simplicity, or multiplying its difficulties by a learned display of needless subdivisions.



ART. VII.—*Modern Greece : a Poem.* 8vo. pp. 67. Murray.  
London, 1817.

THE magic name of Greece is always accompanied with emotions of admiration and regret. Long have we contemplated that country through the medium of her poets and historians, her philosophers and orators, and have thence learned, from our infancy, to glow at a name consecrated by every elegant and classic allusion. We have walked and reasoned with the sages of her academic groves; we have followed her animated crowds to the scenes of forensic or theatrical eloquence; we have paced her marble temples, and felt all the powers of fancy, of thought, and of feeling, entranced by the splendid forms of architecture and sculpture, which have burst every moment upon the imagination. Every great idea, every elevated sensation, even every imperfect reminiscence, has seemed to assume a local habitation, and a name. *There* Pericles harangued the people; *there* Phidias exhibited his forms of ideal grandeur and celestial sublimity; *there* the agonistic champion encircled his brows with imperishable garlands; *there* the undaunted matron animated her sons to deeds of heroic glory; *there* the embryo statesman drank deep at the fountains of Attic wisdom, or learned to embody the exalted conceptions of his free-born mind in the pure and majestic strains of Athenian eloquence. Not a state, or city, or mountain, or river, can occur to the memory, without bringing with it the recollection of deeds and personages of heroic fame. It is a world of enchantments; we forget ourselves and all around us, and seem inspired with new souls and new bodies, the moment we touch in idea this Elysian ground, this land of ever-pleasing delights and fascinating associations. A sedate majesty, a pensive tenderness, a breathless veneration, steal over the mind, when it muses, in silence, upon scenes connected with all the pleasures and pains of our youthful studies, and all the fairy visions of our more matured contemplations. At the name of Greece are awakened the loveliest ideas of beauty, the proudest conceptions of sublimity, the loftiest aspirations of liberty; in a word, all that fires, or exalts, or expands the soul; all that adds elasticity and ardour to mortal energies, and gives to the ordinary passions and pursuits of men an aspect of poetical dignity and mental elevation.

It is true, that when we behold ancient Greece by the light of a holier lamp, much, if not all, of this delusive splendour fades away, and a scene of lust, and ambition, and blood is presented in its place: cruelty and rapine fill every palace, and violate

every temple. Man did not—could not attain the true majesty of his being, because he was ignorant of the real ends of his creation. Love and fame, earthly science, and transitory enjoyments, were the sole objects of his pursuit, and the rewards of his highest ambition. His moral powers were debased; his boasted wisdom was ignorance, and the very sources of his pride were the strongest marks of his degradation. He was at best but the venerable ruin of a once celestial fabric. Unacquainted with himself, or his Omnipotent Maker, he worshipped the impious, though elegant idols of a luxuriant imagination, and decorated his temples with sculptures, which proved at once the powers of human art, and the imbecility of unassisted reason. Man, thus abandoned to proud self-sufficiency, “even when he knew God, worshipped him not as God;” and all the objects which engrossed his life, and elicited the loftiest efforts of his taste and genius, became worse than insignificant when contrasted with the exalted purposes to which human existence ought primarily to be devoted. Poetry and painting, sculpture and architecture, eloquence and philosophy, were but poor and unworthy objects to fill and bound the capacities of an immortal soul, created in the image of the Deity, and intended for the spiritual enjoyments of an unseen world.

In these more exalted, and indeed more rational points of observation, Greece naturally loses much of that charm with which our early associations, unchastized by Christian feelings, are wont to invest it. We shall, it is true, still continue to view it with interest, with wonder, and in many aspects with admiration; but amidst all, there will be a suppressed dissatisfaction, a wholesome disappointment, which will prove that where Christianity has raised the mind to its due tone, nothing that has not in some measure partaken of the same hallowed influence, can be unreservedly admired by the understanding, or be wholly congenial to the heart. This, however, is not the unhappiness, but the privilege of the contemplative Christian, that, what to the mere man of taste appears simply attractive, assumes to him a more compound aspect; and while it expands his mind, elevates his genius, and enriches his fancy, it conveys to him also lessons and reflections of a somewhat modified and even pensive character.

Great as has at all times been the interest felt by the classical and artistical reader on the subject of Greece, at no period has it been so intense in Great Britain as at the present moment. The various poems and books of travels which have lately taken Grecian art, or Grecian scenery, for their subject, are some among various proofs of this position; but the most important and obvious cause is, doubtless, the recent importation into the English me-

metropolis of many, and indeed many of the best, of those illustrious monuments which have conferred on Greece, whether ancient or modern, its greatest charm. A few years ago, and even at the commencement of the present century, our island could scarcely boast of more than a few insulated relics of Grecian sculpture in private collections: the Arundelian marbles at Oxford, disposed in a manner wholly unworthy of their importance, were almost the only *public* collection of any considerable value.

It was in the year 1808, that the celebrated Townleian marbles were first thrown open for public inspection in the British Museum. Mr. Townley, it is well known, had employed half a century in perfecting his extensive collection, both Greek and Roman; and soon after his death, in 1805, they were purchased by Parliament for the sum of 20,000*l*.

The public effect, however, of these numerous, and some of them most exquisite specimens, was not immediately visible; and indeed it was not till within the last two years, and since the purchase of the Phygalian, and still more especially the Elgin collection, that the taste of the nation for sculpture began decidedly to display itself. Artists and amateurs, it is true, had visited and studied the latter, at the residence of their noble proprietor, long before; but the public at large were not only dead to their beauties, but even ignorant of their existence. Indeed, we are not sure, even now, that the ardour excited by the Elgin marbles was not, at first, more owing to the peculiar circumstances which attended their removal, and the controversy to which it gave rise, than to any public relish for ancient sculpture. But at all events, however the taste might originate, there can be no doubt that, with such inimitable models under constant inspection, it will continue to improve; and in examining the poem before us, which our readers will soon perceive has a close relation to the preceding remarks, we shall take occasion to make a few observations upon the effects which such collections may be expected to produce upon the public mind. Greece has become more than ever interesting to us; we not only *imagine*, but actually *see* those efforts of genius, which we were accustomed, even by the bare description, to admire, without ever hoping to behold. In our own metropolis are exhibited those very pieces which were the boast of antiquity, and the school of rival genius; a new Athens has arisen within the walls of the British Museum, open with a becoming liberality to persons of every age, and sex, and nation, where may be constantly seen a considerable number of young men, emulously studying from the purest models the graces and sublimities of Roman or Grecian art, and preparing to transfer to British

canvas, or infuse into modern marble, all that adorned and dignified the proudest cities of the ancient world.

The very elegant and classical poem before us opens with a description of the sensations experienced by a feeling and enthusiastic mind, at the recollections excited by this "land of Phidias, theme of lofty strains." The whole train of pensive ideas is very sweetly and tenderly brought before the mind :

"Where soft the sunbeams play, the zephyrs blow,  
'Tis hard to deem that misery can be nigh ;  
Where the clear heavens in blue transparence glow,  
Life should be calm and cloudless as the sky ;  
—Yet o'er the low, dark dwellings of the dead,  
Verdure and flowers in summer-bloom may smile,  
And ivy-boughs their graceful drapery spread  
In green luxuriance o'er the ruined pile ;  
And mantling woodbine veils the withered tree,—  
And thus it is, fair land, forsaken Greece ! with thee.

"For all the loveliness, and light, and bloom,  
That yet are thine, surviving many a storm,  
Are but as heaven's warm radiance on the tomb,  
The rose's blush that masks the canker-worm :—  
And thou art desolate—thy morn hath past  
So dazzling in the splendour of its way,  
That the dark shades the night hath o'er thee cast  
Throw tenfold gloom around thy deep decay.  
Once proud in freedom, still in ruin fair,  
Thy fate hath been unmatch'd—in glory and despair." (P. 5.)

Our author proceeds to exhibit an affecting picture of a Grecian outcast bursting the link that attached him to his own enslaved country, and wandering in search of that liberty which he cannot enjoy at home. In vain would he look to the East, where, though "earth is fruitfulness, and air is balm," man is still wretched and insecure, and tyrant and slave are the only forms of human existence. From Syria's mountains, therefore, and Yeman's groves, and the genii-haunted waves of Tigris, he turns to that new fair world,

"Whose fresh unsullied charms  
Welcomed Columbus from the western wave ;"

A world where, amidst the wild magnificence of nature, he hopes to rear his lonely bower, in primeval woods, which despots have never trod. Chateaubriand expressly mentions that he found Greek emigrants, who had thus settled themselves in the forests of Florida, a circumstance of which our author has properly taken advantage.

" There, by some lake, whose blue expansive breast  
 Bright from afar, an inland-ocean, gleams,  
 Girt with vast solitudes, profusely drest  
 In tints like those that float o'er poet's dreams ;  
 Or where some flood from pine-clad mountain pours  
 Its might of waters, glittering in their foam,  
 Midst the rich verdure of its wooded shores,  
 The exiled Greek hath fix'd his sylvan home :  
 So deeply lone, that round the wild retreat  
 Scarce have the paths been trod by Indian huntsman's feet.

" The forests are around him in their pride,  
 The green savannas, and the mighty waves ;  
 And isles of flowers, bright-floating o'er the tide,  
 That images the fairy world it laves,  
 And stillness, and luxuriance—o'er his head  
 The ancient cedars wave their peopled bowers,  
 On high the palms their graceful foliage spread,  
 Cinctured with roses the magnolia towers,  
 And from those green arcades a thousand tones  
 Wake with each breeze, whose voice through Nature's temple  
 moans.

" And there, no traces left by brighter days,  
 For glory lost may wake a sigh of grief,  
 Some grassy mound perchance may meet his gaze,  
 The lone memorial of an Indian chief.  
 There man not yet hath marked the boundless plain  
 With marble records of his fame and power ;  
 The forest is his everlasting fane,  
 The palm his monument, the rock his tower.  
 Th' eternal torrent, and the giant tree,  
 Remind him but that they, like him, are wildly free." (P. 8, 9.)

But who ever relinquished home, and especially such a home  
 as Greece, without a pang ; or who, therefore, can be astonished  
 that our wanderer sighs for his native gales, and pines amidst his  
 day-dreams for a land which, although oppressed and blighted,  
 is still endeared to him by every tender association.

" In vain for him the gay liannes entwine,  
 Or the green fire-fly sparkles through the brakes,  
 Or summer-winds waft odours from the pine,  
 As eve's last blush is dying on the lakes.  
 Through thy fair vales his fancy roves the while,  
 Or breathes the freshness of Cithæron's height,  
 Or dreams how softly Athens' towers would smile,  
 Or Sunium's ruins, in the fading light ;  
 On Corinth's cliff what sunset hues may sleep,  
 Or, at that placid hour, how calm th' Egean deep !

" What scenes, what sunbeams, are to him like thine ?  
(The all of thine no tyrant could destroy !)  
E'en to the stranger's roving eye they shine,  
Soft as a vision of remembered joy.  
And he who comes, the pilgrim of a day,  
A passing wanderer o'er each Attic hill,  
Sighs as his footsteps turn from thy decay,  
To laughing climes, where all is splendour still ;  
And views with fond regret thy lessening shore,  
As he would watch a star that sets to rise no more.

" Realm of sad beauty ! thou art as a shrine  
That Fancy visits with Devotion's zeal,  
To catch high thoughts and impulses divine,  
And all the glow of soul enthusiasts feel  
Amidst the tombs of heroes—for the brave  
Whose dust, so many an age, hath been thy soil,  
Foremost in honour's phalauX, died to save  
The land redeem'd and hallow'd by their toil ;  
And there is language in thy lightest gale,  
That o'er the plains they won seems murmuring yet their tale."  
(P. 10; 11.)

Our author continues to wander in imagination through the calmly pensive scenes which Greece presents to the view, till, aroused by "many a sad reality," which the bright illusions of fancy cannot veil, we are summoned to more desolate and painful images.

" Hast thou beheld some sovereign spirit, hurl'd  
By Fate's rude tempest from its radiant sphere,  
Doomed to resign the homage of a world,  
For Pity's deepest sigh, and saddest tear ?  
Oh ! hast thou watch'd the awful wreck of mind,  
That weareth still a glory in decay ?  
Seen all that dazzles and delights mankind—  
Thought, science, genius, to the storm a prey,  
And o'er the blasted tree, the withered ground,  
Despair's wild nightshade spread, and darkly flourish round ?

" So may'st thou gaze, in sad and awe-struck thought,  
On the deep fall of that yet lovely clime :  
Such there the ruin Time and Fate have wrought,  
So changed the bright, the splendid, the sublime !  
There the proud monuments of Valour's name,  
The mighty works Ambition piled on high,  
The rich remains by Art bequeath'd to Fame—  
Grace, beauty, grandeur, strength, and symmetry,  
Blend in decay ; while all that yet is fair  
Seems only spared to tell how much hath perish'd there !

" There, while around lie mingling in the dust,  
 The column's graceful shaft, with weeds o'ergrown,  
 The mouldering torso, the forgotten bust,  
 The warrior's urn, the altar's mossy stone;  
 Amidst the loneliness of shattered fanes,  
 Still matchless monuments of other years,  
 O'er cypress groves, or solitary plains,  
 Its eastern form the minaret proudly rears;  
 As on some captive city's ruin'd wall

The victor's banner waves, exalting o'er its fall." (P. 15, 16.)

The capture of Byzantium by the Turks, which opened the way for the subjugation of the whole country, is described with considerable point; and is followed by an animated apostrophe to the ancient heroes and demi-gods of the classic ages, whose tombs are now mouldered and forgotten, or remain only as a reproach to a degenerate race, unworthy of such ancestors. Yet still the physical features of the country survive, and inspire the homage of liberty:

" There, in rude grandeur, daringly ascends  
 Stern Pindus, rearing many a pine-clad height;  
 He with the clouds his bleak dominion blends,  
 Frowning o'er vales, in woodland verdure bright.  
 Wild and august in consecrated pride,  
 There through the deep-blue heaven Olympus towers,  
 Girdled with mists, light-floating as to hide  
 The rock-built palace of immortal powers;  
 Where far on high the sunbeam finds repose,  
 Amidst th' eternal pomp of forests and of snows.

" Those savage cliffs and solitudes might seem  
 The chosen haunts where Freedom's foot would roam;  
 She loves to dwell by glen and torrent-stream,  
 And make the rocky fastnesses her home.  
 And in the rushing of the mountain-flood,  
 In the wild eagle's solitary cry,  
 In sweeping winds that peal through cave and wood,  
 There is a voice of stern sublimity,  
 That swells her spirit to a loftier mood  
 Of solemn joy severe, of power, of fortitude." (P. 24, 25.)

Thus about to depart for ever from her favourite land, Liberty still lingered for a short time longer, on "Suli's frowning rocks," where a romantic mountain war, accompanied with all those scenes of interest and terror which usually characterize that species of contest, continued to be waged. Even women fought with enthusiasm in defence of their craggy citadels, and Holland relates, as an authentic story, that "a group of them assembled on one of the precipices adjoining the modern seraglio; and threw their infants into the chasm below, that they might not

become the slaves of the enemy." Our author, in describing such scenes, delights to indulge in the feelings excited by contrasting the present with the past, and the past with the present. The whole of the succeeding description of Sparta is in this style; its once proud monuments and temples are contrasted with its remaining ruins; of which, instead of "a giant-wreck," scarcely sufficient survives to add dignity to its fall. Its once stern and haughty sons, who, stamped in one rough and colossal mould, exhibited little of the moral varieties which diversify more polished nations, appear with new advantages beside that "second race," who arose "when glory's noon went by," and who tamely drank that bitter cup of slavery, which their forefathers would have perished rather than have tasted. The heavens shine with their ancient splendour, the various plants and flowers of the classic age survive indigenous to the spot; but man, and almost all his boasted works, have perished; and Lacedemon, once the pride of Greece and of the world, is now no more.

"Home of Leonidas! thy halls are low,  
From their cold altars have thy Lares fled,  
O'er thee unmark'd the sun-beams fade or glow,  
And wild flowers wave, unbent by human tread;  
And midst thy silence, as the grave's profound,

A voice, a step would seem as some unearthly sound." (P. 29.)

Alluding to the celebrated reeds of antiquity, which still continue to adorn the banks of the Eurotas, and to the rose-laurels, which still bloom over the grave of Sparta, our author deduces the same affecting inference to which we have just adverted. The idea conveyed in the last line of the stanza is inexpressibly touching.

"Oh! thus it is with man—a tree, a flower,  
While nations perish, still renews its race,  
And o'er the fallen records of his power  
Spreads in wild pomp, or smiles in fairy grace.  
The laurel shoots when those have past away  
Once rivals for its crown, the brave, the free;  
The rose is flourishing o'er beauty's clay,  
The myrtle blows when love hath ceased to be;  
Green waves the bay when song and bard are fled,  
And all that round us blooms, is blooming o'er the dead." (P. 30.)

We shall give but one or two short extracts more before we conclude. It requires, indeed, but a few lines "to tell the tale of ages;" we have said all, when we say that the mosque and the minaret have usurped the place of antique grandeur and beauty, and that the despotism of an ignorant and rapacious government has chilled every generous feeling into a death-like inaction. We therefore pass by several of the cities and states alluded to by our author:



" But thou, fair Attica ! whose rocky bound  
 All art and nature's richest gifts enshrined,  
 Thou little sphere, whose soul-illumin'd round  
 Concentrated each sunbeam of the mind ;  
 Who, as the summit of some Alpine height  
 Glows earliest, latest, with the blush of day,  
 Didst first imbibe the splendours of the light,  
 And smile the longest in its lingering ray ;  
 Oh ! let us gaze on thee, and fondly deem  
 The past awhile restored, the present but a dream.

" Let Fancy's vivid hues awhile prevail—  
 Wake at her call—be all thou wert once more !  
 Hark, hymns of triumph swell on every gale !  
 Lo, bright processions move along thy shore !  
 Again thy temples, 'midst the olive-shade,  
 Lovely in chaste simplicity arise ;  
 And graceful monuments, in grove and glade,  
 Catch the warm tints of thy resplendent skies ;  
 And sculptured forms, of high and heavenly mien,  
 In their calm beauty smile, around the sun-bright scene.

" Again renew'd by thought's creative spells,  
 In all her pomp thy city, Theseus ! towers :  
 Within, around, the light of glory dwells  
 On art's fair fabrics, wisdom's holy bowers.  
 There marble fanes in finish'd grace ascend,  
 The pencil's world of life and beauty glows ;  
 Shrines, pillars, porticoes, in grandeur blend,  
 Rich with the trophies of barbaric foes ;  
 And groves of platane wave, in verdant pride,  
 The sage's blest retreats, by calm Ilissus' tide." (P. 36, 37.)

The effect of a Grecian sky upon the fine architecture of the Parthenon is most expressively described; though we must just remark in passing, that to use the term "sanctity," or others of kindred import, as our author does more than once, in reference to a heathen temple, is unbecoming a Christian poet; and indeed, throughout every description of Greek or Roman scenery, a religious care should be observed not to suffer the sublime or picturesque circumstances connected with Pagan worship to convey a feeling derogatory to the honour of "the great and only Potentate." The mode in which the original writers speak of their fabled deities is no guide or apology for those who seriously believe that the whole system, picturesque as it was, and associated as it may be in the mind of every scholar with images of beauty, was still injurious and degrading to man, and at war with the eternal Majesty of heaven. We could wish that both at school, at college, and in the lecture-room of the artist, the Christian tyro were more emphatically

taught, that though a classical thesis demands classical allusion and imagery, he is by no means to compromise those higher principles which render heathenism, under all its forms, a subject of the deepest commiseration. The man of taste may glow with the utmost ardour of classical emotion, without attaching, either in thought or expression, the remotest idea of toleration to the classical system. The thing, especially in a youthful or ill-balanced mind, is difficult, but it is not impossible; and indeed, were there no mode of enjoying Greek and Roman ideas and allusions, without adopting in some measure the feelings in which they originated, we must, as consistent Christians, banish from our schools and libraries the whole treasury of academic lore, and never venture again to cast our eyes upon the exquisite forms of an antique statue. Our reprehensions, therefore, apply only to those persons who suffer their taste to be so much at variance with their professed system of religion that they are *almost glad* that heathen temples were built, and heathen deities invented, merely because, by means of them, a little gratification has accrued to the lovers of architecture and design. But we are wandering from our poet, whose description of the effect of the pure light which falls on the Parthenon, we were about to extract.

" Fair Parthenon ! thy Doric pillars rise  
In simple dignity, thy marble's hue  
Unsuilied shines, relieved by brilliant skies,  
That round thee spread their deep ethereal blue ;  
And art o'er all thy light proportions throws  
The harmony of grace, the beauty of repose.

" And lovely o'er thee sleeps the sunny glow,  
When morn and eve in tranquil splendour reign,  
And on thy sculptures, as they smile, bestow  
Hues that the pencil emulates in vain.  
Then the fair forms by Phidias wrought, unfold  
Each latent grace, developing in light,  
Catch from soft clouds of purple and of gold,  
Each tint that passes, tremulously bright ;  
And seem indeed whate'er devotion deems,  
While so suffused with heaven, so mingling with its beams."

(P. 38.)

The mention of the Parthenon naturally brings back to the poet's mind the " bright age of Pericles," when, as our readers know, Phidias discarded the stiff, dry formality of the ancient sculpture, and invented a style uniting truth, grandeur, and refinement ; a style at once beautiful and sublime, and combining every ideal grace with every natural perfection. The masterpieces of his art having survived the very cities which they

adorned, had fallen, in lapse of time, into the hands of barbarous conquerors, who felt no interest in the monuments of the soil which they invaded, and were totally unaffected by the productions of an art, which a servile nation never yet learned to appreciate. The "sphere of sovereign beauty," to which Phidias "led the way," was far above the conception of a race of gross fanatics, who without remorse mutilated the finest statues, and even pounded them for mortar to patch up some miserable house or garden wall. No reasonable man, therefore, can grieve that the most valuable part of what remained has been removed to the British soil, which, amidst all the disorders of modern Europe, has been to the world a friendly asylum; in which persecution, whether as applied to men or to marbles, ceases to exert its power. The fact of the British Parliament having acceded, after mature deliberation, to the purchase in question, is the best exculpation of Lord Elgin's proceedings; and though we should not think it proper to do a little wrong, even with a view of doing a great right, and much less of merely purchasing a gratification; yet upon a review of all the circumstances attending the transaction, we are sincerely glad to see the Phidian marbles deposited on British ground, and forming, as they now do, an unequalled school of art for the rising talent of our native sculptors. We can, however, at the same time indulge with our author the feelings which a traveller must necessarily experience at seeing the Parthenon thus dismantled of its long-cherished honours.

"Lone are thy pillars now—each passing gale  
Sighs o'er them as a spirit's voice, which moan'd  
That loneliness; and told the plaintive tale  
Of the bright synod once above them throned.  
Mourn, graceful ruin! on thy sacred hill,  
Thy gods, thy rites, a kindred fate have shared:  
Yet art thou honour'd in each fragment still,  
That wasting years and barbarous hands had spared;  
Each hallow'd stone, from rapine's fury borne,  
Shall wake bright dreams of thee in ages yet unborn." (P. 46.)

That such "bright dreams" will indeed be awakened we have no doubt; and, with all the supposed bad taste that attaches to this country, we are fully convinced that a few years will witness a flourishing school of British sculptors. Nor have we faith in the corrupt opinion that taste and genius, of the highest order, may not be fostered as well in Great Britain, as under serene skies and more glowing suns.

The advantages derived to France from its gallery in the Louvre have been too evident not to excite the attention of other nations. Buonaparte, it is well known, found it expedient to

give no less a sum than 12,000,000 of livres (500,000*l.* sterling) for the Borghese collection alone; the value affixed to the celebrated Torso of Michael Angelo, in the Louvre, was 300,000 francs (12,000*l.* sterling); and one single length, measuring six feet, of the frieze of the Parthenon, of which the Elgin collection possesses nearly *two hundred and fifty* feet, was estimated, in the Paris collection, at more than 3,000*l.* of English money.

We fully enter into our author's description of these works of art, which is in general correct and spirited, though with an occasional mixture of *della crusca* lines and thoughts.

We are fully alive to the value of the Elgin marbles, as works designed and directed by the greatest of sculptors, and doubtless executed in part, if not almost every where finished, by his own hand; works which, after being admired and venerated for more than seven hundred years by the ancient world, have survived to us, corroded indeed by time and mutilated by accident, yet still *μωρη ἀμνηστια εργα και χαριτι*. Their number and extent adds exceedingly to the general effect: we are transported at once into the ruins of a spacious temple, amidst the vast masses brought from the utmost verge of the European continent, and which had for ages adorned a far distant scene. This allusion adds to the whole collection a solemn interest, which cannot be excited by individual specimens, however exquisitely wrought, or connected with whatever local operations. The mind of the spectator invests them with an air of romantic interest, when it is considered that they were sculptured more than two thousand years ago; that they have been exposed not only to the ordinary vicissitudes of nature, but to innumerable casualties of a still more formidable kind; that they constituted a part of the property of men, who, though they knew nothing of their value, yet from feelings of ignorance and jealousy, could not be induced, without a thousand arts and bribes, to suffer their removal; and, if we add to the whole, that even when removed, they were to be carried by manual labour for several miles, from Athens to the Piræus, in a country without roads or machinery, in order to be transported to England; in their way to which one of the vessels was shipwrecked, and for a considerable time its valuable cargo lost, and in the end recovered only by inconceivable labour, and at an overwhelming expense;—with such reflections, it is impossible to view these prodigies of ancient art without deep regard, even independently of that intrinsic merit which rendered their preservation a matter of such anxious importance. Happily, they are now in a situation where they are not likely for ages to meet with the destruction that awaited them under their Turkish possessors; or with that dispersion to which the collections of private individuals are ever liable, and which would have materially

deducted from the value and interest which they possess in conjunction.

But it is not by this general survey, but by minute inspection, that we learn to enter fully into the merits of the Elgin collection. The first effect is indeed imposing, but a patient and elaborate examination can alone convey an adequate conception of the wonderful powers of that σοφός λειουργός, of whom Cicero was accustomed to say, "*Phidiae simulacris nihil perfectius.*"

The harmony of the proportions; the exquisite elaboration of the workmanship; the grace and severe dignity of the attitudes; the incomparable rivalship and fine adjustment of the drapery; the concinnity and majesty of the whole design; the spirited seizure of evanescent graces and muscular actions, which perish as soon as they rise, and which, therefore, it is almost impossible to embody in a substantial form,—all these are but parts of those numerous excellencies, which the study of these marbles unfolds.

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ART. VIII.—*A Narrative of the Briton's Voyage to Pitcairn's Island; including an interesting Sketch of the present State of the Brazils, and of Spanish South America.* By Lieut. J. Shillibeer, R. M. 8vo. pp. 180. Law and Whittaker. London, 1817.

THE curiosity which is excited by the descriptions of newly-discovered and distant countries seems never to wear itself out. Where manners and habits differ widely from our own, we are interested by the novelty and discrepancy of these superficial circumstances; and where we trace in our fellow-men, separated from us by wide intervals, the radical resemblance which belongs to our common lot, we are still interested, and it may be, hampered, by discoveries which denote an universal partnership in sorrow, sensuality, and crime. Every science is best understood upon a wide scale of observation; and it certainly is so in respect to the study of man himself; but in this study it is so, not because by extended and accumulated observation, our knowledge increases in variety and multiplicity of particulars, but because from the variety of particulars we derive accumulated confirmation of the great characteristic sameness which pervades the moral constitution of our fallen species. Now and then, however, we meet with a narrow space in which man is seen with some recovered graces of his primæval character, under circumstances more than ordinarily favourable; and it is to these little spots, so green and refreshing, that, in the perusal of distant travels, we turn with peculiar delight. The author of this book

gives some account of one of these tranquil sojourns; and his account is very pleasing. He is not a man of any pretensions: his preface, as to all literary merit, is written in a humble strain of disavowal; and, to be sure, if there be any kind of book in which a simple, unlearned, uncoloured statement has its peculiar advantages, it is such a one as that which we have now before us. The medium through which we look at man almost in a state of nature, should be as neutral, and as devoid of all complexional tinge, as possible. We want, in such a case, to see man as he is,—not a picturesque, but a real being, in all the actuality of his simple condition. In this view we think we can recommend this short account given us by Mr. Shillibeer to the perusal of our readers; the principal entertainment from which will be found in the details which it gives of the short but recent intercourse of our countrymen with the islanders of the southern Pacific Ocean, especially with the little happy colony of Britons and Otaheitans so singularly established in the island of Pitcairn.

The Briton, under the command of Sir Thomas Staines, set sail in company with the *Tagus*, commanded by Capt. Pipon, at the latter end of December 1813. After refitting at the port of Funchall, in the island of Madeira, they steered their course to Brazil, and arrived at Rio de Janeiro on the evening of March 20th, of which Mr. Shillibeer gives the following account.

“The city of San Sebastian, the capital of the Portuguese dominions in South America, and residence of the Prince Regent, is situated on the south side of an extensive harbour, whose entrance is so exceedingly narrow and well fortified by nature, that with the smallest assistance of art it could be rendered impregnable against any attack from the sea. The fort of Santa Cruz, and a very remarkable mountain, from its shape bearing the name of the Sugar Loaf, form the entrance at the distance of about a mile. There is a bar which runs across, but the water is at all times sufficiently deep to allow the largest ship to pass. Santa Cruz may be considered the principal fortification, and is, with the exception of two small islands commanding the channel, the only one in a tolerable state of defence. At the foot of the sugar loaf mountain, is a battery of considerable extent, but so neglected, like several others along the shore, that it is almost become useless.

“The city derives but little protection from its immediate fortifications, and the island of Cobrus, notwithstanding its contiguity, is now but little calculated to render it any.

“There are wharfs and stairs for the purpose of landing at, but the most convenient is at the great square, in which the Prince resides. The palace was originally the mansion of a merchant: it is extensive, but has nothing particularly magnificent in its appearance, to indicate its being the royal residence of the illustrious house of Braganza.

“At the bottom of this square, is a very good fountain, which is

supplied with water from the adjacent mountains, and conveyed some distance by the means of an aqueduct.

"The water is not good, and on first using it, causes a swelling accompanied with pain in the abdomen. Ships may be supplied with considerable expedition.

"It is almost impossible for a person possessing the least reflection, to pass this spot without being struck by the contrast which must necessarily present itself to him.—On the one hand, he may contemplate the palace of a voluptuous prince, surrounded by courtiers and wallowing in luxury; on the other, slavery in its most refined and horrible state.

"Leaving the square, you enter a street of considerable length and width, in which the custom house, the residence of the British consul, &c. &c. are situated.

"The houses are generally well built, some of the streets are good, and all exceedingly filthy. The shops are well supplied with British as well as other wares, and whether the vender be English or Portuguese, he is equally unconscionable in his demand. Most of the streets are designated by the trades which occupy them.—As in Shoe-street, you will find shoe makers; in Tin-street, tin-men; in Gold-street, goldsmiths, lapidaries, &c.—Gold-street is the chief attraction, and is generally the resort of strangers, who are anxious to supply themselves with jewellery or precious stones natural to the country: but it is not always they are fortunate enough to succeed in getting them real, for since it has become the royal residence, it has drawn such a host of English, Irish, and Scotch adventurers, and the Portuguese being such apt scholars in knavery, that among them it is ten to one you are offered a piece of paste for a diamond,—among the former it is but seldom otherwise. The Inns, although better than in many places, can boast of no excellence.

"This city possesses a considerable number of churches, but they are by no means splendid, and excepting in the Chapel Royal, which is adjoining the palace, I observed nothing worthy of notice. Here may be seen a few good portraits of the Apostles. The altar piece is modern, and contains the full length figures of the prince and family kneeling before the holy virgin.

"The theatre and opera are attached also to the palace, but possess no particular elegance. The market is well supplied with every article, and is in so eligible a situation, that with a comparatively small portion of trouble, it might be kept in fine order: but the people are idolaters to filthiness, and not less slaves to it than to superstition.

"The laws of this place seem to be very deficient; without money it is impossible to obtain justice, and with it you can prevent its being administered. The murder of a lay-subject is scarcely ever punished; the least insult to the church, most rigorously.

"The trade with this port is very considerable, and from various countries. There is a Chinese warehouse of great extent, and at certain periods, articles from China may be procured at a low rate. This establishment is propagating with the greatest assiduity the Tea-plant, and from the progress they have already made, I am authorised in

drawing a conclusion of its ultimately being of so great importance to Europe, that instead of China, the Brazils will be the grand mart for this dearly-beloved article.

"The country, for a considerable distance round, is peculiarly beautiful; the mountains high and woody; the valleys perfect gardens. Fruits of the most delicious nature are found here in great abundance, and the orange appears to be a never-failing tree; the quantity of this fruit I have seen exhibited for sale, in the orange market is astonishing, and on the same tree is often to be seen, the blossoms, the fruit in its primitive state, some half ripe, and others fit for use. The pine apple is also here, and in great perfection. In the neighbourhood there are several botanical gardens, chiefly belonging to private individuals. Many plants but rarely to be met with in England, were brought from them in the Briton." (P. 9—13.)

The cruel usage of the negro slaves in Rio de Janeiro affords a most debasing picture of the character of this people. As soon as they are judged in an irrecoverable state their bodies are cast into the street in order to evade the funeral expences, and a centinel is placed over them when dead, until the passengers become necessitated to defray the charge of interment. The following is a striking instance of individual barbarity.

"A man possessing a few slaves may be considered of good property, particularly, if he bought them when young and has brought them up to trades. With a man of this kind I am acquainted, who is as barbarous and remorseless a wretch as can be conceived, he has several slaves, and as they have all been taught some trade or other, he sends them forth to earn, according to their occupations, certain sums and their food, which must be completed under a penalty (which is seldom remitted even to the most industrious or lucky) of a severe flogging. One of those (continued he) was a barber, and for a considerable period shaved me every morning: he was a quiet man, and of great industry, and, as far as came under my observation, always on the alert for his master's interest. For several days I observed he bore a gloomy and melancholy appearance. I asked him the reason, and was informed he had been unsuccessful, and could not render to his master the sum required; that he had little hopes of being able to raise it, and as little doubt of being punished. I gave him something towards it. When he came again, he informed me, that out of thirteen or fourteen, he alone had escaped the lash; but, if he did not make up the deficiency, his would be of greater severity than had been inflicted on his companions.

"As the time approached when he must render to his master an account, he became greatly distressed, and despaired of accomplishing his promise. He went with tears in his eyes, tendered what he had gained, and assured him of having used every means to raise the specific sum, and implored a remission of punishment, or a suspension until the following Monday, which at length was granted him, but not without threats of many additional stripes in case of failure. The time fast approached, when he must return. He was still deficient. He reached



the door of his master's house, when, in despair of being forgiven, and dreading the ordeal he had to undergo, he took from his pocket a razor, and with a desperate hand nearly severed his head from his body. I saw him, several days after, lying in this mangled state near the place where he had perpetrated it. This horrid deed had no other effect on the master, than to increase his severity towards the others, on whom he imposed heavier burthens, to recompense him for the loss he had so recently sustained." (P. 16—18.)

After doubling Cape Horn, they coasted along Chili, and soon arrived at Valparaiso, where they found that the United States frigate *Essex*, the object of the voyage, was already the prize of the *Phoebe* and *Cherub* two of his Majesty's vessels. They made a short stay at the port of Callao, and from thence proceeded to the town of Paita, which bears a miserable appearance, being composed of mud and bamboo huts, for the most part devoid of roofs, and the best provided only with a coarse matting. From Paita the Briton sailed for those islands known under the name of Gallipagos, in which there is nothing remarkable except some crags called the Kicker rocks, one of which bears a near resemblance to a church spire, standing detached in the water. Thence they steered for the Marquesas, and anchored off the island of Nooaheevah, of which there is the following description.

"This island, as I have already said, is not only more extensive than the others, but also of greater fertility. It is divided into several districts or valleys, each containing from 1500 to 2000 people, with an hereditary King attached to each. These Tribes or Nations are frequently at war with each other, but I believe their battles are neither general nor sanguinary; still the mode they pursue may be productive of greater calamity than the loss of a few slain. They frequently go by night into a neighbouring district, and destroy the bark from every bread-fruit, or cocoa-nut tree they meet with, which being their general food, a ravage of this kind is certain to involve the unfortunate district in want for several subsequent years; insomuch that its inhabitants become dependant on the adjoining villages for subsistence. In the several kingdoms of the Pytees, Haupaws, and Typees, I saw a number of trees which had undergone this barbarous operation, and from whence many of the inhabitants had not only been obliged to remove, but to solicit the aid of their neighbours.

"Port Anna Maria, or the bay of Tuhuouy, forms one of the most considerable districts, of which the natives call themselves Pytees—beyond the mountains are the Haupaws, and those inhabiting the Valley in Comptroller's Bay, are called Typees, who are said to be the most warlike in the Island, as well as being a species of the *Anthropophagi*, but I am yet to learn, how they gained this unnatural reputation, for when I made an incursion into the interior of their country, I could not perceive the least trace of cannibality among them, or aught, to authorize my drawing so horrible a conclusion. The manners and customs

of these tribes resemble each other in every thing; but, perhaps, those of the valley of Tuhouy are the most civilized, as it is a port where ships occasionally touch for the purpose of procuring Sandal wood for the market of Canton.

"This place is surrounded by a ridge of mountains of almost inaccessible height, forming the boundary of the kingdom, which is divided and subdivided into villages or districts, each having a chief, tributary to the king, who is at all times ready to lead his warriors to battle at the sound of the conch. Every kingdom has a chief priest, and to each of the divisions a subordinate one, who are much respected, and ever held in the greatest veneration.

"Their religion, as well as their mode of performing it, appears to differ but little from the description given in the Appendix to the *Missionary Voyage to the Society Islands*, excepting that of offering human sacrifices to their Eatōōa or god. I could not find that this custom had ever been in practice here: if it had, it must have been very ancient, for it did not form any part of their numerous traditionary stories. The Eatōōa appears throughout these Islands, to be the superior deity, but they have many of inferior note, and amongst them I remarked *Fati-aitapōō*, and two or three others resembling in sound those mentioned in the *Missionary Voyage*, (page 148) but the one here mentioned, alone corresponded exactly. Every family have also a deity of their own, taken from an illustrious relative, whom they suppose has from his virtue, or great actions, become an Eatōōa. To him they dedicate images cut out of wood, and although the figures are uncouthly represented, they are very ingenious. These are sacred, and principally used for the tops of crutches, or stiks, as they are superstitious enough to suppose, that when they rest on these images they will be secure from injury; and should they by accident stumble, it is seldom they live long afterwards; for if the Priest cannot satisfactorily appease the anger of the Tutelar Eatōōa, they fancy they labour under his displeasure, and with an unequalled resignation and calmness starve themselves to death.

"In the performance of all ceremonies, they exemplify the greatest devotion, nor do they at any time approach a place sacred to the Eatōōa without the most marked respect. The women uncovering their bosoms, the men removing their hats. Of the evil demon, or *Vehē-nēihēē*, they have but little dread, being firmly persuaded that after the soul has taken its departure from the body, it will enjoy a rank among their Eatōōas in another world, according as its life has been good or bad in this. Nothing can exceed their superstition; they are constantly seeing *Atōōwās*, or Ghosts, and even in their sleep, they fancy the soul leaves the body to repose among its kindred spirits." (P. 37—40.)

"The clothing, or dress of these people is very simple, the men having nothing but the *āme* or girdle of cloth round their waist, which is passed between their legs and neatly secured in front. They have also a hat made from the palm tree, the simplicity of which gives an interesting finish to their manly statures. They are excessively fond of ear ornaments, the men making theirs from sea shells, or a light wood, which by the application of an earth becomes beautifully white.

The women prefer flowers, which at all seasons are to be found. Whales' teeth are held in such estimation that a good one is considered equal to the greatest property; they are generally in the possession of the chiefs, who wear them suspended round their neck. Their other species of dress consists of a kind of coronet, ingeniously made from a light wood, on which is fastened, by means of the rosin from the bread-fruit tree, small red berries; a great quantity of feathers give the finish. The ruff worn round the neck, is made of the same materials. Added to these are large bunches of human hair, tied round the ancles, wrist, or neck, and always worn in battle, though seldom otherwise. Tattooing is evidently considered among them a species of dress, a man without it being held in the greatest contempt. The women are not exposed as much as the men, and their tattooing is very inconsiderable. Their dress consists of a piece of cloth round their waists, answering to a short petticoat, and a mantle, which being tied on the left shoulder, and crossing the bosom, rests on the right hip, and hangs negligently as low as the knee, or calf of the leg, as it may accord with the taste of the lady. Their hair is generally black, but worn in different ways, some long, and turned up—others short. They are all fond of adorning their persons with flowers, and many of the wreaths are formed with such elegant simplicity, that does not contribute a little to their personal appearance, which is at all times particularly interesting; the beauty of their features being only equalled by the symmetry of their figures. They are of a bright copper colour, and in the cheeks of those who were requested to refrain from anointing themselves with oil, and the roots of trees, the crimson die was very conspicuous." (P. 46—48.)

The king or chief of these islands is treated with much respect; he wears a diadem formed of leaves, and is conveyed on the backs of his subjects, to prevent the taboo, or restriction, which would otherwise take place; the ground on which he treads being regarded as holy and interdicted: his dwelling is only to be distinguished from the rest by its larger dimensions. The Nooaheevans possess some skill in surgery, and at their request a number of lancets were distributed among them by the Briton. They are very expert and accurate in slinging and throwing.

Lieut. Shillibeer, with a few companions, undertook a journey to the interior of the island, in quest of a tribe which had been previously described as composed of cannibals; he, however, found them friendly, and rather timorous, being situated in a fertile country, and their place of assembly was capable of containing 1200 persons. Captain Porter, the commander of the *Essex*, appears to have practised here the greatest barbarities upon the defenceless natives.

They next proceeded to the island of Christiana, another of the Marquesas, which is mountainous, and covered with luxuriant foliage. After leaving Christiana, they reached Pitcairn's Island, where they were quickly surrounded by the canoes of the

natives, who eagerly questioned them in English concerning their original country, and from whom they in their turn obtained some considerable details concerning the present state of the island.

Lest there should be any of our readers who do not distinctly recollect the particulars of the fate of the crew of his Majesty's ship the *Bounty*, we will succinctly recall it to their minds. This vessel, of 215 tons, carrying four carriage guns, six pounders, and four swivels; and manned with a crew, forty-six in number, was dispatched from England in December 1787, and reached Otaheite on the 26th of October 1788, where she continued until April 4th, 1789, in execution of the object of the voyage, which was, to take on board and convey the bread fruit plants, and many other valuable fruits of that country, to the British islands in the West Indies. Having received on board a large quantity of these plants, and many other productions of great importance, she departed from Otaheite. On the 11th of April, Capt. Bligh discovered an island in latitude  $18^{\circ} 52'$  S. longitude, called by the natives Whytootackee, and completed his wood and water at Annamooka, one of the Friendly Islands. The voyage was in every thing prosperous until the 28th, when, at sun-rising, Mr. Christian, one of the master's mates, having the morning watch, with the master at arms, gunner's mate, and a seaman, entered the cabin while the captain was asleep, seized him, tied his hands with a cord behind him, and threatened him with instant death if he made the least noise. In the mean time the officers were secured who were not of the mutinous party, and sentinels placed over them. The captain was hauled, in his shirt, on deck, the fore-hatchway was guarded, and the boatswain and carpenter only were allowed to come on deck. The boatswain was ordered to hoist out the launch, and when it was done, Mr. Haward, and Mr. Mallet, midshipmen, and Mr. Samuel, clerk, were ordered into it. The efforts of the Captain to bring them back to a sense of their duty were in vain; Christian, with many oaths, threatened him with immediate destruction if he did not quietly submit.

The boatswain and seamen, who were ordered into the boat, were allowed to collect twine, canvas, lines, sails, cordage, a twenty-eight gallon cask of water, and the carpenter was permitted to take his tool-chest. Mr. Samuel, the clerk, obtained 150 pounds of bread, and a small quantity of rum and wine, with a quadrant and compass, but was forbidden to touch any map, ephemeris, sextant, time-keeper, or any of the Captain's surveys, or drawings. Captain Bligh having asked for arms, four cutlasses were thrown into the boat, together with a few pieces of pork, and some clothes. The company, with Capt. Bligh, consisted of the master, surgeon, botanist, gunner, boatswain, car-

penter, master's mate, two midshipmen, two quarter-masters, the sail-maker, two cooks, quarter-master's mate, butcher, clerk, and a boy. Twenty-five remained on board the vessel, which, as soon as the boat cast off, steered w. n. w. The reason of this revolt appeared to be the prospect of a life of enjoyment at Otaheite, and connections formed with the females of that place. The secrecy of the transaction was the most surprising part of it, as not one of those who were dismissed in the boat had the smallest suspicion of it, and the captain and the head mutineer, Christian, had lived on the best possible terms.

The sufferings of Capt. Bligh and his companions, in a voyage through a tempestuous sea, of 9618 miles in extent, from the island of Tofoa, or Tofou, to the Dutch settlement on the island of Timor, in which every deprivation which humanity could endure was experienced, is too well known to need any description here. As to the fate of the twenty-five mutineers, it appears that they first proceeded with the ship to Toobouai, where they proposed to settle; but quarrels soon after taking place between Christian and others of the mutineers, sixteen of the number were landed, at their own request, at Matavai, on the 20th of September, 1789, fourteen of whom were afterwards taken by Capt. Edwards, of the *Pandora*. Christian, with the remainder of his confederates, in number only eight, having first taken on board several of the natives of Otaheite, mostly females, put again to sea; and probably apprehensive of a discovery, resolved upon taking the chance of being cast on some uninhabited island, which did actually present itself in that of Pitcairn, where, finding no anchorage, he ran the ship upon the rocks; and having cleared her of her live stock, and other articles, which he had brought from Otaheite, set fire to her, that no traces might remain which might lead to a discovery of the place of their retreat. It appears that Christian soon after disgusted his companions by his violent conduct, and having carried off the wife of an Otaheitan man, to supply the place of his own, whom he had lost by death, was shot dead by him while he was digging in his own field.

This island is about six miles long, and three broad; it is covered with wood, and the soil is extremely fertile. It lies in 25° south latitude and in 130° longitude west from Greenwich; and being situate in such a vast expanse of waters, its climate is refreshed by perpetual breezes, and remarkably salubrious and agreeable. Sir Thomas Staines and Capt. Pipon, on approaching the shores of this island, which they had supposed to be uninhabited, were agreeably surprised at beholding plantations regularly laid out, and huts and houses more neatly constructed than those on the Marquesas Islands. When they were at the distance of two miles from the shore, some of the inha-

bitants were observed bringing down their canoes on their shoulders, dashing through the surf, and paddling off to the ship; but their surprise was great indeed on being addressed by them in fluent English. The first man whom they received on board was Friday Fletcher October Christian, the first-born of the island, a fine young man, of about twenty-five years of age, and a countenance remarkably open and interesting. This was the son of Christian, the original settler.

"The astonishment which before had been so strongly demonstrated in them, was now become conspicuous in us, even to a much greater degree than when they hailed us in our native language; and I must here confess I blushed when I saw nature in its most simple state, offer that tribute of respect to the Omnipotent Creator, which from education I did not perform, nor from society had been taught its necessity. Before they began to eat; on their knees, and with hands uplifted did they implore permission to partake in peace what was set before them, and when they had eaten heartily, resuming their former attitude, offered a fervent prayer of thanksgiving for the indulgence they had just experienced. Our omission of this ceremony did not escape their notice, for Christian asked me whether it was not customary with us also. Here nature was triumphant, for I should do myself an irreparable injustice, did I not with candour acknowledge, I was both embarrassed and wholly at a loss for a sound reply, and evaded this poor fellow's question by drawing his attention to the cow, which was then looking down the hatchway, and as he had never seen any of the species before, it was a source of mirth and gratification to him.

"The hatred of these people to the blacks is strongly rooted, and which doubtless owes its origin to the early quarrels which Christian and his followers had with the Otaheitans after their arrival at Pitcairn's; to illustrate which I shall here relate an occurrence which took place at breakfast.

"Soon after young Christian had began, a West Indian Black, who was one of the servants, entered the gun-room to attend table as usual. Christian looked at him sternly, rose, asked for his hat, and said, 'I don't like that black fellow, I must go,' and it required some little persuasion, before he would again resume his seat. The innocent Quashe was often reminded of the anecdote by his fellow servants.

"After coming along side the ship, so eager were they to get on board, that several of the canoes had been wholly abandoned, and gone adrift. This was the occasion of an anecdote which will show most conspicuously the good nature of their dispositions, and the mode resorted to in deciding a double claim. The canoes being brought back to the ship, the Captain ordered that one of them should remain in each, when it became a question to which that duty should devolve; however it was soon adjusted, for Mackey observed that he supposed they were all equally anxious to see the ship, and the fairest way would be for them to cast lots, as then there would be no ill will on either side. This was acceded to, and those to whom it fell to go into the boat, departed without a murmur.

"I could wish it had been possible for us to have prolonged our stay for a few days, not only for our own gratification, but for the benefit which these poor people would have derived from it; for I am perfectly satisfied, from the interest every one took, nothing would have been withheld by the lowest of the crew which probability told him would add to their comfort: however this was impossible; for, from some cause on the part of the commissariat department, and which I cannot well explain, we were reduced to so comparatively small a portion of provisions, that it was necessary to use every means to expedite our return to South America, and after ascertaining the longitude to be in  $130^{\circ} 25' W.$  and latitude  $25^{\circ} 4' S.$  we again set sail and proceeded on our voyage.

"No one but the Captains went ashore, which will be a source of lasting regret to me, for I would rather have seen the simplicity of that little village, than all the splendour and magnificence of a city.

"I now lament it the more, because the conclusion of this chapter will be from the relation of another, and I was willing to lay as little as possible before the reader, but what I had myself been a witness; still, as I can rely on its veracity, I shall hope it will please. 'After landing,' said my friend, 'and we had ascended a little eminence, we were imperceptibly led through groupes of cocoa-nuts and bread-fruit trees, to a beautiful picturesque little village, formed on an oblong square, with trees of various kinds irregularly interspersed. The houses small, but regular, convenient, and of unequalled cleanliness. The daughter of Adams received us on the hill. She came doubtlessly as a spy, and had we taken men, or even been armed ourselves, would certainly have given her father timely notice to escape, but as we had neither, she waited our arrival, and conducted us to where her father was. She was arrayed in nature's simple garb, and wholly unadorned; but she was beauty's self, and needed not the aid of ornament. She betrayed some surprise—timidity was a prominent feature.

"John Adams is a fine looking old man, approaching to sixty years of age. We conversed with him a long time, relative to the mutiny of the *Bounty*, and the ultimate fate of Christian. He denied being accessory to, or having the least knowledge of the conspiracy, but he expressed great horror at the conduct of Captain Bligh, not only towards his men, but officers also. I asked him if he had a desire to return to England, and I must confess his replying in the affirmative caused me great surprise.

"He told me he was perfectly aware how deeply he was involved; that by following the fortune of Christian, he had not only sacrificed every claim to his country, but that his life was the necessary forfeiture for such an act, and he supposed would be exacted from him were he ever to return: notwithstanding all these circumstances, nothing would be able to occasion him so much gratification as that of seeing once more, prior to his death, that country which gave him birth, and from which he had been so long estranged.

"There was a sincerity in his speech,—I can badly describe it—but it had a very powerful influence in persuading me these were his real sentiments. My interest was excited to so great a degree, that I offered

him a conveyance for himself, with any of his family who chose to accompany him. He appeared pleased at the proposal, and as no one was then present, he sent for his wife and children. The rest of this little community surrounded the door. He communicated his desire, and solicited their acquiescence. Appalled at a request not less sudden than in opposition to their wishes, they were all at a loss for a reply.

"His charming daughter, although inundated with tears, first broke the silence.

" 'Oh do not, Sir,' said she, 'take from me my father! do not take away my best—my dearest friend.' Her voice failed her—she was unable to proceed—leaned her head upon her hand, and gave full vent to her grief. His wife too (an Otaheitean) expressed a lively sorrow. The wishes of Adams soon became known among the others, who joined in pathetic solicitation for his stay on the Island. Not an eye was dry—the big tear stood in those of the men—the women shed them in full abundance. I never witnessed a scene so fully affecting, or more replete with interest. To have taken him from a circle of such friends, would have ill become a feeling heart, to have forced him away in opposition to their joint and earnest entreaties, would have been an outrage on humanity.

" 'With assurances that it was neither our wish nor intention to take him from them against his inclination, their fears were at length dissipated. His daughter too had gained her usual serenity, but she was lovely in her tears, for each seemed to add an additional charm. Forgetting the unhappy deed which placed Adams in that spot, and seeing him only in the character he now is, at the head of a little community, adored by all, instructing all, in religion, industry, and friendship, his situation might be truly envied, and one is almost inclined to hope that his unremitting attention to the government and morals of this extraordinary little colony, will ultimately prove an equivalent for the part he formerly took,—entitle him to praise, and should he ever return to England, ensure him the clemency of that Sovereign he has so much injured.

" 'The young women have invariably beautiful teeth, fine eyes, and open expression of countenance, and looks of such simple innocence, and sweet sensibility, that renders their appearance at once interesting and engaging, and it is pleasing to add, their minds and manners were as pure and innocent, as this impression indicated. No lascivious looks, or any loose, forward manners, which so much distinguish the characters of the females of the other Islands.'

"The Island itself has an exceedingly pretty appearance, and I was informed by Christian, every part was fertile and capable of being cultivated. The coast is every way bound with rocks, insomuch that they are at all times obliged to carry their little boats to the village, but the timber is of so light a nature that one man is adequate to the burden of the largest they have.

"Each family has a separate allotment of land, and each strive to rival the other in their agricultural pursuits, which is chiefly confined to the propagation of the yam, and which they have certainly brought to



the finest perfection I ever saw. The bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees, were brought with them in the Bounty, and have been since reared with great success. The pigs also came by the same conveyance, as well as goats and poultry. They had no pigeons, and I am sorry to say no one thought of leaving those few we had on board, with them.

"The pigs have got into the woods, and many are now wild. Fish of various sorts are taken here, and in great abundance; the tackling is all of their own manufacturing, and the hooks, although beat out of old iron hoops, not only answer the purpose, but are fairly made.

"Needles they also make from the same materials. Those men who came on board, were finely formed, and of manly features. Their height about five feet ten inches. Their hair black and long, generally plaited into a tail.

"They wore a straw hat, similar to those worn by sailors, with a few feathers stuck into them by way of ornament. On their shoulders was a mantle resembling the Chilinan Poncho, which hung down to the knee, and round the waist, a girdle corresponding to that of the Indians at the Marquesas, both of which are produced from the bark of trees growing on the Island. They told me they had clothes on shore, but never wore them. I spoke to Christian particularly, of Adams, who assured me he was greatly respected, inasmuch that no one acted in opposition to his wishes, and when they should lose him, their regret would be general. The inter-marriages which had taken place among them, have been the occasion of a relationship throughout the colony. There seldom happens to be a quarrel, even of the most trivial nature, and then, (using their own term,) is nothing more than a word of mouth quarrel, which is always referred to Adams for adjustment." (P. 88—96.)

On a question being put to one of these visitors on board the ship, as to what he believed on the subject of religion, he immediately went through the creed in our liturgy, informing them that John Adams had taught him, who had also caused a prayer to be said every day at noon. Q. "And what is that prayer?" A. "I will arise and go to my Father, and say unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." Q. "Do you continue to say this every day?" A. "Yes, we never neglect it." Upon being asked who was their King, the answer was, "Why, King George, to be sure." It appears that the whole of this little interesting colony, at this time, amounted to forty-eight persons, besides infants. The clothing of the young females consisted, as we learn from Capt. Pison, of a piece of linen, reaching from the waist to the knees, and generally a sort of mantle, thrown loosely over the shoulders, and hanging as low as the ankles; but this covering appeared to be intended chiefly as a protection against the sun and the weather; as it was frequently laid aside, and then the upper part of the body was entirely exposed, and it is not possible to conceive more beautiful forms than those which

they exhibited. They sometimes wreathe caps or bonnets for the head, in the most tasteful manner, to protect the face from the sun; and, according to Capt. Pison, "our dress-makers in London might take pattern from the elegant taste of these untaught females." The females of John Adams's family consisted of his old blind wife and three daughters, from fifteen to eighteen years of age, and a boy of eleven; a daughter of his wife, by her former husband, and his son in law. On the opposite side of the little village is the dwelling of young Christian; and in the centre is a smooth verdant lawn; and as we learn from the same sources, these houses contain very good beds, comfortable furniture, and have the recommendations of cleanliness in the highest degree. One is, in addition to all this, much gratified to know that such are the natural fortifications of the island, that it may be deemed impregnable to an invading enemy.

They now departed from these interesting colonists, and Chapter VI. introduces us to the sea-port of Valparaiso, on the coast of Chili, at which place they arrived after a voyage of thirty days. It is situated in Lat.  $31^{\circ} 7' S.$ ; and in Long.  $72^{\circ} 19' W.$  This town is commodious, large, and opulent, regularly built, with houses of only one story high; its trade is confined chiefly to corn, cordage, and copper. The custom-house is erected on the beach, as are also the mercantile houses; there are two churches and many monasteries. The citadel is in the centre of the town, and commands it in every direction; it is secured by a battery of twelve guns, adjoining which is the governor's residence and the prison; the whole fortress, however, is quite untenable, and in a very neglected state. The shore is bold, and the anchorage secure, but water for large vessels is very difficult to be procured. Notwithstanding the vigilance of the government, smuggling is carried on to a considerable extent. The market is well supplied, particularly with poultry, vegetables, and fruit. There is an abundance of cattle in the country around, and the horses are handsome, fleet, and spirited. There is likewise another division of this town distinct from the part called Port Valparaiso, already described; this is named Almendrale, or Almond Grove, and has several small churches and a monastery. It is the great fruit mart, and has large vineyards and gardens. The population is about 25,000. The temperature is moderate and salubrious, and the rainy season continues from June to September.

Quillota, a town in the interior, was the place next visited by the author; it stands in the midst of a fertile valley, which produces fine hemp, and is very abundant in gold and silver ore. The Chilianans in general are active and expert in securing the wild cattle of the country, but are in a low state of military discipline, and ill affected towards the Spanish government. The

voyage was now re-commenced, and they soon arrived at Callao, the port of Lima, which, with the island of San Lorenzo, forms a magnificent harbour. This town is mean, and contains only 300 houses, but has a custom-house, which is rendered of great importance by its extensive commerce. The approach to Lima is commodious and agreeable; it is entered by an arch-way, and disposed in rectilinear streets, with proper precautions to preserve cleanliness.

"The extent of this city may be estimated to be nearly eight miles in circumference, including the suburb on the north side of the river, or about two miles three quarters in length, and a mile and half in width. Its fortification consists, merely of a wall built of unburnt bricks, from 15 to 20 feet high, and nearly as many thick; with bastions flanking each other a distance not exceeding two hundred yards.

"The width of the breast work from the inside extremity of the parapet, is by no means adequate to permit the mounting of cannon, and it appears evident to have been intended only to protect the city from the incursions of, or being surprized by the Indians.

"According to Frazier, whose plan, as well as description of the place, I found to be exceedingly correct, it was built in 1685 by John Ramond, a Flemish Priest in the Viceroyship of the Duke de la Plata.

"It is now very neglected, and out of repair, but the disaffected state of the country seems to have created some just alarm among the Spaniards, and the Marquis of Concordia has ordered several gateways to be repaired, and the wall to be put in a proper state of defence; but its great state of disorganization precludes its being accomplished in any reasonable time. It possesses no kind of ditch, or out-works.

"At about 150 yards, or one square from the bridge, is the Plaza Real, or Royal Square, in the centre of which are the remains of an elegant brass fountain; several of the lions with which it was embellished, as well as part of the statue of Fame, still remain. The water is thrown to a considerable height, and the basin is sufficiently spacious for it to fall within its margin. On the east side of this square is the cathedral, and palace of the bishop. The Viceroy's establishment occupies the North side; the West is taken up by the court of justice, council house, and prison, with a row of arches, which are continued throughout the South side, and under them are shops of various descriptions. There is a market held in this square, but it cannot boast of any particular excellence.

"The Cathedral does not possess any external beauty; but the splendour, magnificence, and riches of the interior can alone be conceived. The enchanted palaces, as described in the fairy tales, recurred to my memory the instant I entered this elegant sanctuary. The great altar, standing at the east end, is modern; and the columns, numerous as they are, together with every other part, are covered with silver in about the thickness of a dollar, and when lit up for the performance of any

particular ceremony, its brilliant and beautiful appearance cannot be exceeded. Don Mathias Mastro, a Priest, was the architect. He is also a painter of considerable merit. The various altars on either side, are equal in richness if not in beauty, to the one I have mentioned. The church of San Augustin may be considered the next in beauty, by many I dare say superior to the cathedral; all the altars are superbly ornamented, and several are of incalculable value, but particularly the one, erected at the entire expence of the silversmiths, which is covered with solid metal, of more than common thickness,—it only required a few additional ornaments which were in a state of readiness, to make it complete. This church contains some excellent paintings.

“San Domingo also vies with the others in point of elegance, and has a handsome tower, (of great height,) at the top of which the traveller may enjoy a most extensive, picturesque, and interesting prospect; and as it is difficult for a stranger to find his way through the town, I would recommend him to visit this tower the first thing, as, from a single look he will receive more information relative to the place, than from studying the Lima directory a month.

“As the city contains upwards of fifty churches and chapels, the reader will see the impossibility of my bringing all before him, and consider it sufficient, if, in addition to those I have already mentioned, I say that San Francisco with La Conception, and La Mercy, are the most extensive, as well as handsome; although none of the others are in the least deficient in riches and splendor.

“The monasteries here, are both numerous and spacious, and I should suppose of the different orders there cannot be less than eighteen or twenty; and some among them contain three or four squares, or a piece of ground equal at least to six acres.

“The largest of those is, of the Franciscan order, and contains from 1200 to 1500 Friars. The Augustins come next, and I think the monastery itself, although not so large, is much more elegant than the former; the number of monks exceed a thousand. These have two or three smaller ones in different parts of the city. There are also numerous establishments of this nature under the various denominations of Dominicans, Benedictines, Mercerians, &c. &c. and are generally found in the most desirable and advantageous situations.

“Of convents for nuns, there are also several, and of great extent: but those of St. Clare, the Carmelites, and the Incarnation, are the principal ones of note.” (P. 118—122.)

The University is considerable and well-endowed; and the Lunatic Asylum is arranged on a commendable plan. There is a Royal Court, which is under the Viceroy's control, and several of inferior consequence. The inquisition is situated in the east end of the town, and is of considerable size. The mint is a very extensive building, and has a civil power, independent of the Viceroy. The other public buildings are principally the Torus, or Amphitheatre, for bull fights, a powder manufactory, and the Pantheon de los Meurtos, or public cemetery. The whole coast of Peru and Chili enjoys a very mild temperature, and, in de-

fault of rain, is chiefly moistened by heavy dews. The brief account of the mines next given, presents nothing of a novel nature. The Indians of Casco are in stature of a middle height, and muscular, with very little beard; their colour is a bright copper, with wide countenances, and dark eyes and hair.

The celebrated island of Juan Fernandez was next visited by the Briton. It is now the place of exile for the patriots of Chili, who reside in a little village near the beach. This village is commanded by a battery and 100 soldiers, totally devoid of discipline. The island is highly romantic, and abounds in rivulets; its soil is a bright red ochre, and extremely fertile. The mountains, which are difficult of access, abound in the box and myrtle, with many species of wild animals; and the climate, though very variable, is not unhealthy.

Having obtained a passport, Lieutenant Shillibeer proceeded over-land to Santiago, the capital of Chili. This journey was performed over an unequal country, watered by several streams, in the space of about two days. The city stands in an extensive and fertile plain; it is composed of spacious and handsome edifices, though they have only a ground floor, and is totally without fortification. The market is well supplied, and the mint is extolled by the author as the most elegant he had witnessed in South America. The churches here, of which there are many, are only distinguished by a profusion of gilding, and a variety of traditionary miracles. Monastic discipline at Santiago is in a very relaxed state, and the clergy are represented as extremely avaricious and licentious. A wall which has been erected to restrain the over-flowings of the Maypocho, is the fashionable promenade of the town, being sufficiently broad to allow of three persons walking abreast. The inhabitants are represented as illiterate, voluptuous, and indolent, and yet as laying great stress upon external accomplishments; and though they are not insensible to the duties and graces of hospitality, they are still, in their natural dispositions, both proud and vindictive. The population is about 50,000. This city is the residence of the President of Chili, who acts in subordination to the Viceroy of Lima.

The subsequent matter of the volume is of no interest; indeed the few additions made by Lieutenant Shillibeer to the accounts already received of Pitcairn's Island, and its patriarchal society, form the real attractions of his publication; and we cannot but greatly lament the shortness of the visit which the Briton and Tagus were able to make to persons so morally interesting, as the members of this singularly-formed community. On the other hand, when we consider how virtuously composed this little Eden seems to be, under the good man who presides over it, we dread the moral danger to which unhallowed visits from these regions

of the globe may expose it; and if this diminutive Commonwealth is destined to be revisited under the authority of our own Government, let us hope that some feeling and tenderness will be shown in the selection of the persons charged with so delicate an errand.

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ART. IX.—*The Works of Ben Jonson, with Notes, Critical and Explanatory, and a Biographical Memoir.* By W. Gifford, Esq. 8vo. 9 vols. Nicol. London, 1816.

THERE was a time when Shakspeare was fairly laid on the shelf: Certain poets and literati, indeed, knew of such a writer; and even condescended occasionally to handle his rough diamonds, and give them a modern polish and a French setting. Thus Dryden and Davenant patronised the Tempest. The public were informed that this old piece was Shakspeare's; and they were called upon to wonder at the genius, which, by a process of poetic alchemy, could convert lead to gold; and improve the crude plan of the Stratford bard, by a male counterpart to Miranda and a witty confidante. Tate, in like manner, took pity on Lear, and discovered that the filial interest of Cordelia and Edgar was tame, and out of the approved tragic rules; and that Edgar and Cordelia must absolutely make love. We call our stage reformed and enlightened; but these paltry impostures still keep possession of it.

Shakspeare, however, could not long be depressed: *Adversis rerum immersabilis undis*. The Indian queens and Indian emperors made room for Constance and Imogen, Macbeth and Othello. Pope and Rowe aspired to the credit of taste by becoming his editors. Commentators arose on commentators, like the crop of armed men from the dragon's teeth, and like them they destroyed each other. To the stupid ignorance or indifference which had prevailed respecting this master of the human mind, succeeded a busy and self-important enthusiasm: to comment upon Shakspeare was to contend for the prize of right English feeling, and perception of true genius:

Here strip, my children: here at once plunge in:

Here strive who best can dash through thick and thin.

The admirable "Canons of Criticism" checked for a season the zeal of verbal torture; but notes and remarks continued to sprout with hydra fertility of succession, till common sense was again heard in the "Comments on the Commentators of Shakspeare."

This mania for Shakspeare's plays was accompanied by a bigoted and exclusive feeling of intolerance towards all who might be brought into a parallel, or made to approach, however distantly, the throne of their dramatic sultan. The same injustice which had prevailed respecting Shakspeare himself, now operated respecting his illustrious contemporaries. Shakspeare, from being regarded as the rude poet of a rude age, became the only poet of his æra; an æra fruitful in masculine and original genius, in thought and fancy and dramatic force, beyond all that have succeeded it in our own land, and beyond the most boasted periods of foreign poesy.

It is no wonder, therefore, that foreigners should have formed so poor an estimate of our stage: since we ourselves were absolutely ignorant or indifferent as to the merits of our native drama; it is no wonder that the worthies of our theatre should be to them as much unknown as the poets of China; that they should know little of Fletcher; should never have heard of Massinger, or Shirley, or Ford; and should suppose that Shakspeare and Jonson are surpassed by Addison and Congreve.

The French idolize Racine; but they still talk of "the great" Corneille. We have neither their national gratitude, nor their national policy in this respect. The ancient wreath of Jonson has been violated by the same hands which have encumbered with laurels the statue of Shakspeare. The critics and the readers of England were labouring to make amends for the original tasteless neglect of our greatest poet. Tradition had coupled the name of Jonson with that of Shakspeare, and the manes of Shakspeare were to be appeased by the sacrifice of Jonson. The classic claims of the latter—the recorded proofs of his influence on the age in which he flourished; of his favour and friendship with the learned, and his gracious reception with princes, were looked upon as mortal offences. The praise of Jonson was thought a necessary reflexion on Shakspeare. His learning was sneered at, as if what he wrote was *merely* learned: to his art was triumphantly opposed Shakspeare's nature; as if art were mere mechanic artifice; and the jealousy of *Kitely* had nothing in it of nature; as if Shakspeare, with all his power of tracing a passion and a character through its progressive stages of developement, knew nothing of art. These "two stars could not keep their motion in one sphere;" their characters were contrasted as well as their genius: "The gentle" Shakspeare, an epithet first applied to him by the cordial kindness and admiration of Jonson himself, was placed in antithesis to the "envious and malignant" Jonson: having formed their hypothesis of *Old Ben's* surly envy and malignity, (much point was meant to be conveyed in the nick-name of *Old Ben*), they sat down to ransack his prologues and his plays for the proofs;

and with the perspicacity of men determined to find what they sought, detected a sneer at Shakspeare, at every turn of his pages.

This is not merely ridiculous; it is degrading to our character as a refined and intellectual people; it is inconsistent with that patriotic spirit which does but half its duty in protecting the well-merited fame of statesmen and of warriors, unless it also cherishes with gratitude and reverence the memory of those who have contributed to sustain and extend our country's literary glory. It is miserable policy, also, after sustaining the attacks of the petulant, prejudiced, and superficial critics of France, upon their Shakspeare, to foster so much absurd jealousy as to Jonson; and to persist in looking, with suspicion, upon a writer, whom, for the honour of their nation, they might have opposed to Molière, on his own classic ground. In art and ingenuity of plot, in raciness of humour and richness of fancy, the Fox and the Alchymist might surely enter the lists with the Misanthrope and the Tartuffe.

There is room enough for Jonson and Shakspeare in the same hemisphere; and stars of different magnitude may hold their proper distances, and perform their revolutions, without being thrust from their orbits, and forced upon each other. They who have admitted the merits of both, have not instituted their comparison with great felicity of discernment. "Shakspeare," says Cumberland, "with ten thousand spots about him, dazzles us with so bright a lustre that we either cannot or will not see his faults. He gleams and flashes like a meteor, which shoots out of our sight before the eye can measure its proportions, or analyze its properties; but Jonson stands still to be surveyed, and presents so bold a front, and holds it so fully to our view, as seems to challenge the compass and rule of the critic, and defy him to find out an error in the scale and composition of his structure. Putting aside, therefore, any further mention of Shakspeare, who was a poet *out of all rule, and beyond all compass of criticism*; one whose excellencies are above comparison, and *his errors beyond number*; I will venture an opinion, that this drama of the Fox, is, critically speaking, the nearest to perfection of any one drama, comic or tragic, which the English stage is at this day in possession of."—*Observer*, iii. 170.

It is easy to see that Cumberland knew nothing of Shakspeare. In the lack of analytical criticism he flies to declamation and metaphor. These spots on Shakspeare's sun are, many of them, specks on the visual orb of his critics. We, for our parts, in the name of our country, disclaim for Shakspeare this meteorous glory; these will-o'-the-wisp coruscations: we challenge for him the "optic tube" of the Tuscan artist, and we promise



that his "spotty globe" will be discovered to be variegated with "new lands, rivers, and mountains," which his idolaters and his unbelievers have alike failed to discern. His dramatic histories, or mixed or romantic dramas, can only be called out of all rule, because they deviate from the rule of another species of drama; and they are "out of all compass of criticism," in so far only as they are out of the compass of Greek or of Gallic criticism. He is out of all rule to those only who cannot perceive the philosophical purpose which he invariably has in view throughout his diversified, but well digested, scenes; and have not enough of nature's lore to distinguish the bearings and tendencies of the sentiments and conduct of his characters, and to analyse their mixed qualities and motions. The doubts and disputes which have agitated the critical world respecting certain of his characters, as Hamlet and Falstaff, have been complacently assumed, as proving the eccentric and unequal genius of this rude child of fancy. They prove, however, a reach of penetration, and a depth of art, which the vulgar, the superficial, and the pedantic, have mistaken for defective skill. The mystery and dubiousness, the uncertain light which hovers around some of his personages, assimilates them to the personages of history: they are real beings; often impenetrable; often awakening the intensest curiosity by seeming inconsistency; by words or actions that hang on the verge of improbability, but never pass it. The secrets of human character, too dim and too imperceptibly confused to meet the common vision, are at the familiar call and disposal of this mighty dramatist. It may, then, be affirmed of Shakspeare, that *he* presents himself full to the eye of the critic, the moralist, the metaphysician, the artist, and the poet.

"The profundity of learning" is not, therefore, due to Jonson, as distinguished from the "sublimity of genius," by which Cumberland, in the vague popular phrase, imagines that he is defining Shakspeare. The profundity of learning, in its more valuable sense, of an insight into men and things, is due to Shakspeare, in an equal degree with sublimity of genius; a term invented by pick-tooth indolence, or pompous emptiness, to save the trouble of definition, or cloak the penury of understanding; and if this profound learning be limited by the author of the Observer, to mere technical skill in the unities, or the scenic surprises of an unravelled plot; or the skilful adaptation of the legacy-hunters and parasites of the Greek and Roman stages; and if *the Fox* be pronounced only a perfect drama, "critically speaking," we think that Jonson, no less than Shakspeare, is misrepresented and degraded.

Jonson had not the *universal* power of Shakspeare, to whom it was as easy to sound the depths of tragic passion, as to open

the sluices of comic humour. If learning be the merit of Jonson's comedy, the same learning might have taught him tragedy: but it cannot be said of him, as it could of Massinger,

—Spirat tragicum satis, et feliciter audet.

It is true that the plan of the classic school absolutely precludes in tragedy that play of human thought, and that varied portraiture of character, in its private moments and common-life habitudes, which render the mixed drama of England a mirror of human life. But the scenes of Jonson, transplanted from the Roman historians, although they may stand a comparison, as dramatic poems, with some of the boasted Roman tragedies of France, have not the stamp of Jonson's vigorous mind. His mind is in his comedies.

As Shakspeare had learning, Jonson had genius: and the insight into human nature, which he shared with Shakspeare, has sometimes escaped the discernment of the writer who draws their parallel. "Had the same address," observes Mr. Cumberland, "been exerted throughout, the construction (of the Fox) would have been a matchless piece of art: but here we are to lament the haste of which he boasts in his prologue; and that rapidity of composition, which he appeals to as a mark of genius, is to be lamented as the probable cause of incorrectness, or at least the best and most candid plea in excuse of it. For *who can deny* that nature is violated by the absurdity of Volpone's unreasonable insults to the very persons who had witnessed falsely in his defence, and even to the very advocate who had so successfully defended him? Is it in character for a man, of his deep cunning and long search of thought, to provoke those on whom his all depended to retaliate upon him, and this for the poor triumph of a silly jest? Certainly this is a glaring defect, which *every body* must lament, and which can escape *no body*. The poet himself *knew* the weak part of his plot, and vainly strives to bolster it up by making Volpone exclaim,

"I am caught in mine own noose——."

We give this notable critique on the poet's finest art, in order to show that Ben Jonson, as well as Shakspeare, may sometimes complain of the "backing of his friends;" and in order also to introduce Mr. Gifford to our readers with advantage.

"Mr. Cumberland shall answer his own question. In his review of the *Double Dealer*, he finds Maskwell, like Volpone, losing his caution in the exultation of success: upon which he observes, 'I allow that it is in character for him to grow wanton in success: *there is a moral in a villain's outwitting himself*.' This appears a singular change of opinion in the course of a few pages: but, whatever may be Mr. Cumberland's versatility, Jonson is consistent with himself and with the invariable

experience of mankind. 'See,' says Falstaff, 'how wit may be made a jackanapes when 'tis upon an ill employ!' The same sentiment is to be found in Beaumont and Fletcher:

'Hell gives us *art* to reach the depth of sin,  
But leaves us *wretched fools* when we are in.'

*Queen of Corinth.*

"This too is the moral of the *New Way to pay Old Debts*, so strikingly pointed out by *Massinger*:

'There is a precedent to teach wicked men,  
That, when they quit religion and turn atheists,  
Their own abilities leave them.'

It might have been observed, that Volpone did not insult his dupes from the mere love of a jest, but from the pleasure which he felt in the triumph of his cunning, and the gratification which he derived from the exercise of his malevolence: a quality which is, at least, as conspicuous in his character, as avarice and craftiness.

Mr. Cumberland again supposes Jonson to be straining after "a sorry jest;" and to have "made a wanton breach of character, when he violates the dignity of his court of judges, by making one of them so abject in his flattery to the parasite, upon the idea of matching him with his daughter, when he hears that Volpone has made him his heir: but this is an objection that is within the compass of two short lines, spoken aside from the bench, and may easily be remedied by their omission in representation." We think Mr. Cumberland as mistaken in this instance as in the former; and we are by no means satisfied with the method of apology which Mr. Gifford uses in his comment upon the commentator:

"In justice to this learned personage let it be further remarked, that his determination is founded upon the actual demise of Volpone, in which case, as he justly concludes, the parasite is freed from all suspicions of fraud and imposture. It seems to have escaped Mr. Cumberland's recollection that Mosca is not the servant, but the humble friend of Volpone: and it is quite certain that he has not penetrated into the author's views in this part of the scene."

Quite so: and it has also escaped Mr. Gifford's apprehension, that Jonson meant a stroke at the frailty and inconsistency of human nature, and pointed at the meanness of avarice even under a furred gown, and on the solemn bench of justice. A touch of admirable satire, which to borrow Mr. Cumberland's comfortable dogmatism, we should have thought that *every body* must perceive, and which can escape *nobody*.

Perhaps the underplot of Sir Politick is rather an impertinence, though, as Mr. Gifford properly contends, he is somewhat con-

ected with the main plot by means of his wife: "the most finished and amusing female pedant which the stage has produced." Mr. Cumberland, however, has omitted to notice an actual blemish in the farcical contrivance of the tortoise which Sir Politick assumes for his masquerade; and Mr. Gifford offers but a lame defence in the necessity of gaining time for "Mosca to make the Commandadore drunk;" and in the possibility that some such "fearful tortoise, half-natural and half-artificial," might be, at that very instant, abusing the credulous curiosity of the worthy citizens and their wives "in Fleet-street."

We come over to Mr. Cumberland, in his opinion, that the Fox is superior to the Alchymist; though Mr. Gifford imagines that popular favour inclined to the Fox, from its accidental collocation in epigram:

The Fox, the Alchymist, and Silent Woman,  
Done by Ben Jonson, and outdone by no man.

This is an odd reason. A better may be found in the character of the two Comedies. There may be a more entertaining display of dupes and fools in the Alchymist: there is a deeper knowledge of human nature in the Fox. Humour must yield in value to the science of man.

The station assigned in the epigram to the *Silent Woman*, which was convenient for the rhyme, though a pleasant and well concatenated play, and originally popular, has been supplanted within our own times by "Every Man in his Humour:" a comedy which, we think, has scarcely even yet been ranked sufficiently high. It brings Jonson more immediately in contact with Shakspeare, whom he strongly resembles in the cast of humour, without losing a jot of originality.

There are no similar characters of Shakspeare's comedies, to which Bobadil and Master Stephen and Kiteley are inferior: and we marvel that Mr. Gifford should have thought it necessary to surmise, that the admirable scene of half-confidence between the jealous Kiteley and Cash was modelled on that of Hubert and John. Jonson had occasion to describe a similar conscious shame, apprehension, and irresolution of mind; and that he touched upon similar points with Shakspeare is rather a proof of his kindred knowledge of human nature than of his ambitious imitation. The rival scenes are, we think, independent of each other; and are striking and incontestable examples, that Shakspeare had art, and that Jonson had genius.

The *scholar* Jonson was a poet of curious fancy. In his time the court of Whitehall was the British Opera: where dance and music, gorgeous and appropriate costumes, splendid and ingenious machines, were supplied by the most eminent artists and

professors; while the regular stage was bare and beggarly in all that regarded scenic decoration. James and his queen set the example; and the nobles and ladies of their court performed in masques as amateur players. Jonson was the poet and Inigo Jones the mechanist. They who are full of the impression of Milton's *Comus* will be disappointed in the masques of Jonson. But *Comus* is not properly a masque. It is a drama partaking of the classic and romantic school. Jonson's masques are operatic pageants of allegoric or mythological characters, with dialogue and ode. Some of them are comic entertainments. That of "*The World in the Moon*" reminds us of the humorous and fanciful quaintness of Aristophanes: and it is matter of regret, that, instead of filling only a scanty scene as subservient to the dances and music, it had not been improved by Jonson's genius into a finished dramatic satire on the Greek model. Bursts of stately poetry occur in these festive sports of Jonson's lighter fancy. We extract a pleasing passage from the "*Hymenæi*," which Milton may have remembered when he penned his splendid eulogy of connubial love:

The golden tree of marriage began  
 In Paradise, and bore the fruit of man:  
 On whose sweet branches angels sate and sung;  
 And from whose firm root all society sprung.  
 Love, whose strong virtue wrapt heaven's soul in earth,  
 And made a woman glory in his birth!  
 In marriage opens his inflamed breast:  
 And lest in him nature should stifled rest,  
 His genial fire about the world he darts,  
 Which lips with lips combines, and hearts with hearts.  
 Marriage love's object is; at whose bright eyes  
 He lights his torches, and makes them his skies:  
 For her he wings his shoulders; and doth fly  
 To her white bosom as his sanctuary;  
 For which no lustful finger can profane him,  
 Nor any earth with black eclipses wane him.  
 She makes him smile in sorrows; and doth stand  
 Twixt him and all wants with her silver hand.  
 In her soft locks his tender feet are tied,  
 And in his fetters he takes worthy pride.  
 Mirrors, though deck'd with diamonds, are nought worth,  
 If the like forms of things they set not forth:  
 So men or women are worth nothing neither,  
 If either's eyes and hearts present not either.

In the incantations of the "*Masque of Queens*," Jonson has been accused of stealing from Shakspeare, with about as much probability as he is said to have copied *Kiteley* from *Ford*, or *Bobadil* from *Parolles*. The style of Jonson's witches has no re-

semblance to that of Shakspeare's. The "charms" and magic practices were common property; and were supplied to both by the books of demonology and witchcraft of their time.

But the versatility of Jonson's genius is no where more conspicuous than in his dramatic pastoral of the "Sad Shepherd;" and no where does there appear a more triumphant refutation of the vulgar traditionary calumnies, respecting his servile art and laborious pedantry. From this character of his pieces, we should be led to expect a mere parody of the Greek Sicilian idyls: but what he has introduced from Theocritus is adapted to his plan with the grace and spirit of a poet who borrows from the fulness of his memory, rather than from the need of his mind. It has been thoughtlessly affirmed by Whalley, that the pastoral is an imitation of Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess:" but the two pieces are quite of a different species. Jonson's is not a mere fantastic pastoral, a vehicle of poetry, and of the common-place sentiment of whining love; but, together with poetry the most exquisitely fanciful and wild, Jonson has infused into his production the nature of common life, the reality of individual character, the truth of passion, and the interest of a probable and surprising tale. The supernatural machinery is contrived with such exact conformity to the popular superstition, as to have all the air of credibility: and Maudlin, with her malice and cunning, her transformations and revenges, is a true country witch, and is supported with singular animation. The language of Æglamour, the sad shepherd, who is crazed at the loss of his mistress, supposed to be drowned, is sustained to the very height of romantic frenzy; and flows in such a strain of pathetic extravagance, and with such a stream of luxuriant images, as to challenge the proudest successes of Shakspeare and Milton.

The drama opens in Sherwood Forest, with this spirited and beautiful monologue:

"*Ægl.* Here she was wont to go! and here! and here!  
Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets grow:  
The world may find the spring by following her;  
For other print her airy steps ne'er left.  
Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,  
Or shake the downy blow-ball from its stalk!  
But like the soft west-wind she shot along;  
And where she went the flowers took thickest root,  
As she had sowed them with her odorous foot. (*Exit.*)"

The sudden entrances and exits of the melancholy lover, give a wonderful consistency and spirit to the character.

Mr. Gifford supposes the last verse to have been improved from the "*quicquid calcaverit rosa fiat*" of Persius: we think without necessity. The image of flowers and verdure springing

from under a lady's foot is as old as Hesiod's Venus : and Virgil had said of Camilla,

*Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret  
Gramina, nec teneras cursu læsisset aristas.*

These metaphors were common poetical property : but Jonson, in his use of them, displays that ingenious felicity of thought and diction which stamps originality, and claims the honours of invention.

The reader may not be sorry to see more :

“ A spring, now she is dead? of what? of thorns?  
Briars and brambles? thistles, burs, and docks?  
These may grow still : but what can spring beside?  
Did not the whole earth sicken when she died?  
As if there since did fall one drop of dew  
But what was wept for her! or any stalk  
Did bear a flower, or any branch a bloom,  
After her wreath was made! in faith, in faith,  
You do not fair to put these things upon me,  
Which can in no sort be : Earine,  
Who had her very being and her name  
With the first knots and buddings of the spring,  
Born with the primrose, or the violet,  
Or earliest roses blown—do not I know  
How the vale wither'd the same day?—that since  
No sun, or moon, or other cheerful star,  
Look'd out of heav'n ; but all the cope was dark  
As it were hung so for her exequies!  
And not a voice or sound to ring her knell  
But of that dismal pair, the screeching owl  
And buzzing hornet! hark! hark! hark! the foul  
Bird! how she flutters with her wicker wings!  
Peace! you shall hear her screech!”

The following scene of artless passion merits transcription, as it presents Jonson in a light, in which those who learn their opinions by rote probably never dreamed of beholding him.

“ (*The entrance to Robin Hood's Bower.—Amie discovered lying on a bank : Marian and Mellefleur sitting by her.*)

*Mar.* How do you, sweet Amie, yet?

*Mel.* She cannot tell :

If she could sleep, she says, she should do well :  
She feels a hurt, but where she cannot show,  
Any least sign that she is hurt or no :  
Her pain's not doubtful to her, but the seat  
Of her pain is : her thoughts too work and beat  
Oppress'd with cares : but why she cannot say :  
All matter of her care is quite away.

*Mar.* Hath any vermin broke into your fold?  
Or any rot seiz'd on your flock? or cold?  
Or hath your feighting ram burst his hard horn,  
Or any ewe her fleece, or bag, hath torn,  
My gentle Amie?

*Amie.* Marian, none of these.

*Mar.* Have you been stung by wasps or angry bees,  
Or rased with some rude bramble or rough briar?

*Amie.* No, Marian, my disease is somewhat nigher,  
I weep, and boil myself away in tears,  
And then my panting heart would dry those fears:  
I burn, though all the forest lend a shade:  
And freeze, though the whole wood one fire were made.

*Mar.* Alas!

*Amie.* I often have been torn with thorn and briar  
Both in the leg and foot, and somewhat higher;  
Yet gave not then such fearful shrieks as these: *(sighs.)*  
I often have been stung too with curst\* bees,  
Yet not remember that I then did quit  
Either my company or mirth from it. *(sighs again.)*  
And therefore what it is that I feel now,  
And know no cause of it, nor where, nor how  
It entered in me, nor least print can see,  
I feel afflicts me more than briar or bee. *(again.)*  
How often when the sun, heaven's brightest birth,  
Hath with his burning fervour cleft the earth:  
Under a spreading elm or oak, hard by  
A cool clear fountain, could I sleeping lie  
Safe from the heat! but now no shady tree  
Nor purling brook can my refreshing be."

Yet Dryden could assert that the last pieces of Jonson were "among his dotages!" The truth of his assertion would have been still better appreciated, if this delightful fragment had come down to us entire. Ben Jonson died like the fabled swan; and his breath uttered, while expiring, its sweetest music.

It is not to be expected that the same genius should, with equal facility, "hew a colossus from the rock, and carve a head upon a cherry-stone." We cannot follow the editor to the extent of his career of admiration respecting the minor poems of Ben Jonson. The two short pieces from Catullus; the lyric version of the pretty amatory conceit of Philostratus, beginning "Drink to me only with thine eyes;" and the epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke; as they are the oftenest quoted of Jonson's smaller pieces, so perhaps they are the best. Of the love-song, Mr. Gifford observes that, "pleasing as it is, it is not superior to many others scattered through his works." We have looked again

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\* Mischievous. REV.



through his "Forest," and his "Underwoods," and have not been so fortunate as to meet with even a few that can be pronounced their equals. There is, however, one song of exquisite prettiness and softness, beginning

" See the chariot at hand here of Love,  
Wherein my Lady rideth :"

And ending with a stanza which deserves quotation.:

" Have you seen but a bright lilly grow  
Before rude hands have touch'd it ?  
Have you mark'd but the fall o' the snow  
Before the soil hath smutch'd it ?  
Have you felt the wool of the beaver,  
Or swan's down ever ?  
Or have smelt o' the bud of the briar,  
Or the nard in the fire ?  
Or have tasted the bag of the bee ?  
O so white ! O so soft ! O so sweet is she !"

But in love-odes he is generally inferior to Carew ; and what we have of his in devotional poetry is technical and cold, and is far exceeded by Habington, in those noble paraphrases of texts from the psalmist of Israel, which have not yet obtained their due regard and praise from the critics on English literature. Of the higher style of lyric poetry, Jonson has left us a specimen in his "Ode on the Death of Sir H. Morison."

"Nothing," observes Mr. Gifford, "but ignorance of this noble ode can excuse the critics from Dryden downwards, for attributing the introduction of the Pindaric Ode in our language to Cowley. Cowley mistook the very nature of Pindar's poetry, at least of such as has come down to us ; and, while he professed to imitate the style and manner of his odes, was led away by the ancient allusions to those wild and wonderful strains, of which not a line has reached us."

This is perfectly just ; but they who hear from Mr. Gifford, that Jonson "has caught the very soul of Pindar," will naturally expect, amidst the tracts of ethical instruction and philosophic reflexion, some of those spots of greenness, which, as in the instance of the state of the Blessed in the happy isles, smile suddenly upon us, fresh and vivid, and sprinkled with ethereal dew. This elegiac ode resembles those of Pindar in the regular, yet digressive, plan of disposition ; the grave harmony of the metre ; and the interspersions of illustrative imagery ; but the resemblance is to those odes, in which the Theban poet has more of his moralizing tone, and less of that "air and fire, which make his verses clear :—" one stanza is, indeed, conceived in the best manner of Pindar :

" It is not growing, like a tree  
 In bulk, doth make men better be;  
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,  
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear:  
     A lilly of a day  
     Is fairer far in May,  
 Although it fall and die that night,  
*It was the plant and flower of light:*  
 In small proportions we just beauties see,  
 And in short measures life may perfect be."

It has been long considered as an infallible mark of good taste to carp at Ben Jonson's translations. We shall, therefore, say a few words on them. Denham's metaphysical antithesis of poesy and language led the way in precept, and Pope's Homer in practice, to the mode of florid paraphrase and feeble licentiousness of imitation. Lord Woodhouselee has commended Pope for *improving* Homer, and has instanced the moonlight scene, which Pope did not understand, and of which he has marred the distinctness, violated the silence, and disturbed the solitary interest. The secret is not to refine upon the original, but to copy him with strength and exactness; exactness, however, in the modern canons, is thought to be incompatible with strength. Mr. Gifford himself, in the strong conciseness of his Juvenal, has practically refuted this dogma among the modern translators; among the old, Ben Jonson.

They who trouble themselves to form any idea of the art of poetry of Horace, as Englished by Ben Jonson, conceive of it as tame, quaint, forced, and pedantic; whereas it is nothing of all this. Roscommon's remark, that "the constraint of rhyme and a literal translation (to which Horace in his book declares himself an enemy) has made him want a comment in many places," is every way unfounded. Horace, so far from forbidding literal translation, takes it for granted as proper; but he is not giving rules for translation at all. He tells us merely, that we are not to treat of subjects, in which other poets have preceded us, with that fidelity which would be proper in a translator. The sense of Horace is perfectly clear in Jonson; the rhyme is so far from shackling him, that his expressions are remarkably easy and unlaboured: his verses run into each other, according to the manner of the mixed couplets of his age; but with a harmony and freedom, exceeding that of his contemporaries; and are more rhythmical, more varied in their pauses, than the blank numbers of his rival, Roscommon, who was *not* constrained by rhyme. We take a passage at random:

" Cato's and Ennius' tongues have lent much worth  
 And wealth unto our language, and brought forth

New names of things. It hath been ever free,  
 And ever will, to utter things that be  
 Stamp't to the time. As woods, whose change appears  
 Still in their leaves, throughout the sliding years,  
 The first-born dying; so the aged state  
 Of words decays, and phrases, born but late,  
 Like tender buds shoot up, and freshly grow."

We may also select a sample from the Dialogue of Horace and Lydia:

"Though he be fairer than a star,  
 Thou lighter than the bark of any tree,  
 And than rough Adria angrier far,  
 Yet would I wish to love, live, die with thee."

Is this the cramped and crabbed fidelity of Jonson?

Such is the poet; and they who have had their memory refreshed, or their information enlarged, by the extracts which we have occasionally given, will probably feel a movement of astonishment and indignation at the treatment which Jonson has received from those literary censors, whom the public have trusted as their guides: they will scarcely believe that any man, with the shadow of a pretension to literature and taste, could, with deliberate insolence, apply the terms of "cold and disgusting" to the comic or pastoral scenes of Jonson, or could venture to assert of this scholar, this genius, this observer of mankind, that he had "stalked, for two centuries, on the stilts of an artificial reputation!"

The same imbecile hostility has been aimed at the man. The famous sneers at Shakspeare were unluckily meant for others. It is remarked by Mr. Gifford, that "squibs," "battles," "flights over sea and land," "in chorusses, drums, trumpets," "targets, creaking thrones," and all the woeful machinery of a poor stage, had been the merry burden of many a prologue and epilogue, from the first dawning of good taste under Shakspeare;" yet, in the prologue of Jonson, to "Every Man in his Humour," the line,

"Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,"

which would have hit many "a rude dramatizer of the old chronicles," is supposed to be levelled at Shakspeare. They who read Ben Jonson's "Discoveries," will see there his opinion of Shakspeare, whom he is said to have hated and envied; and they will compare it with his elegy on that poet, which Dryden calls "sparing and invidious."—"He redeemed his vices with his virtues," says Jonson; "there was ever more in him to be praised than pardoned."

Mr. Gifford has given an amusing instance of the manner in which *Old Ben's malignity* has been propped by proofs:

"Hales of Eaton was reported to have said (though the matter was not much in Hales of Eton's way) that 'there was no subject of which any person ever writ but he would produce it much better done by Shakspeare.' This is told by Dryden, 1667. The next version is by Tate, 1680. 'Our learned Hales was wont to assert that since the time of Orpheus no common-place has been touched upon where Shakspeare has not performed as well.' Next comes the illustrious Gildon (of *Dumciad* memory) and he models the story thus, from Dryden, as he says, with a salvo for the accuracy of his recollection. 'Mr. Hales of Eaton affirmed, that he would show all the poets of antiquity outdone by Shakspeare: the *enemies* of Shakspeare would by no means yield to this, so that it came to trial of skill. The place agreed on for the dispute was Mr. Hales's chamber at Eton. A great many books were sent down by the enemies of this poet: and on the appointed day, my Lord Falkland, Sir John Suckling, and all the persons of quality that had wit and learning met there; and, upon a thorough disquisition of the point, the judges out of this assembly unanimously gave the preference to Shakspeare, and the Greek and Roman poets were adjudged to wait at least their glory in that of the English poet.'

"This stuff, which is merely worthy of Gildon, this flocking of persons of quality to Eton with satchels of school books doubled down, it may be presumed, at the proper places, as if they could read in no books but their own, or as if Hales could not supply them—is too despicable for farther notice. But what, the reader will say, has all this to do with Jonson? We find no mention of him whatever. A moment's patience and he will make his appearance; for Mr. Malone has him full in view. The story now reached Rowe; and as it was discovered about this time that the praise of Shakspeare was worth nothing unless coupled with the abuse of Jonson, it puts on this form: 'Mr. Hales, who had sate still some time, hearing Ben reproach Shakspeare with the want of learning and ignorance of the ancients, told him at last, &c.'

"Thus we have the fable of the *three black crows*! and thus a simple observation of Mr. Hales, (which in all probability he never made) is dramatised at length into a scene of obloquy against our author! A tissue of mere dotage scarcely deserves unravelling: but it may be just observed, that when Jonson was seized with his last illness, (after which he certainly never went to Mr. Hales's chamber at Eton or elsewhere) the two grave judges, Suckling and Falkland, who sate on the merits of all the Greek and Roman poets, and decided with such convincing effect, were the first in the 12th, and the second in the 15th year of their ages! But the chief mistake is with Dryden; whose memory was always subservient to the passion of the day: the words, which he has put into the mouth of Mr. Hales, being in fact the property of Jonson. Long before Suckling and Falkland were out of leading-strings, he had told the world that Shakspeare surpassed not only all his contemporary poets, but even those of Greece and Rome; and if Mr. Hales used these words, without giving the credit of them to Jonson, he was, to say the least of it, a bold plagiarist.\*

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\* Surely the thought was not so deep but that Hales might have hit upon

"This stupid anecdote is thus concluded by Mr. Malone: 'Let ever-memorable Hales, if all his other merit be forgotten, be ever mentioned with honour for his taste and admiration of Shakspeare;' and let Jonson, who taught him both, and who went farther in both than himself, be for ever held up to the world as the reviler, hater, and persecutor of Shakspeare, alive or dead.—These last words seem to have been dropt at the press; at least I do not find them in Mr. Malone's edition, though he every where acted upon them." *Proofs of Jonson's Malignity*, p. 259.

Mr. Gifford has, we think, made out a very probable case; that Jonson, contrary to the popular story, "never received either patronage, favour, or assistance of any kind, from Shakspeare: that they were, however, friends and associates, till the latter finally retired; that no feud, no jealousy, ever disturbed their connexion; that Shakspeare was pleased with Jonson, and that Jonson loved and admired Shakspeare."—"I loved the man," says Ben himself, "and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any."

A more specious ground for imputing malignity to Jonson is discovered in the "Heads of Conversations," noted down by Drummond of Hawthornden, whom Jonson visited. He is there spoken of as "a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; given rather to lose a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action about him, especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he lived; interprets best sayings and deeds often to the worst: he was for any religion, as being versed in both."

The latter sentence is interpreted by Mr. Gifford, as if it implied that he was of *no* religion. "He was well versed in theology, therefore he was without religion: the logic is only to be equalled by the candour:" but it seems to mean that Jonson was indifferent as to the forms of the two religions, popish or protestant. This is making him no very zealous protestant, but why "an atheist?"

This does not seem a very candid statement of Jonson's characteristics, from a man who could, in writing to him, declare that "there was nothing he wished more than to be in the catalogue of them that loved him." Perhaps Drummond was exercising a fancied talent at analysis of character, with less feeling of malice than pleasure in his own discernment. That Ben Jonson might have been blunt, sarcastic, and vain, and too fond of his glass, is not improbable; but that Jonson was altogether so unamiable as Drummond represents him, is discredited,

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out any obligation to Jonson. But there could be no plagiarism in the case; for the eulogiums are not similar. Jonson placed Shakspeare above Æschylus, Euripides, &c. in his general character as a poet: Hales spoke of the manner of his treating particular subjects or common places. Rev.

not by the circumstance of his being a great poet, but by the friendships which he enjoyed with distinguished men.

It cannot be necessary, after the edition of Massinger, to enter into a very detailed account of the manner in which Mr. Gifford has discharged his editorial duties. The plays of Jonson are accompanied, on the same plan, with notes, and reflections on the conduct and character of the dramas. These display, as might have been anticipated, an exercised critical sagacity; a knowledge of manners and of books; a characteristic and somewhat caustic pleasantry, and under a surface of occasional asperity, a sterling rightness of principle. The text has been looked through with much care; and in some instances brought, as near as happy conjecture can effect it, to its original purity. The scenes also are better digested than in Whalley's edition; where the exits and entrances are often so inaccurately or ambiguously marked as to perplex the reader.

But we have a word or two to say to Mr. Gifford on the asperity at which we have just hinted: and we wish to ask him whether he really sees an over-ruling necessity for such extremely outrageous dealings?

That Jonson should be rescued from the very undue obloquy under which he has lain, was a point of honour in an editor of his works: and a little sarcasm would not have been out of place. From the line which we have taken in our review of the publication, it will have been seen that we have chiefly directed our attention to the removal of gross prejudices, both popular and critical: and to bringing general readers into a better acquaintance with this neglected worthy of "England's Helicon." But we cannot look upon bad taste or bad criticism in the light of moral delinquency: nor are we disposed to include a violent breach of honesty and principle in questions of poetic preference. We would not have had Mr. Perrault sent to the galleys because he thought the French Fairy Tales superior to Homer: and the religious horror of Boileau, in his defence of the ancients, has always excited in us an irreverent disposition to laughter. It may be said that Shakspeare's idolaters have touched Jonson's qualities in private life; but they would not have cared a jot about Jonson's private life had not Jonson, like Shakspeare, been a dramatic poet; and the motive for this malignity is nothing more or less than that sort of party zeal which obtains in poetry as in politics.

We really think, therefore, that Mr. Gifford, in heaping such moral odium on the purblind and blundering depreciators of Jonson, rather overshoots his mark: his readers absolutely feel some compassion for the poor culprits who are writhing and twisting under his flaying-knife; and this feeling is nearly akin

to taking their part, and siding against so rigid and inexorable an inflicter of justice. Mr. Malone is "the bolsterer up of a recorded lie:" the editor of the *Biographia Dramatica*, "a wholesale dealer in absurdity:" and we have "the stupid hostility of Mr. Jones," and the "wanton malevolence of Steevens, and others: who must have known the falsehood of the slander which they encouraged their *xamies* to propagate."

One charge against Mr. Malone will afford a specimen of what we are animadverting upon.

"Malone affirms that 'Jonson endeavours to depreciate this beautiful Comedy (the *Tempest*) by calling it a *foolery*.' The depreciation remains to be proved: but (I regret to say it)—indeed!—I have a heavier charge against Mr. Malone than a too precipitate conclusion: a charge of misrepresentation. *Foolery* cannot indeed be applied to any work without an intent to depreciate it: but this was not Jonson's word. The term used by him is *drollery*: a *droll* or drollery is an appropriate term for a puppet-show. The term continued in use down to the last century: for Dennis says that he went to see the siege of Namur, a *droll* at Bartholomew Fair.—The reader now sees all the advantage derived to Mr. Malone from his *sophistication*."

*Note on the Introduction to Bartholomew Fair.*

Now it might charitably be supposed that Mr. Malone *mistook* the word used by Jonson, or that he did not understand it. This impeaches either his carefulness or his scholarship; but this does not satisfy Mr. Gifford: it must be a sophistication from malice prepense. Yet, for the possible carelessness of Mr. Malone, Mr. Gifford himself has supplied us with a plausible plea; when he says, that "Mr. Malone probably never opened Jonson in his life, except to run his finger rapidly down a particular page."—He might then easily have mistaken *drollery* for *foolery*.

We have to complain also that Mr. Gifford does not, by any means, "let the great axe fall" on great delinquents; but that towards humble and often harmless offenders he is often fiercer than the occasion warrants. To Mr. Gifford's research; to his green and vigorous powers, and valuable attainments, we should be the first to render justice; but is he himself never caught tripping? and might he not learn, from occasional failures of his own, that every poor commentator, who makes an unlucky conjecture, is not therefore to be sneered out of countenance, as a dolt and an idiot? We shall take the liberty to illustrate our meaning by one or two instances.

Catiline, Act iv. Sc. 2.

"Thyself closed in  
Within my strengths, so that thou couldst not move  
Against a public reed.

"The ingenious Mr. Sympson (Mr. Sympaon again!) observes that we should read 'against the public *weal*:' and so it actually stands in Whalley's edition, together with a grave comment on the errors of printers and transcribers: Catiline was so closely hemmed in by Cicero's precautions that he had not power to *shake even a reed belonging to the republic*: this is the OBVIOUS sense of the passage which runs THUS in the original: 'commovere te contra REMPUBLICAM non potuisse.'"

Mr. Gifford, on another occasion, observing, on a trip of "Poor Sympson," as he somewhere calls him, says, "I have silently thrown out much of their lumber of course, though it has cost me some pains to abstain from exposing their absurd temerity." Now really we think that poor Sympson, in the present instance at least, though wrong in the particular misreading, which he imagines that he has detected, was stumbling on the verge of truth; and that Mr. Gifford might, like Falstaff, have "babbled of green fields" to as much purpose as of *reeds*.

Speaking of some other unhappy commentators, Mr. Gifford somewhere remarks on the epithet, "inhabitable," for "un-inhabitable."—"This trite word is sure to draw forth a note on its *singular* import, as often as it occurs. The commentators seem to forget (*if they ever knew*), that much of our language is Norman." Might it not be retorted, that "Mr. Gifford seems to forget (*if he ever knew*), that much of our language is Saxon?" *Rad* in Anglo-Saxon is COUNSEL. *Burh-rad* is *state-counsel*: the very version of the very word of Cicero, which Mr. Gifford insists that Jonson translated, by this pastoral periphrasis! Jonson unquestionably wrote:

"So that thou could'st not move  
Against THE public REDE."

The use of read for counsel in general is common enough: Spenser in his "Hymne on Heavenly Love," says:

"Such mercy he, by his most holy reede,  
Unto us taught:"

And Ophelia in Hamlet talks of the officious counsellor, who  
"Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,  
And recks not his own read."

In the Fox, Act i. we have the following passage with the following comment from Mr. Gifford:

"Is your pearl ORIENT, Sir?"

i. e. bright; *sparkling*, *pellucid*. Thus Shakspeare:

"Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded!"

And Milton:

"His orient liquor in a crystal glass." *Comus*.

As Shakspeare had called his pearl *bright*, he would not want



to call it also *sparkling*: Milton's *orient liquor* was *rosy liquor*: allusive to the blush of the dawn. But what sort of a question is that of "is your pearl *sparkling*?" or has Mr. Gifford EVER SEEN a *sparkling* and *pellucid* PEARL?—Mosca inquires naturally "Is your pearl *Indian*?"—(oriental) Is it the finest sort of pearl?

Alchemist, Act iv. Scene 2.

"Your Spanish stoup  
Is the best garb.

"I am unable to explain this. *It may mean that the Spanish fashion of evincing politeness is the most respectful*: (for garb is sometimes used for a mode of behaviour) or stoup may signify some article of dress.—But this is all at random."

We think so too. Does Mr. Gifford really wish us to understand that *stoup* is literally *stooping*; a bend of the body, or Gil Blas salutation, as we see it in the print? He might as well have said that *stoup* was a cup of liquor, and that this was an allusion to the respectful mode of drinking healths among the Spaniards; or have said—"any thing—but to the purpose." That it is an article of dress seems sufficiently plain, from its connection with the "Spanish ruffs," and Spanish perfumed gloves. As to the meaning of the term, *we* also confess our inability to explain it. There is no word in Spanish that gives us any help. *Estopa* is *hemp*; and it is curious enough that *stoup* in Armoric is *tow*. We suspect it to be a false reading. That the term should not be found in any of the contemporary dramaticks, nor in any of the antiquarian writers on old English dress is quite unaccountable. Chaucer, in his Parson's prose Tale, speaks of the "horrible disordinate scantnesse of clothing as ban those cutted *stoppes* or *hanselties*." The annotators of Chaucer explain this *breeches*; but the garment is censured as not covering that part of the person which breeches were contrived to cover. The word occurs later in our history, as a jacket with short skirts; and to this the hose, or breeches and stockings in one piece, were fastened with tags or points. Stubbs, in his "Anatomy of Abuses," speaks of the English as wearing cloaks of "white, red, tawny," &c. cloth, silk, velvet, &c. whereof some be of the *Spanish*, French, and Dutch fashions: some short, scarcely reaching to the girdle-stead, or knee." This is the same stoppe—called also the *pattock*, of which John Rows of Warwick complains; and against which, on account of its supposed unseemliness, a sumptuary law was enacted by parliament in 1463. Hall, in his account of a pageant of Henry VIII. speaks of *Portugal stoppes*. We venture to recommend to Mr. Gifford,

Your Spanish stopp  
Is the best garb—

and he may put us, if he pleases, with the other unlucky wights, who, for having guessed differently from him are committed to "peine forte et dure" in sundry holes and corners of the notes to Jonson re-edited, like the captives of the giant Barbarico in the Fairy Tale.

These parting hints at the trenchant fury of Mr. Gifford's hostility, and the biting edge and undistinguishing sweep of his ridicule, are intended rather for the consideration of future critics, than of himself. He is past the time when remonstrance is either useful, or apt to be much heeded; and it is somewhat too late to expect that the author of the *Baviad* should "roar you as gently as any sucking dove." We desire also not to be reckoned among those who make no exceptions in favour of a man, whose life commenced in struggles against oppression; whose powers were first called into action by folly, which he chastised and reformed; whose genius cradled in adversity, was nursed on the lap of satire. They who respect honesty of purpose will find something to pardon in the aberrations of indignant spleen.

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#### ART. X.—GLEIG'S EDITION OF STACKHOUSE.

1. *The History of the Holy Bible, from the Beginning of the World to the Establishment of Christianity; with Answers to Infidel Objections, Dissertations on the most Remarkable Passages, and most Important Doctrines, and a Connexion of the Profane, with the Sacred Writings.* By the Rev. Thomas Stackhouse, A. M. &c. *The whole corrected and improved, and dedicated by Permission to His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.* By the Right Reverend George Gleig, LL. D., &c. 3 vols. 4to. Longman and Co. London, 1817.
2. *A Discourse on the Doctrine of Original Sin (occasioned by an Appendix to Stackhouse's Dissertation on that Subject, dedicated with Permission to His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, by the Rev. Dr. Gleig, a Bishop of the Scotch Episcopal Church) preached in St. Paul's Cathedral, on Sunday, the 9th of March.* By the Rev. Thomas Wilkinson, M. A., &c. Rivingtons. London, 1817.

THIS great work of Stackhouse has been so long in the hands of the public, and so fully appreciated by readers of the most differ-

ent principles, both in theology and natural science, that it would be superfluous in the extreme to subject the multifarious matter which it contains to a regular and formal review. We may be allowed however to express a wish that the learned editor, whose labours now demand our attention, had comprehended in his plan a system of retrenchment as well as of augmentation; that as he has furnished several most valuable dissertations of his own, he had thrown out some of the less judicious of those which he found in his author; and that, in particular, as he has given strength to certain of the answers which the latter chose to make to the numerous sceptical objections brought forward by himself in almost every part of his book, he had likewise used some discretion in omitting a number of these objections altogether. It is not hereby insinuated either that his objections are unanswerable, or even that they carry with them such a show of reason as to shake the belief of any man moderately acquainted with Christian Evidences, and with the writings of our most approved divines; but we feel assured of the concurrence of all who have read Stackhouse with attention, when we maintain that he exhibits comparatively little ingenuity or power of writing except when invested with the character of an infidel objector, and also that what he urges in the latter capacity is very feebly opposed by him in his natural and orthodox designation. We have, besides, great fault to find with the style and the manner of adducing his sceptical arguments; for, strange as it may appear, considering the real character of Stackhouse, it is a fact that he brings them forward associated with all the levity and even the buffoonery which Voltaire and other enemies of our holy religion made use of in their attacks upon the sacred writings. In perusing, at the end of his chapters, what he technically denominates "the objection," we meet with a train of remark, witty, sarcastic, and shrewd; we perceive all the fire, the rapidity, and humour, all the antithesis and sly allusion which characterized the infidels of the French school; but as soon as he betakes himself to his "answer," and girds on his arms to combat the foes whom he has conjured up, we instantly recognize the heavy plodding compiler mustering all his common-places, summoning together all his authorities ancient and modern, and in many instances drawing but very lame conclusions from the facts and reasonings with which he is thus supplied. The consequence of this injudicious warfare is exactly what might be expected—the objection is remembered, and the answer is forgotten—the pointed, witty, and ludicrous scepticism is perpetuated in the mind by the very associations which are created by the author's language, whilst his tedious and unconnected array of arguments and opinions, ill expressed and worse applied, are seldom found to pro-

duce any effect that will last beyond the moment in which they are perused.

In reference to the plan adopted by Stackhouse of laying before his readers the principal objections of sceptical writers, we are disposed to condemn him not so much for the actual statements or reasonings which he has adduced, as for the full accompaniment of ironical seriousness and sarcastic jeering with which he uniformly brings them forward. A person, it is very obvious, might disseminate treason, and employ the whole vocabulary of sedition, much more effectually by following the plan of this author, than by writing directly and avowedly against the government. We are, besides, the more inclined to remonstrate against the practice under consideration, because in matters of religious belief, the mischief done by infidel writers arises not from the things they say, but from the manner in which they say them; the former, in general, being easily answered or explained, whilst the latter, resting upon mere artifice of style, or a humorous association of ideas, cannot be replied to by the most acute and accomplished logician. So much, indeed, do these considerations weigh with us, that we even venture to recommend, in every subsequent edition of this valuable book, a thorough revision of "the objections," and a modification, at least, of the language in which they are expressed.

After a very judicious introduction, in which he gives a rapid view of the leading arguments for the authenticity and authority of the Old Testament Scriptures, the right Reverend Editor proceeds to correct the notions contained in the original work on the subject of the Mosaical cosmogony. In relation to this inquiry, modern authors seem to have erred egregiously in the several views which they have entertained of the general learning, the physical science, and the particular theories, astronomical and geological, which Moses carried to the important task of writing the first history of the human race. Some imagine that as a philosopher he knew nothing; and that his brief details of the origin of our globe had no better foundation than the imperfect traditions handed down among shepherd nations, ever ready to trace back their customs and institutions to a remote antiquity, and to a supernatural commencement; whilst others perceive in the writings of that divine lawgiver, not only all the learning of the Egyptians and of the Chaldeans, but a complete knowledge of all the facts which the industry of philosophers has brought to light since the days of Bacon, in the various departments of astronomy, chemistry, and mineralogy. Stackhouse, adopting the latter view, and taking it for granted that the astronomical system of Ptolemy was known in Egypt in the time of Moses, gives the sacred historian some credit for not speaking a great deal, "of

globular and angular particles, of centrical motion, planetary vortices, atmospheres of comets, the earth's rotation, and the sun's rest," justly observing that theories are things of uncertain mode, depending in a great measure upon the humour and caprice of an age, which is sometimes in love with one, and sometimes with another. Bishop Gleig, too, although unwilling to admit Moses to a place among the supporters of the Ptolemaic hypothesis, claims for that ancient an intimate knowledge of the true theory of the heavens, since discovered by Copernicus, and confirmed by Newton. Referring to the deistical objection already stated, namely that the inspired penman talks of light before there was any such thing as the sun, and calls the moon a *great light* when every body knows it to be an opaque body, he observes that

"Moses seems to have known what philosophy did not, till very lately, discover, that the sun is not the original source of light; and therefore he calls neither the sun nor the moon a *great light*, though he represents them both as great *luminaries* or light-bearers. Had this objector," he continues, "looked into his Hebrew, Greek, or Latin Bible, he would have found that the word which, in the third verse, our translators have properly rendered *light*, is different from that which, in the fourteenth verse, they have improperly rendered *light* also. In the third verse, the original word is אור, the Greek φῶς, and the Vulgate *lux*; in the fourteenth verse, the corresponding words are מִנְרָתָא, φωστρυς, and *luminaria*. Each of the former set of words means that matter to which in English we give the name of *light*; each of the latter, the *instruments* or *means* by which light is transmitted to men. But surely the moon is as much an instrument of this kind as the reflector placed behind the lamp of a lighthouse, for the purpose of transmitting to the mariner at sea the light of that lamp, which would otherwise have passed in an opposite direction to the land."

This argument is, without all doubt, extremely ingenious, whilst it will be admitted by every competent judge that it turns on a distinction in the use of language which could not be entirely accidental; but there is a very obvious objection to the opinion that Moses possessed the knowledge, chemical and astronomical, which is here ascribed to him, arising from the single consideration that, as he was not permitted by the Spirit of God to convey any of that knowledge to his readers, nor to enter at all into theoretical views different from the ordinary conceptions of the vulgar, it would be quite superfluous to communicate to him such scientific doctrines by Divine Inspiration. As it must be admitted that the language and representations of Moses, in various parts of the Pentateuch, cannot be reconciled either with the Copernican or with the Ptolemaic hypothesis, it seems unnecessary to contend for a matter so completely immaterial as whether he knew the principles either of the one or of the other. Again with regard to *light*, its nature and substance, nothing in the whole range of

philosophical investigation is less known or understood. That it enters into all bodies, and combines with most of them, we readily admit on the authority of very numerous and well-ascertained facts, established too by the experiments of the most eminent among modern chemists; and consequently, that it composed part of the chaotic mass of the solar system even when that mass was without form and void, we see no reason whatever to call in question. We must add, however, that we do not so well comprehend the reasoning of the learned Bishop, when he endeavours to identify the extracting or rather extrication of this light from the chaotic mass, with the art of "separating the light from the darkness," which separation is distinctly stated by Moses as a part of that wonderful process by which this globe was prepared for the habitation of man. Such an interpretation of the scriptural expression just quoted, proceeds upon the assumption that the author of the book of Genesis was profoundly learned in the most abstruse and subtle doctrines of natural philosophy; or it reduces us to the alternative of supposing that he was guided by the Divine Spirit to employ a mode of speech of which he did not understand the full import. But yielding this point, which, indeed, we should be at a loss for arguments to contest, we readily agree with Dr. Gleig that "there is no room for the objection usually urged against the narrative, which represents the light of our system as having been divided from the darkness before the matter of the sun was reduced to its present form." On the contrary, this separation appears to have taken place in its natural order, if the word *natural* can be applied with propriety to such miracles as the formation of worlds. The question, too, which has sometimes been asked, how this light was disposed of before the sun was ready to receive it, is easily answered. The quantity of light separated from the chaotic mass of each planet *may* have been condensed into an *aurora*-like meteor, and made at first to revolve round its own planet so as to constitute day and night; and, afterwards, these different luminous meteors may have all been collected and rolled round the sun when he was completely formed, in the same manner that, according to the observations of Dr. Herschel, we find the matter of light wrapt round him at present; and be it remembered that this is no novel hypothesis of ours. It was the opinion of many critics, both Jewish and Christian, who, without the guide to direct them which the improved optics of modern times afford us, have said of the light which was divided from the darkness and constituted the first day, "*Fortasse nubes lucida (ut Exod. xiv. 19, 20. Deut. i. 33.) quæ motu circulari diem noctemque conficit, ex qua condensatâ sol formatus est.*" (Poli Synops. Criticorum.)

This reasoning, we are aware, will be received by different

readers in different points of view, and to the majority perhaps it will appear more ingenious than satisfactory; still, it will not fail to excite the more attentive student; as a surprising coincidence, that the brief details presented in the first chapter of *Genesis* are so far from being repugnant to the conclusions of philosophy, in a very enlightened era, too, of physical science, that they mutually give and receive the strongest indirect confirmation. Most people, however, feel inclined to dispense with philosophical discussion altogether, in reference as well to the *Mosaic* cosmogony as to the other miraculous dispensations of the Divine Providence recorded in the writings of the Old Testament poet; generally speaking, we ourselves agree in opinion with those who maintain that the reputation of Moses, as a man of science, and the authority of his works, as a literal and faithful record of natural phenomena, have not been greatly extended by the labours of those geologists and antiquaries who, in the present day, have so strenuously exerted themselves to identify his statements with their own notions or discoveries, in matters strictly philosophical. We pass on, however, from the creation and large portions of material substances to the melancholy topics of temptation, fall, and death; for hardly were the heavens and the earth finished, and all the host of them, when man violated the commandment of his Maker, and subjected himself to mortality and sorrow. The principal question connected with this mournful catastrophe, what did we, the descendants of Adam, lose by the second, which is hardly less important, is, in what condition are we now placed, and what are the hopes and prospects which we are permitted to entertain of ultimate recovery? As the great and revered editor is suspected of being a little deficient in scholarship on this head, which involves, of course, the doctrine of innate depravity and original sin, and, moreover, as Mr. Wills has sounded an alarm, pointed out the danger, and furnished an antidote in the shape of a learned sermon with copious notes, we intend to enter into the consideration of the subject at some length, setting forth the actual tenets of the Church of England, as well as the leading views of those who hold a different standard, relative to this most obscure and intricate point of faith. To know precisely the extent of the loss which we sustained in the fall of Adam, it would be first necessary to ascertain the condition of our first parents in paradise, the advantages which they enjoyed in respect of knowledge and supernatural direction, and more particularly the reward which, after a limited time of trial, would have followed their obedience. It is very obvious, however, that we have not the means of arriving at any precise information on these preliminary points: Holy Scripture is either entirely silent, or makes use of very general terms in explaining

the state and prospects of our first progenitor whilst yet in paradise; and except in regard to innocence, to the happiness which always accompanies innocence, and the blessing of a frequent communion with God, we know not in what the felicities or advantages of the paradisiacal state consisted. In this uncertainty, the only measure we can apply in order to ascertain the extent of the privations or positive calamity which have been entailed upon us by the fall, must be taken from the actual condition in which we now find ourselves placed; proceeding on the principle that every thing bad, whether in respect of sin or pain, our disposition or our sufferings, ought to be attributed to that mournful event. The terms *original sin*, indeed, are no where to be found in Scripture, and the ideas connected with them are no where well defined by systematical theologians; on which account it is extremely difficult to discover, even in the articles and confessions of the principal reformed churches, the real standard of orthodoxy, and consequently the particular point at which, on this particular subject, heresy commences. The Church of England seems to regard the effects of the first transgression more in the light of deprivation, imperfection, or at most of a taint and bias to evil, than as consisting in a state of positive condemnation to eternal punishment, considered apart from actual transgression. Original sin is described in the ninth article as "the fault or corruption of the nature of every man that naturally is engendered of the offspring of Adam, whereby man is very far gone from original righteousness, and is of his own nature inclined to evil, so that the flesh lusteth always contrary to the spirit, and therefore in every person born into the world it *deserveth* God's wrath and damnation: and this infection of nature doth remain, yea, in them that are regenerated, whereby the lust of the flesh, called in Greek *φρονημα σαρκος*, which some do expound the wisdom, some sensuality, some the affection, some the desire, of the flesh, is not subject to the law of God."

The Church of Scotland, adopting a higher view of the doctrine, and yielding more implicitly to the guidance of Calvin, connect it with the present condition of human nature more as a *sin* than as a misfortune. In the sixth chapter of their Confession of Faith, it is said that "our first parents, being seduced by the subtilty and temptation of Satan, sinned in eating the forbidden fruit. This their sin God was pleased, according to his wise and holy counsel, to permit, having purposed to order it to his own glory. By this sin they fell from their original righteousness and communion with God, and so became dead in sin, and wholly defiled in all the faculties and parts of soul and body. They being the root of all mankind, the guilt of sin was imputed, and the same death in sin and corrupted nature conveyed, to all their



posterity, descending from them by ordinary generation. From this original corruption, whereby we are utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil, do proceed all actual transgression. This corruption of nature during this life doth remain in those that are regenerated; and although it be, through Christ, pardoned and mortified, yet both itself and all the motions thereof are truly and properly sin. Every sin, both original and actual, being a transgression of the righteous law of God, and contrary thereunto, doth in its own nature bring guilt upon the sinner, whereby he is bound over to the wrath of God, and curse of the law, and so made subject to death, with all miseries, spiritual, temporal, and eternal.

The proper meaning, however, of all authoritative expositions of doctrinal points is to be gathered rather from the errors against which they were directed, than from the words in which they are expressed. It is well known, accordingly, that the chief object which the learned compilers of our articles had in view, in drawing up the ninth, was to guard against Pelagianism, which the Anabaptists of that day strained every nerve to introduce into the church. Now, it was one of the tenets of Pelagius that the sin of Adam was confined to himself, and that new-born infants are in the same state, as to the favour of God and the means of salvation, in which our first ancestor was before the fall; and to expose these heretical views, and check their progress, in the reigns of Edward and his sister Elizabeth, the framers of the article in question stated, in very strong and decisive language, the doctrine which was most opposed to them. It will be readily admitted, however, by every one who reads the article on Original or Birth Sin, with candour and intelligence, that the Church of England holds as a fundamental doctrine that, in consequence of the sin committed in Paradise, human nature is greatly depraved, inclined to evil, and liable to punishment. It will, however, introduce us with better effect to the question at issue between Bishop Gleig and those who may be inclined to change him with Pelagianism, if we state, beforehand, the opinions of divines as to the source or origin of this depravation, and the channel through which it is communicated to the children of Adam in their respective generations.

Beginning with the doctrine of the high Calvinist, we are taught that God, for the punishment of Adam's transgression, infused into the minds of his descendants a certain degree of positive malignity or taint, which not only disqualified and disabled them for the performance of every good work, but, in the words of the confession of faith, "made them opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil." This opinion, however, at once so unscriptural and incompatible with all our primary notions of the Deity,

is held by very few, even of those who, in these times, are willing to call themselves Calvinists. It is utterly inconsistent both with goodness and justice, to imagine that the great Father of Spirits would punish the offence of one man by making all his posterity prone to evil; because, leaving out of view the absurdity of supposing that the Almighty would punish for one sin, by increasing the inclination to all sins, no just judge, as the Bishop properly observes, ever inflicts on a criminal a heavier punishment than that which the law, which he has transgressed, awards to his crime. Mr. Locke, too, in his Reasonableness of Christianity, remonstrates with much force of argument, against the strained and unnatural interpretation now alluded to of the sentence pronounced upon the first sinner:

"In the day that thou eatest of the forbidden fruit, thou shalt die; i. e. thou and thy posterity shall be ever after incapable of doing any thing but what shall be sinful and provoking to me, and shall deserve my wrath and indignation! Could a worthy man be supposed to put such terms on the obedience of his subjects? much less can the Almighty God be supposed, as a punishment of one sin wherewith he is displeased, to put a man under the necessity of sinning continually, and so supplying the provocation!"

This, however, is not the doctrine of our church, and we heartily concur with Dr. Gleig in disavowing it entirely as an article of belief.

A second opinion on this subject is, that though God did not, by any immediate act or decree, infuse into the souls of Adam's descendants a positive malignity, taint, or invincible bias to evil, yet the souls of these descendants, as well as their bodies, being derived from our first parents by ordinary generation, human nature must be wholly and radically depraved, like a stream flowing from an impure fountain. This notion, we apprehend, is pretty generally entertained by a certain class of divines, who delight to hold their opinions undisturbed by analysis, or the consideration of the most natural inferences. If, however, the soul is generated as well as the body, and derives from one or both parents the talents and dispositions which are afterwards to characterize its moral and intellectual exertions, it follows, from the most obvious physical considerations, that the doctrine of the materialist, in relation to the constitution of man, is the only doctrine that will bear examination. Bishop Burnet, in his Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles, informs us, that some of the followers of Augustine were a good deal puzzled as to this species of propagation. "They wished well," says he, "to the nature of a soul's propagating a soul, but that seemed to come too near creation, so it was not received as certain. It was, therefore, thought that, the body being propagated deduced, the soul was

created and infused at the moment of conception; and that, though God did not create it impure, yet no time was interposed between its creation and infusion; so that it could never be said to have been once pure, and then to have become impure."

Tertullian, however, in ancient times, and Mr. Wilkinson, in our own days, seem not to have encountered the difficulty which the disciples of St. Austin so adroitly parried.

The Rector of Bulvan brings forward a positive and well authenticated case to prove that "the mental powers of the offspring are derived from those of the parents."

"The careful selection made in the breed of horses enables me," says he, "to detail an anecdote *very decisive on this subject*. The race of WORTHY, a horse belonging to the East India Company, are generally vicious. An excellent friend and neighbour of mine, in Essex, some years ago had a filly, of which Worthy was the sire. He was told that she would be too vicious for his use when she gained her strength: she was used with the greatest gentleness, well broken in, and was at first tractable enough. However, he was soon obliged to part with her. Another clergyman bought her, and for a while contrived to manage her: at last she became too much for him, and was sold I do not know to whom. One other of the same breed was in the stud of the late Mr. Russel, of Northokendon, in Essex, and used for a hunter; but was sold off for its bad temper. At length it came into the hands of a farmer at Oreith, who kept her as long as he could, but was finally obliged to sell her to the ostler of the White Hart, Romford. Now if, as all sportsmen agree, temper and disposition are hereditary in the horse and the dog—since they actually cross the breeds for the purpose of adding or diminishing their spirit or other qualities—since, too, there are so many instances of hereditary disposition in the human species, whilst so many of the anomalies may be satisfactorily accounted for, we are surely warranted in concluding that this rule holds universally. If, therefore, Adam received any mental injury by his transgression, there can be little difficulty in granting that injury to have descended to his posterity."

Notwithstanding these instances and arguments, we cannot bring ourselves to hold the opinion, that souls propagate souls. We think there are fewer difficulties connected with the *third* doctrine maintained in relation to this abstruse subject; namely, that the body of every man—of which the rudiments are unquestionably derived from his parents—comes into the world with a hereditary disease, which so affects the moral principles of his nature as to excite a war between the flesh and the spirit, making the former lust contrary to the latter. This disease, or corruption, or fault, is attributed by some divines to a physical property in the forbidden fruit; it appearing to these writers very reasonable to imagine, that, as the tree of life might be a plant which would have furnished man with a universal medicine, so the fruit in

question, might possibly have infused a slow poison into Adam's body, exciting and inflaming his blood, and thereby bringing on a depraved habit in his corporeal frame, and, in the end, a slow but certain mortality. They compare the process and the effect in this case to the operation of diseases, properly so called, which, although strictly seated in the body, extend their influence to the mind; and which, moreover, are frequently found to be conveyed in the blood from generation to generation, descending from father to son, as an inheritance of malediction; perpetuating in the same family infirm constitutions and enfeebled minds. An objection, however, similar to the one mentioned above, very naturally occurs to this view of the subject also. It is expressed in these words by Bishop Burnet, in his work on the Articles. "Adam being thus defiled, all emanating from him must partake of that vitiated state to which he had brought himself; but then the question remains, How came the souls of his posterity to be defiled; for, if they be created pure, it seems to be an unjust cruelty to condemn them to such union with a defiled body as shall certainly corrupt them?" All that can be said in answer to this, he goes on to observe, is, "That God has settled it as a law in the creation, that a soul should inform a body according to the texture of it, and either conquer it, or be mastered by it, as it should be differently made; and that, as such a degree of purity in the texture of it might make it both pure and happy, so a contrary degree of texture might have very contrary effects." Mr. Wilkinson appears to entertain similar notions as to the union between soul and body, and accordingly to admit it as an article of faith, that the depravation we incurred in Adam may have been transmitted, like certain hereditary distempers affecting the mind as well as the bodily frame. "I am persuaded," says he, "that much of the extraordinary conduct we meet with arises from slight affections of insanity; these affections are sometimes called eccentricities." Indeed, we believe we should be justified in stating, that the views now set forth constitute the doctrine of the majority of our church, relative to the nature and the channel of that depravity which manifests itself so strikingly in the intercourse of human life. Whether, indeed, the impurity arose from a poisonous quality in the forbidden fruit, or was in any other way the simple and natural effect of disobedience, it is perhaps utterly impossible to decide; but, as the corruption of our nature is so clearly taught in Scripture, and confirmed by experience, as to be placed beyond all reasonable question, and as few theologians, in these times, will be found to hold the appalling opinion, that the Almighty, by a special act, infused into the souls of men such a positive malignity and desire of evil, as to render practical wickedness a necessary result, or even that other notion which implies the propagation of mind as well as of matter, in the con-

jugal embrace, it must follow, that those who support the doctrine of innate and hereditary depravity must found their arguments for it on the impure state of the body, and on the intimate connexion between the corporeal organs and the volitions of the soul. If this be in reality the doctrine of the Church of England—and the wording of the Ninth Article, the “*φρονημα σαρκος*,”—“the infection of nature,”—“the flesh lusting contrary to the spirit,”—“the fault or corruption of every man, naturally engendered of the offspring of Adam,” tends to confirm us in the opinion—then Bishop Gleig is, without doubt, a little tintured with heresy, inasmuch as he seems not to be entirely convinced of the supposed fact upon which the doctrine rests. On this occasion, however, it is right that he should speak for himself.

“It must be confessed,” says he, “to be *possible* that the fruit of the forbidden tree *may have been* of so noxious a quality as greatly to inflame the sensual appetites of human nature, and weaken its intellectual and moral powers in an equal or greater degree; and if so, God was surely not bound, either by justice or by mercy, to work a miracle to prevent the parents of the human race from reaping the *natural* fruits of their wilful transgression of his law. A strong prejudice, however, certainly arises in the mind against this having been really the consequence of that transgression, from Adam’s having displayed under the temptation to which he was exposed, no powers, either intellectual or moral, superior to those which have been displayed by multitudes of his descendants in every age of the world; and if it were true, as Bishop Warburton supposed, that he had lived long before he was introduced into the garden of Eden, and, as Dr. Hale supposes, a hundred years in that Paradise, we should be led to conclude that the rectitude of his mind, instead of being superior, was in fact not equal to that of many of his descendants. In the garden, it is evident from Scripture that he was under the immediate and constant tuition of God; and under such tuition a man of very ordinary faculties, and with such, at least, he was certainly endowed, would in a much shorter time than a hundred years, have acquired such just notions of the attributes of his Maker, and of his own dependance on him, as must have prevented him from being seduced even by the blandishments of his wife, to incur the certain displeasure of him in whom he lived, and moved, and had his being. But though this is unquestionably a powerful objection to the opinion that the nature of Adam and Eve was depraved by the deleterious qualities of the forbidden fruit, and that we inherit corruption from them, so that human nature is now far removed from its original perfection; yet as all this is possible, and not inconsistent with the moral attributes of God, if it be clearly taught in the Scripture, it ought unquestionably to be received as a doctrine worthy of all acceptance.”

Having examined into the sense of the principal passages of Scripture, upon which the doctrine of human depravation is commonly founded, the Bishop proceeds to observe:

“One thing is evident, that *guilt*, in the proper sense of the word,

cannot be conveyed from one person to another; and it is equally evident that no other tendency to evil can be conveyed from parents to their children than what may spring from a diseased temperment or constitution. If the human soul be immaterial, which it is to be hoped all Christians believe it to be, it is indivisible and unextended, and therefore cannot be derived by children from either of their parents; it cannot be what one of the fathers of the church thought it—*semen animale ex animæ distillatione, sicut et virus illud, corporale semen, ex carnis defecatione*. It is, indeed, very certain that the mind incarnate is affected in the exercise of all its faculties, intellectual and moral, by the soundness or unsoundness of the body; and that many diseases, with some species of madness among them, are hereditary. If, therefore, any man, after the most unbiassed investigation which he can make of the true meaning of the sacred oracles, find, in the books of the Old and New Testament, evidence which satisfies himself that the passions and appetites of our first parents were in absolute subjection to their intellectual and moral powers, (for this is all that is usually meant, or indeed can be meant, by the *original righteousness* of Adam and Eve before they had actually done either good or evil) and if he cannot account for the moral disorder which has prevailed in the world ever since their fall, by the great law of mental association which seems essential to such beings as men, then he *must* believe that by some deleterious quality of the forbidden fruit, human nature has been greatly depraved; for his own consciousness will not permit him to suppose that the faculties of the mind are now thus evenly balanced."

From these extracts, and more particularly from his exposition of certain texts of Scripture, it is very evident that the Bishop is not satisfied with the arguments or authority upon which the doctrine of hereditary depravity is commonly taught and believed; still he states his doubts with so much moderation, and leaves so much room for liberality and candour, that we should be slow to accuse him of downright heresy. In fact, he admits all that is directly stated in the ninth article of our church; namely, that we are far gone from original righteousness—meaning thereby an equal counterpoise of reason and appetite in the soul of men—and that the flesh in every human being lusteth against the spirit; he merely expresses his inability to discover in the Bible any direct or clear evidence for the opinion professed by some divines, that the seeds of this depravity are conveyed in the *blood*, contaminated either physically or judicially at the very fountain head. In entertaining this doubt, however, he does not, it is very obvious, come to issue with the church on any point actually decided by her authority; for the compilers of the Articles are contented themselves with simply stating the fact, that our nature is depraved, without attempting to explain the manner in which that depravity was produced and perpetuated.

The *fourth* theory on the doctrine of original sin is that

brought forward in his Dissertation by Bishop Gleig; according to which he attempts to account for the inclination to evil which manifests itself at so early an age in every human being, as well as for the wickedness with which the world was overspread so soon after the fall, upon the well-known principle of the *association of ideas*, the basis of all our education, and perhaps the most prolific source of all our desires and aversions. If the opening mind of a child were presented by its instructors with the proper and radical distinctions between things good and things evil, and if the epithets which belong to each set of objects were never applied to those of the other, it is imagined that there would be created in the will and affections of that child a decided and lasting preference for every thing denominated *good*, and a strong and durable dislike for every thing denominated *evil*. In the very act of learning to speak, children, it is well known, acquire notions which insensibly determine their preferences; and, as the author justly observes, it is impossible to carry on with a child a conversation for half an hour, without contributing to form in his mind some association which shall affect, in a greater or less degree, his moral principles, by exciting in his mind love or desire of worthy or unworthy objects. Amid so much susceptibility, and so many fallible or vicious guides, it is not surprising that wickedness should have gained ground at a very early period of human society; and the evil principle, thus operating with a power continually increasing, spreading with a rapidity still greater than that which regulates the spring of population, is regarded by the Bishop as fully adequate to the effect produced, without calling in the influence of any moral taint or depravity, derived from our first parents. Original sin, then, agreeably to this hypothesis, resolves itself chiefly into bad example and a bad education, into false estimates of moral good and evil, into hereditary prejudices, which disturb the understanding, and mislead the will; by all which, the writer maintains, it comes to pass that "every man, naturally engendered of the offspring of Adam, is very far gone—even before he arrives at the years of discretion—from original righteousness, whilst, to account for this fact, he continues, there is no necessity for supposing—what the Scriptures do not assert—that any positive malignity was infused into his nature, either by the deleterious qualities of the forbidden fruit, or which, though much the same, sounds much more horribly, by the positive decree of Almighty God." We should not, however, do justice to the very ingenious author of this Dissertation did we not mention that, in addition to the actual and positive causes of deterioration which we have mentioned, as affecting the moral principles of mankind, he lays great weight upon the retraction, of the guiding, and illuminating, and

strengthening influences of the Holy Spirit, which had been vouchsafed to Adam in the paradisaical state.

Our readers will judge for themselves as to the degree of accordance with Scripture, and with the actual condition of the world, which these four views of the source and channel of human depravity respectively exhibit. In reference to the last, we are aware that the difference of opinion among systematic thinkers will be considerable; and Mr. Wilkinson, for one, declares himself altogether dissatisfied with the attempt to account for the early and rapid corruption of manners upon the principle of association, bad example, and mutual countenance in guilt. Cain, he observes, the first man born into the world, without associates, without any external temptation, from sheer malignity of disposition becomes a fratricide; but, perhaps, he will find it as difficult—original depravity being of course out of the question—to account for the sin of Cain's father, who, blessed with the grace of the Divine Spirit, and taught, too, from the mouth of God, violated, upon a very slight temptation, a strict and positive command, pronounced in his ears by his gracious Creator. The mere act, be it remembered, of listening to temptation, of deliberating on guilt, the very susceptibility, in short, of being tempted, implied an imperfection of nature, approaching a good deal to that infirmity, or fault, or infection, or corruption, which has characterized humanity ever since; and we are convinced that, upon cool reflection, the greater enormity of Cain's guilt, compared with that of Adam's, may be ascribed to the less favourable circumstances in which the former was placed, with regard to spiritual aid and direction. If Adam, enjoying communion with his Maker, hearing his voice and receiving his instruction, could, in compliance with the solicitation of his wife, set at nought a solemn injunction delivered by that gracious and Almighty Being, it will not appear wonderful that his son, deprived of these high advantages, should have lifted up his hand to commit murder. The question, it will be granted, is involved in difficulty, view it in what light, and under what hypothesis we may: we leave it, therefore, to enter upon the consideration of another, arising, too, from the history of the first transgression, but still more closely connected with the Christian redemption—the nature and extent of the punishment denounced in the sentence, "*Thou shalt surely die.*" Indeed this inquiry is so intimately connected with the deliverance which was effected by our blessed Saviour, that, without understanding it completely, we shall not be able to form a clear conception either of the state from which we have been redeemed, or of that in which we now stand.

The Calvinistic doctrine, in relation to the punishment denounced against our first parents, is, that it was to consist in



death temporal, spiritual, and eternal; in other words, that the body was in due time to undergo its natural dissolution, and the soul was to suffer the pains of hell to all eternity. When, however, we examine into the meaning of the words in which the sentence is expressed, compared with their import in every other passage in Holy Scripture wherein the same terms are employed, we are at a loss to discover the authority upon which such a conclusion is established. Many divines of eminence in our own church, among whom we may name Bishops Bull and Warburton, have accordingly protested against this unwarrantable freedom of interpretation; maintaining that, in no part of the Old Testament, particularly in the books of Moses, could the words which compose the threatening, "*Thou shalt surely die*," convey any other notice than that of natural death. Bishop Gleig, too, holds the opinion of Bishop Bull; and in arguing the point, which he does with consummate ability and learning, he reminds his readers that, to ascertain the precise meaning of the death with which our first parents were threatened, and which they and their posterity have all incurred, nothing more seems to be necessary than to inquire in what sense the words *מוֹת* *מוֹת* are used elsewhere in the writings of Moses:—

"Now this reduplication of the word," says he, "occurs at least twenty-nine times in the Pentateuch, as the reader may easily satisfy himself by consulting his Hebrew Bible at the verses referred to at the bottom of the page;\* but surely no man—however attached to this or that system—will contend that the words imply any thing more in twenty-seven of these verses, than that death to which men and the inferior animals are equally liable; for they are employed in threatenings of death issued by those who are not able to kill the soul, and are applied to beasts which have no rational souls to be killed. It is, indeed, God that, in the third of the verses referred to, threatens in these strong terms Abimelech and all that was his with death, if he did not restore to Abraham his wife; but we cannot without blasphemy suppose that the equal Lord of all would punish a whole people with what is, in the New Testament, called the *second death*, for the sin of their prince—a sin too, which, as they appear not to have incited him to it, they probably would not have been able to prevent, had he been, what he certainly was not, an obstinate and incorrigible tyrant."

"This phraseology, therefore, having, in twenty-seven out of twenty-nine instances in which it is used by Moses, unquestionably no other than the literal and precise meaning of that death to which we see man and beast equally liable, what is there in the context leading us to imagine that it has any other meaning in the seventeenth verse of the second chapter of Genesis, or in the fourth verse of the third chapter. In systems of Christian theology, mention is indeed

\* Gen. ii. 17; iii. 4; xx. 7; xxvi. 11. Exod. xix. 12, 13; xxi. 12, 15, 16, 17; xxii. 19; xxxi. 14, 15. Lev. xx. 2, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 27; xxiv. 16, 17; xxvii. 29. Num. xv. 35; xxvi. 65; xxxv. 17, 21, 31.

made of a threefold death—temporal, spiritual, and eternal; and by eternal death is meant perpetual conscious existence in torment; but there appears to be nothing in the three first chapters of Genesis that could have led Adam and Eve to make this distinction. On the contrary, when God actually pronounced sentence upon Adam, he said—‘In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken; for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return’—words which prove completely that the death threatened in the second chapter could be nothing else than what the Hebrew words, in every other place where they are employed by Moses, indisputably mean. Such a death our first parents appear to have expected, when they vainly attempted to hide themselves from the presence of God among the trees of the garden; they probably expected to suffer it instantly, and there can be no doubt, that the death for which they looked was to be complete and eternal; for such is the import of the words *מוֹת מוֹת* in their original sense, as applied alike to man and beast. They expected not—they could not then expect—eternal life in torment; but undoubtedly they expected to become as if they had never been—or pass, as Milton makes Adam say, ‘he expected to pass, when first falling asleep, into their former state insensible, and forthwith to dissolve completely;’ and into that state they would undoubtedly have passed, had not death been deprived of its sting by the intervention of the second Adam, who declared himself to be ‘the resurrection and the life.’”

Leaving out of their consideration the arguments drawn from the grammatical meaning of the words, many divines are, on other grounds, inclined to agree with Mr. Locke, that “it is a strange way of understanding a law which requires the plainest and directest words, that by *death* should be meant eternal life in misery. Could it by any one be supposed, by a law that says, *for felony thou shalt die*, not that he should lose his life, but be kept alive in perpetual exquisite torments?” There is, undoubtedly, some foundation for the opinion of Bull, so ably urged by our present author, as well as for the above objection of Locke, founded on the gross discrepancy between the literal expression, and the supposed meaning, of the sentence passed on our first parents. The principal difficulty, however, which encumbers the clear and powerful reasoning connected with the hypothesis in question, in the writings of Bull and his numerous followers, is endeavoured to be removed by Bishop Gleig, who combats the notion, so pertinaciously held by most theologians, that the soul of man is *naturally immortal*, and indestructible. He has not discovered any evidence in Scripture to justify the violent opposition, which has been made to the tenet of Pelagius, that Adam was created a mortal man, that immortality was only promised as the reward of obedience, that perpetuity of existence was not inherent in his nature and inseparable from it; but that when

the conditional grant was forfeited, he instantly became again subject to death, in the full and literal meaning of the term,—to a total and everlasting extinction of being. He thinks that no created thing is *naturally, or essentially*, immortal: every substance, organized or unorganized, material or immaterial, which has had a beginning, may likewise have an end; and that of all the absurdities which have, at any time, entered into the heads of philosophers and divines, it is the greatest to maintain that the thinking part of man is, from its very constitution, incapable of ceasing to exist,—that it is eternal and indestructible.

This topic, however, viewed separately and abstractedly, is comparatively of little importance. It derives all its interest from its intimate connection with the doctrine of life and immortality revealed through our Blessed Redeemer; for, "as in Adam all die," saith St. Paul, "even so in Christ shall all be made alive;" and to know correctly the nature and the extent of the life conferred upon our race by the mediation of the latter, it is first necessary to know the nature and extent of the death incurred by the disobedience of the former. Whatever, then, was the kind and degree of the penalty inflicted upon our first ancestors, the kind and the degree of the remission obtained through the Christian redemption, must, it is very obvious, correspond with them in every respect. If the punishment was everlasting torment in hell-fire, that dreadful condition which is styled the second, or eternal death, then the life to which we are restored as Christians, must of course be never-ending joy in heaven; for the life mentioned in the one case is contrasted with the death mentioned in the other. But, as no school of theologians avowedly professes the tenet that all men, without exception, are to enjoy the felicity of heaven, and as it is asserted by St. Paul, that, as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive, it follows, say those who think with Bishop Gleig, that a life and a death different from eternal happiness on the one hand, and eternal misery on the other, must be found out, in order to answer the description and the application of them, which are here held out by the inspired Apostle. The death, then, which we incurred in Adam, is, according to their view, total extinction of soul and body, a mere animal death; and the life to which we are restored by our Saviour is, agreeably to the same hypothesis, immortality simply considered, resurrection of the body, and a perpetual consciousness in the whole man. As too, in the fall we forfeited not only the conditional immortality promised in the paradisiacal state, but also the guidance and aid of the Holy Spirit; so in the restoration effected by the second Adam, the graces of that divine Teacher are again procured for our race, and given to all who ask them in sincerity and

truth.—This outline may serve to give the attentive reader a general idea of the doctrines which have been held on the subject of the fall and recovery of mankind, by some of the most distinguished writers and divines of the Church of England; and those who wish to see the several arguments which have been employed to establish them, detailed with perspicuity, and pressed with much power of writing, should consult the "Supplementary Dissertation on some of the principal Doctrines of the Christian Religion," inserted by Bishop Gleig in the third volume of his Stackhouse.

"That Christ died," says he, "to restore mankind to that life which had been forfeited by the fall of Adam is as certain as that the Scriptures of the New Testament are the word of God; and since we are assured that as by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead; and that as in Adam *all die*, even so in Christ shall *all* be made alive, it is equally certain that he died for *all men* without exception. For, as St. Paul informs Timothy, there is one God and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for *all*, to be testified in due time. Redemption therefore in its original sense, as promised to the fallen parents of the human race, has been, or rather will be, universal and unconditional. The stupendous plan into which even the angels desired to look, was formed by the Divine wisdom and goodness, and carried into complete effect without any co-operation of ours; but not as was the offence, so also is the *free gift*. For, if through the offence of (the) one (the) many be dead, much more the grace of God, and the gift by (the) grace which is by (the) one man, Jesus Christ, hath abounded unto (the) many. And not as it was by one that sinned so is the *gift*; for the judgment was of one (offence) to condemnation; but the free gift is of many offences unto justification (*δικαιοσύνη*.) For, if by the offence of the one man, death reigned by (the) one; much more, they who receive the abundance of the grace, and of the gift of (the) righteousness (*δικαιοσύνη*)—shall reign in life by one Jesus Christ. Therefore as by one offence judgment came upon all men to condemnation; even so, by one righteousness—*δι' ἑνὸς δικαιοσύνης*—the free gift came upon all to justification of life—*ἡ, δικαιοσύνη ζωῆς*. Through the whole of this passage, our loss by the fall of our first father is contrasted with our gain by the cross of Christ; and as we were subjected to the consequences of Adam's sin, not willingly or by ourselves, so have we contributed, and can contribute, nothing to that *justification of life*, which hath come upon *all men* by the free gift of God; for as Christ was freely "delivered" by the compassionate goodness of God, for our offences, so was he raised again for our justification. With respect to this redemption and the bondage from which we are redeemed, we are therefore *justified*: i. e. treated as if we had never come under any condemnation—neither for our *faith* nor for our *works*, but by the free grace of God, who sent his Son into the world to take upon him our nature, and in that nature to die as a lamb to take away the sin (*τὴν ἀνομίαν*) not sins—but that *sin* of which the consequences have fallen upon the whole world."—The

death, therefore, to which all men are subjected by the sin of Adam when considered in connexion with the resurrection of all at the end of the world, is very far from being an evil; and as the gift of eternal life is held by a much surer tenure, under the Christian dispensation than it was, or could have been, under the paradisaical, it follows, that, in this point of view, the second or Christian covenant of life possesses in fact all that superiority over the first or paradisaical covenant, which St. Paul on every occasion attributes to it."

The reasoning in the above passage is singularly forcible and conclusive, evolving a wonderful co-adaptation between the theory which the author espouses, and the train of thought which seems to have been followed out by the great Apostle, in his discourse on the Christian redemption. It is not, indeed, the first time that this view of the subject has presented itself to our minds; and but for one circumstance connected with it, we know not that any portion of systematic theology would better stand the test at once of reason and of Scripture. The circumstance to which we allude, and which has also struck Mr. Wilkinson under the same objectionable aspect, is, that the misery of those who shall fail to obtain salvation will be greatly increased by their being rendered immortal. Had the human race never heard of a Saviour, every man would in the course of this life have enjoyed the share of happiness due to his merits, or suffered the allotment of evil awarded to his crimes, and thus, after passing their days under a retributive and equal Providence, the sons of Adam would have sunk into the grave without the hope or the fear of the hereafter. But life and immortality being brought to light, the effects of the deeds done in the body will be visited upon the soul of man throughout all eternity; and, as there is reason to apprehend that the number of bad men greatly exceeds that of the good, and knowing that strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leads to life, and few there be that find it, the gift of immortality is so far from being a pearl of great price to the majority of human beings, that it can be regarded in no other light than the means of securing a perpetuity of torment. It will be said in reply, we know, that salvation is offered to all, that the grace of God is given to all who sincerely pray for it, and that it is sufficient for all; that it gives sight to the blind, strength to the weak, steadfastness to the wavering, and cleansing to the polluted; but, viewing the destiny of mankind, not according to their means and encouragements, but according to the use they shall make of them; not according to the ease of the journey, but the number who shall actually perform it; not according to the value of the prize, but according to the proportion of those who shall in reality obtain it, we have much difficulty in perceiving in what

respects the descendants of Adam, taken in the mass, have been benefited by being thus clothed upon with an eternal and unalterable immortality. We readily admit, however, that this objection in its endless variety of shapes, applies, in a greater or less degree, to all scholastic systems of religion; and *under to which?* will constantly recur to the inquisitive mind, as long as there is sin to be deplored, and pain to be endured. Disguise it as we may; call it *decree, predestination, permission*, or by any other term that will better conceal our ignorance, it comes to the same in the end. We go back from effect to cause, from consequent to antecedent, from Christianity to Judaism, from Noah to Adam, from the flood to the fall, only to stop and view, afar off, the inscrutable counsels of the Almighty Jehovah. Examining into the subject in connection with all the philosophical systems that have ever been devised, with the doctrine of free will, or with the doctrine of necessity, with prescience, or with contingency, the insuperable difficulty still remains—the existence of evil under the government of a good and omnipotent Being—and the question will ever continue to be put by the student of nature and of religion, *under to which?*

As to the charge of Pelagianism, which has been brought against the author of the essays—for such we may venture to call them—now under our consideration, we do not perceive very clearly upon what ground the writer of the sermon, already so frequently alluded to, has undertaken to substantiate it. It cannot surely respect the opinion, so truly incontrovertible, that Adam was not naturally immortal, that he held his existence as a conscious being, at the pleasure of his Maker, and that a word from the mouth of God would have been sufficient to render extinct, as if it had never been, his soul as well as his body. Besides, this was not the doctrine of Pelagius. He taught, not only that Adam was susceptible of death, but that he would have died after a limited period of time, *whether he had sinned or not*. The Bishop has no where said so: he rather seems to think that, if our first parent had not violated the divine command, he would have been translated like Enoch and Elijah, and thereby removed to a scene where the enjoyment of happiness is never disturbed by the fear of losing it. Nor does Dr. Gleig any where maintain, in opposition to the orthodox tenets of our church, that the effects of Adam's transgression were confined to himself. On the contrary, he states explicitly, as an article of faith, that by the sin of one, or by one sin, judgment came upon all men to condemnation; and that it is only by the mediation of Jesus Christ that the free gift came upon all to justification of life. He does not, indeed, go quite so far as the high Calvinist, and maintain that for which he has no evidence whatever in the

Bible, that the death we incurred in Adam was eternal torment in hell-fire; but we imagine that, in order to be an orthodox son of the church of England, or of any church which regulates its belief by our thirty-nine articles, it is not necessary to hold this most repulsive of all the tenets which compose the Calvinistic creed. In relation, again, to the characteristic doctrine of the Pelagian heresy—independence of the grace of God in working out our salvation—no charge was ever more groundless than that which Mr. Wilkinson has been pleased to insinuate on the present occasion: for, if we understand aright the views which are set forth in this edition of Stackhouse, the whole history of human redemption, every act on the part of Almighty God, from the first promise of a Redeemer made to Adam and Eve in Paradise, till the ascension of our Blessed Lord into heaven, where he carried captivity captive, is founded in free grace; whilst at the same time, the necessity of the co-operation of the Divine Spirit, in order to render that redemption effectual, is most distinctly recognised. Speaking of justification, for example, by which he means our acquittal or absolution from the effects of the first transgression, and our restoration to that *life* with all its privileges, which was forfeited by the fall of our first parents, he says that it is an act of the Divine philanthropy, proceeding through Christ, and performed without any co-operation of ours, either by our faith or by our obedience; that it is wholly of grace, and depends not in the smallest degree on the faith, or piety, or virtue of men; “it is the gift of God.”

“Our present state,” he likewise observes, “is but a state of probation in which we have a steady course to pursue, though we are liable to deviate from it both to the right hand and to the left. To encourage us to work out our salvation with fear and trembling, we are assured that the Comforter, even that Blessed Spirit whom our Lord sent from his Father on the apostles, ‘shall remain with the church for ever,’ to enable every individual member, who in earnest endeavours to obey the gospel, to ‘work and to do according to his good pleasure; that to every Christian who devoutly asks his aid, that aid will be granted by our heavenly Father more readily than any one of us gives good gifts to his children; that the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, dwelleth with the church, and is in every good Christian; and that it is by the influence of the Holy Ghost that we are received in the spirit of our minds, and ‘have put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created him.’ We are taught by God,” he continues, “externally in the Holy Scriptures and internally by the Holy Ghost, speaking in the still small voice to our minds, as well to enlighten our understandings as to purify our hearts. Even faith itself is the gift of God, for as one of our old divines (Pearson) well observes, ‘Christ is not only given unto us, in whom we may believe, but it is also given us on the behalf of

to believe in him; and this last gift is the gift of the Holy Ghost working an assent unto that which by the word is propounded unto us. But yet, he further observes, "are not only enlightened by the Spirit and God operating on our intellectual powers, but also directed by the same Spirit in our conduct; for we are assured that as many, and only as many, as are led by the Spirit of God, are the sons of God; that the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God; and that if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his."

It is impossible to express more explicitly, or in stronger terms, the necessity of Divine grace to enable the human being to perform his duty, and to work out his eternal salvation; and it is only because Mr. Wilkinson published his sermon before he had seen more than one half of the performance which had suggested his strictures, that the idea of Pelagianism could have occurred to his thoughts. We do not, however, invest ourselves with the office of eulogizing or defending Bishop Gleig. On the contrary, we have no hesitation in saying, that in several instances, he has shown a little deference to the phraseology of our Articles, guiding himself rather by the meaning or object of the compilers, than by the strict letter and grammatical acceptation of the words. We will confess, too, that in regard to the *taint* or pollution which children bring with them into the world, he seems not to have written with his usual openness and precision; and, indeed, according to the direct bearing of his hypothesis, we know not well how that taint can be accounted for, or of what it could be said to consist. On all theories, we grant, this is a very difficult point; but it is very obvious that our church, in her *baptismal* offices, and in other parts of her Liturgy, proceeds upon the ground, that some infection or pollution attaches to every infant soon *birth* the language put into the mouths of her ministers carrying in it an immediate and unequivocal reference to such a predicament. But, whatever may be said of the Bishop's opinions, we are certain that they do not symbolize with the doctrine of Pelagius; that new-born infants are in the same state in which Adam was before the fall; for Adam before the fall, at least when placed in the garden of Eden, was in possession of a conditional immortality, which he afterwards forfeited; whereas new-born infants, we should imagine, agreeable to the views we are now considering, are regarded, prior to baptism, as being liable to the death which was denounced upon our first parent, and complete extinction of conscious existence. In fact, it is on this very ground that the Bishop would find it most difficult to sustain the attacks of an opponent, equally qualified with himself in respect of talents and logical acumen. For example, he admits, or rather avowedly declares it as his fixed opinion, that



*justification*, as explained by St. Paul, consists in our restoration to the life and privileges which we forfeit in Adam, and "that it is by *baptism alone* that infants, as well as those of riper years, can be admitted into the church, or *justified*; that such is certainly the doctrine of the church of England, and as it appears to me, of Christ and his apostles." Now, it occurs as a very natural question, what is the condition, in respect of immortality and the future state, of these countless myriads who have never been baptized, that is, never *justified*, or released from the penalty attached to the first transgression? Are we not brought by such considerations to almost the same conclusion which was drawn from similar reasoning by the celebrated author of the "Guide to the Church;" namely, that all who are not regularly baptized shall fail to be clothed upon with immortality, but sink at death into eternal annihilation. In truth, we do not see how the Bishop, without rejecting the ordinance of baptism as the essential and indispensable means of justification, can extend the effects of that justification—viz. the restoration to immortality—to the whole human race, baptized and unbaptized. This, however, is not Pelagianism, nor is it Semi-pelagianism: perhaps Mr. Wilkinson, who has kindly informed us, on the authority of the late Dr. Hey, that the whole church of England is *semi-pelagian*, holding a course equally distant from the horrible system of Calvin and the philosophic plan of Pelagius, will be able, in his next critical sermon, to expose fully all the errors, and point out all the inconsistency into which the Scottish Prelate has fallen.

We have not time to do more than mention the titles of the other Dissertations with which Bishop Gleig has enriched this edition of Stackhouse; among which, besides the Essays on "Original Sin," and on the "Principal Doctrines of Christianity," we have to particularize those on the "Three First Gospels," and on "Miracles." The last is a very able performance—a perfect specimen indeed of close and unanswerable reasoning; constructed, too, as a confutation of, or reply to, a most insidious article on the doctrine of Chances, which appeared some time ago in a celebrated Northern Journal. Since Campbell's book on Miracles, we can safely say that we have not seen any thing worthy of being compared to the "Supplementary Dissertation" on that interesting subject, now furnished by the Right Reverend Editor.

As to the Essay on the Priority and Comparative Originality of the Three First Gospels, we have only to observe, that it is written with the same talent and knowledge of the point at issue, which characterize the Dissertation on Miracles; and our theological readers require not to be told of the high interest attached to these questions, since the publication of the several works of

Marsh and Churton. Indeed, the Dissertations we have named appear to us so extremely valuable that we fondly cherish the hope, that the author will be induced to publish them in a separate form; adding what, upon a revisal of the whole, may seem wanting to fortify particular conclusions, or to obviate unforeseen objections.

There is also much useful matter introduced occasionally throughout the work, both with the view of supplying information not accessible to the original author, and of confuting the arguments, or exposing the ignorance, of infidels, whose cavilling he had only the industry to transcribe, without the ability to answer it. Indeed we have already suggested that Stackhouse's "objections," as he very significantly calls them, ought to be left out, or at least greatly modified in their expression; for he not only enables the enemy to fight to the best advantage, but admits him into the very fortress of our faith, and puts poisoned weapons into his hand. In pointing out, too, such things as we should wish to be omitted in any subsequent publication of the original articles now before us, we are inclined to mention the occasional use which is made by the Bishop of physical laws, with the view of explaining events avowedly miraculous. We agree with Bruce, the traveller, that in such matters we have nothing to do with physical laws; for when an occurrence, whatever it may be, stands on record in Holy Scripture, as a supernatural manifestation of Divine power or goodness, it ought to be received as such, without any attempt either to explain or defend it. We allude more particularly at present to the standing still of the sun, as mentioned in the book of Joshua, and the distant prospect which Moses was allowed to obtain from the top of Pisgah of the promised land; both of which facts are attempted to be accounted for by an extraordinary atmospherical refraction of the solar rays. This, it is worthy of remark, is the notion of Le Clerc, which was so severely condemned by Reeves, the translator of the "Apologies." "Quod (meaning the solstice) fieri potuit," says the Frenchman, "insolitis refractionibus, quibus, ut notum est, sol nobis supra horizontem esse videtur, cum nondum ortus sit, et jam occiderit. In commenting upon which, our zealous countryman is certainly more out of temper than the occasion called for. "To naturalize miracles," says he, "and thereby to undermine the authority of Scripture which expressly asserts them, and is built upon them, he (Le Clerc) has recourse to *refractions*; the nature of which had he but tolerably understood, he would have known how very little serviceable it is to the wretched purpose for which he allegeth it. For by the natural laws thereof, as opticians give them, it is impossible to make the sun seem to stand still for a whole day, as Joshua ex-

pressly saith it did. To make an object in a very swift and oblique motion to the eye, to appear quiescent for a whole day, or, which in effect is the same, to make that which is seen under different angles, and in divers places, to appear, by refraction, as if for many hours it still kept the same place, is a problem in dioptrics yet unknown to the masters of that science." \* We are aware that when Bishop Gleig adopts such opinions, it is not to diminish the credibility of the miracle considered as such, but merely to point out the particular laws of nature which were employed by the Almighty to effect his purpose; still, as all miracles are alike violations or interruptions of the established constitution of things, it is perhaps advisable in a divine to regard them simply as supernatural events, not to be accounted for on any known physical principle; more especially in these times, when half learned philosophers busy themselves, amid their experiments or speculations, to reduce all the wonders of revealed religion to certain classes of natural phenomena. On the whole, however, we regard this edition of Stackhouse as a most valuable accession to the literature, the philosophy, and the sacred criticism of the present age; as worthy not only of Dr. Gleig's high talents and reputation, but also of the enlightened church and people of England to whom it is more particularly addressed. What is original in it is written with that freedom, without which there could be no discussion of doctrinal topics, and no separation of truth from error—with that intimate acquaintance with all that has been maintained by authors of eminence, without which plausible novelties could not be distinguished from ancient heresy,—and, above all, with that critical knowledge of the original language in which the Holy Scriptures were composed, without which it is extremely difficult to ascertain the dictates of Inspiration from the interpolations and *scholia* of fallible men.

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#### ART. XI.—BASIS OF NATIONAL WELFARE.

1. *The Basis of National Welfare: considered in reference chiefly to the Prosperity of Britain, and Safety of the Church of England: with an Examination of the Parliamentary Reports on Education, the Police, the Population of Parishes, and the Capacity of Churches and Chapels: and a further Illustration of the Chief Facts noticed in "The Church in Danger." In a Second Letter to the Right Hon. the Earl of Liverpool, K. G. By the Rev. Richard Yates, B. D. 8vo. pp. 374. Rivingtons. London, 1817.*

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\* Reeves' Apologies, vol. ii. p. 176.

2. *A Letter on the Distresses of the Country: addressed to His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, in consequence of his Motion respecting "the Revulsion of Trade, and our sudden Transition from a System of extensive War to a State of Peace:" in which the supposed Influence of our Debt and Taxes, upon our Manufactures and Foreign Trade, is investigated.* By John Ashton Yates. 8vo. pp. 211. Longman and Co. London, 1817.

THE case represented in the Acts of the Apostles has been very much the case of all succeeding ages. Some believe the things spoken, and some believe them not. But the present time differs from others in this, that those who believe cannot be distinguished from those who believe not, by any practical testimony of their faith, as far as public measures are concerned: the most opposite principles lead to the same course of action, or rather, in the matters which press upon us now, of inaction.

At no time, perhaps, since the Restoration, has speculative infidelity been so rare as at present in England, among those who take the lead in public opinion, and are capable from education of forming a judgment upon such a subject. The evidences by which the Christian Revelation is confirmed have been placed in such various and striking points of view, the objections have been set aside so triumphantly, and the masterly summary of testimony drawn up by Paley is at once so popular and so unanswerable, that infidelity has been fairly driven off the field, and those who are unconvinced at least are silenced. But we are little the better for having conquered systematic unbelief, if we have only exchanged it for inconsistent faith. We call that inconsistent faith, which acknowledges the premises, but refuses to act upon the conclusion, and does not admit in practice that to which it gives an unhesitating assent in speculation. The trite, but energetic exhortation, *SAPERE AUDE*, dare to follow out your principles, was suggested by clear views of the weakness of human nature.

The conduct of our legislature, in matters of the greatest consequence in our domestic policy, affords a melancholy illustration of the preceding remarks. It is afraid to act upon acknowledged principles. While the truth of our religion is confessed, and public business is opened with its forms, that business is no sooner begun than Christianity is degraded into a sort of *privilegium*; as if it were an excellent rule, beyond dispute, in the direction of individual conduct and private obligation; but by no means an universal law for the empire at large; and thus the most opposite characters insensibly become partisans of those philosophic unbelievers, who, as Mr. Yates observes, "have proceeded upon a system of excluding, as much as possible, all religious con-

siderations, all impressions of and regard to FUTURE EXISTENCE, from public business and public habits."

These are grave charges: we wish it were less easy to substantiate them. Look first at many of our financial expedients, and see whether they bear the stamp of heathenism, or of Christianity. The idolater of gold was wont to argue:

REM facias, REM,

Si possis, rectè; si non, quocunque modo, REM.

But the Christian has two principles directly opposed to this maxim: first, he is taught to pursue right measures at all events; and to trust to the consequences; nothing doubting that actions, done on a good principle, and directed to a right end, will, in the course of events, meet with success, and be favoured by the Divine Blessing. Next, he is still more unequivocally assured that no apparent expediency can warrant him in countenancing what is wrong, or encouraging what is immoral. Such is the profession of our national faith: now let us turn to our national practice. Take the lottery for example; it is proposed, defended, and carried into execution, by those very persons to whose own principles all gaming is most repugnant; and all the concomitant evils which follow in its train, and have been so often and so unanswerably exposed, are introduced and virtually sanctioned; because, forsooth, the Treasury cannot afford to lose two or three hundred thousand pounds. If this is not to act on the grounds of *rem, quocunque modo, rem*; if this is not to do evil, with a view to expediency, we shall be at a loss to find an instance of that forbidden policy; and if it is, what is it but the open and systematic violation of a Christian precept?

And yet the Minister who should dare to say, This measure is wrong, I cannot consent to it; this practice is unchristian, I cannot consistently sanction it;—might find abundance of cool and sober reasoning, by which he might rebut the charge of enthusiasm, or the more serious imputation of expecting a miracle to support his measures. In proportion as men are moral, active, and industrious, they are useful to the state; in proportion as they are idle and vicious, they are unproductive, or even burthensome to society. This is the ordinary course of things; this the providential arrangement of human affairs; by which, without visible interposition, the promises of the Gospel are made good, and the observance of its precepts rewarded. Money, too, thus spared from the promotion and encouragement of the various forms of vice and misery, would still be money, and a part of the property of the community. It would either be saved, or spent in some other channel; if saved, it would be added to the productive capital of the country; if spent, how could it fail of con-

tributing to the revenue? Being a superfluous expense, it is reasonable to imagine that what was rescued from the gulf of the lottery would not generally be employed in purchasing the absolute necessities of life; and if expended on any of what may be called its luxuries, it would find its way at once into the Exchequer: whether consumed in the shape of tea, or sugar, or salt, or malt liquor, or wine, or spirits, a proportion scarcely, if at all, inferior to the gains of the lottery, would still come to the service of the public, by swelling the produce of the excise; and the only difference would be, that the increase would be less easily computed; could not be so exactly marked out in a financial table; while, according to the present system, there is a tangible item, which appears as the evidence of public inconsistency, and the produce of individual misery.

The same course of argument is equally applicable to the unwillingness, sometimes secret and sometimes avowed, to diminish the number of houses licensed for the sale of ale and spirits. They promote profligacy—Granted—but they pay largely to the revenue; therefore do not discontinue them, except in flagrant cases, where public opinion is too strong to be resisted. *Lucri bonus est odor*, even when it rises from the sinks of debauchery. O for the political courage which shall dare to do well! or for the political foresight which shall look far enough to see that the industry of a hundred thousand heads of families must contribute more to the strength and riches of a state than the paltry consumption of a hundred gin-shops, even if *their* articles were the only exciseable articles! We see not how any statesman, or any political economist, but we are sure no Christian, can doubt, that if all the incentives to vice and immorality which grow out of our financial arrangements were cut off, as far as human wisdom can discover them, or even as far as experience has indicated them, and all other taxes remained the same, the Exchequer would be richer at the end of five years, and the edifice of public prosperity incomparably more secure. As, according to the paradox of financial arithmetic, multiplication does not always multiply, so neither does prudent subtraction always diminish the revenue of the state.

These errors, however, are trifling; these inconsistencies are but as specks in the political horizon, compared with the mass of evil and of danger to which the work at the head of this article refers, compared with the neglect of the National Church, and with it the neglect of religion and morals, and of all that follow these, among that part of our population which is most exposed to temptation. London and its vicinity, together with most of the great manufacturing and commercial towns, present the monstrous spectacle of 15, 20, 30, 40, or even 70,000 individuals,

accumulated together in one nominal parish, committed to the spiritual charge of one clergyman, and summoned to one parish church, which, if they attended to that summons, is manifestly incapable of containing a tenth, twentieth, or even fortieth part of their number. The evils attendant upon such an arrangement of things are evident on the mere statement, even if they were not too fatally legible in the disposition of the multitudes thus thrown upon the waves of this tempestuous world, without chart or compass, without either star or pilot to direct their voyage. The evil is pointed out, the danger is felt, the consequences are seen, and yet this monstrous state of things is suffered; session after session, year after year elapses, and no one has the zeal or courage to propose their reformation: in war, money must be otherwise appropriated; we cannot attend to the out-works while the citadel is threatened: peace ensues; there is a want of funds; the revulsion of trade has deranged our finances: in other words, Providence has saved the citadel, and we trust the out-works also to Providence.

Here however is the mistake, as to the real seat of the danger. What is the true citadel of the state, but the MIND of the people? The agitators know this, and are, in their generation, wiser than their political opponents: they begin by poisoning the hearts of their creatures and adherents, by mixing up ridicule and parody and blasphemy with all things sacred and mysterious; and when this poison has been once imbibed, they know they can depend upon its forcible operation. Their instruments are ready to their hands. But the legislature, on the contrary, looks to the stream, and passes by the source; it lops the unsound branches, but applies no remedy to the root. If an insurrection breaks out in the East, down goes a special commission to Ely: if the Luddites appear in force in the heart of the kingdom, down goes a special commission to York: if the spirit still works, and works universally, suspend the Habeas Corpus: like the unpractised boxer, in the lively image of the Athenian orator, where the blow has been given, there the hands are found—*ἐνταῦθα, ἐνταῦθα αἱ χεῖρες*\*—but no one looks the antagonist in the face, or attempts to prevent instead of following the blow.

In our humble judgment, if it appears that a considerable part of the population show themselves so careless of the rights of property, and so indifferent to the value of human life, as to be ready on the slightest temptation, to violate both: if it appears that moral and religious duties have no hold upon them, and that an awed regard of a future judgment has no longer any place in their considerations; then we have a plain indication that they are insufficiently instructed in these duties: and the case seems to point

\* Vide Demosth. Phil. i.

out, that among the consequent inquiries into the state of the district, the size of the parishes should not be overlooked; that the accommodation for public worship, and the means of religious education, should be examined: and if found deficient, provided for. It is equally easy, and equally economical, to endow a church, as to keep up a body of cavalry; and active pastors might be found, if they were encouraged, no less readily than active police officers. What then is wanting? a conviction on the part of our political leaders, that RELIGION is the strongest and surest check to profligacy, murder, and rebellion: or, in the words of Mr. Yates, "That it is the basis of National welfare; a fact which is approved by reason, and declared by experience:" a fact which is elaborately shown by Warburton, and unwillingly allowed by Bolingbroke; a fact which was alike understood by the politic Numa, and the philosophical Charondas; a fact, in short, which we conceive was never denied by any legislator; but which, like other truths, is believed, and neglected; maintained in theory, but in practice forgotten.

We cannot doubt that the disorders which we daily witness are mainly to be attributed to the failure of such superintendence as our ancestors expected and provided for from our ecclesiastical establishment;—and although we have little reason to hope that the feeble voice which we are able to raise will be listened to; yet we consider that it becomes all who possess, in any degree, the channels of public opinion, to throw their proportion of weight into a scale, so big with our most momentous interests. We shall, therefore, endeavour briefly to point out the dangers with which the common safety is threatened, if the present state of things is permitted to continue; and also to prove that the remedy is much less difficult and burthensome than may be generally apprehended.

It is agreed on all sides that there is a great disorganization of the public mind, among the lower classes in general, but particularly in those manufacturing districts where the dense population most readily excites the fermentation, and soonest spreads it through the whole mass.

"It must be allowed, and ought to obtain the most serious and prompt attention of all the friends of due subordination, domestic peace, social order, and good government,—that this successful attack of the many upon the few,—of animal and numerical strength upon the restraints of mind and opinion,—and the consequent rapid and rapacious transfer of wealth and power from their ancient possessors to hands before unused to them,—have made a deep impression upon the lower classes of society in this country; and that the means and instruments of delusion have now greater facilities, and greater influence upon them, than at any former period. Every street of every city and



populous district, the metropolis more especially, is supplied with associated clubs and organized communities, or rather bands, of mechanics, manufacturers, labourers, and servants,—in which all the doctrines of dissatisfaction and disaffection, and all the recent instances of successful violence, are commented upon and diffused, with a power and effect incredible to those who look not beyond the surface of social and political concerns.” (*Basis of National Welfare*, p. 42, 43.)

“In a state of imperfect civilization, where manufactures and trade have made so little progress as to be principally confined to the supply of domestic clothing and food, the humble artizan possesses greater mental acuteness and physical power to exercise those various arts of life which are connected with his comfortable well-being, than the maker of the most complicated machine, or the most skilful weaver of cloth. The latter knows little that is useful, beyond the art to which his attention has been confined from his childhood; though he generally acquires, in addition to the great skill in his trade, a remarkable spirit of Independence, owing to the power which he feels of commanding high wages, when he chooses to exert himself.—Thus it is, that the manufacturer becomes generally the most animated of our plebeian politicians, and devotes that time to the discussion of public measures which would be better spent in the domestic duties.—But what an inferior character is this in many respects, to the labourer or mechanic of ruder countries and more simple ages of the world!—He not only tills his own piece of ground, and takes the produce to the neighbouring town, where his faculties are sharpened by collision with his neighbours, but he builds his own cottage, and makes a part of his implements and furniture. He has so many little cares and pursuits which require constant attention and ingenuity, that he acquires habits of prudence, forethought, and moderation.—Living in the country, he feels the necessity of not only supplying his variety of wants, but also of preparing to defend his little property;—and unable to indulge his social propensities with the same convenience, or to the same extent, as the artizan in the city, by a promiscuous and extensive acquaintance, he cultivates those affections of the heart which recommend him as a neighbour, and bind the ties of kindred more strongly. Whilst, therefore, his portion of general intelligence and mental capacity exceeds that of the artizan who is employed in the most refined branch of trade or manufacture, the domestic affections stand a chance of being more exercised and improved;—and if he has less to make him proud and independent, he has more of what will render him amiable, respectable, and happy.

“Before machinery and the division of labour are carried to great perfection, all the bad passions to which man is prone, are restrained by hard labour and low diet, which give him little time or opportunity for the indulgence of them, and subdue the body so much as to check the inclination to them. The introduction of machinery produces an excess of all luxuries as well as conveniences, if the workman continues to labour as hard as he did before; or if he labours less (as is generally the case) he has much spare time, which is commonly spent on those gratifications which his passions prompt him to. In either

ease, indulgence, under different forms, produces a very bad effect on his mind; and the system leads directly to vice and misery."

(*Ashton Yates's Letter*, p. 86—89.)

These evils, arising naturally out of the state of society in which we live, are united, unfortunately, with another, which grows out of the nature of our peculiar institutions. These places of crowded, and unruly, and ill-conditioned population, are exactly the places where the Established Church has no hold on the inhabitants. The people, therefore, are either entire strangers to the restraints and comforts of religion, or they only are acquainted with religion through the medium of dissent and schism. If they have no religion, the experience of all ages proves that they are such as revolutionary leaders would eagerly select, as "fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils;"

"As fellows by the hand of nature mark'd,  
Quoted and signed to do a deed of shame."

If, on the contrary, they have religion, they are personally but not politically better to the state; they are more virtuous men, but not always more loyal subjects; for in their very association with dissenting teachers, they enter into a sort of opposition to the state; and in the frequent jar of interests, proceeding from the collection of tithes and other dues, a very hurtful animosity is generated between their own private attachments, and things by law established. The little intercourse, moreover, which they necessarily retain with the Church is by no means calculated to soften these feelings, or remove their prejudices. The circumstances arising out of an overgrown population, which first excluded them from the pale, now operate to prevent their re-entrance. They come there, perhaps, to be married; the service is performed to several couple at the same time, and could not otherwise be performed at all:—if their sect does not interfere, they bring their children to baptism, and partake of this sacred rite in common with a dozen other families, while all private interest is merged in the *generality* and bustle of the ceremony;—they attend a funeral; the corpse is not taken into the church, and that impressive lesson which raises the thoughts of the most careless beyond mortality, and affords even a popular argument against those ideas of annihilation which are at the bottom of much of the wickedness that surrounds us, that powerful reasoning of the Apostle, is never heard; and the moral effect of a neighbour's or a friend's decease is spoiled and lost by the absence of all corresponding solemnity.

"On taking for a friend in London one Sunday's duty," says Mr. Yates, "I attended at the church at nine o'clock, on account of expected marriages; the service was once performed; then the full

morning service, the rector preaching the sermon; after the departure of the congregation, the service for churching of women, twice performed; afternoon full service, prayers and sermon; after which seventeen children baptized; then seven funerals performed, the burial service read over five times; concluding between seven and eight o'clock in the evening: and this was understood to be no more than the average Sunday employment." (*Letter*, p. 81, 82.)

We quote this both to prove our allegations, and to show that, in making them, not the slightest imputation was intended against the minister. His mode of acting is imposed on him by the necessity of the case. If six couple are to be married, six children christened, six corpses interred, the ceremony separately performed for each party would employ at least two hours, or six in the whole: and independently of the inconvenience caused by delay to all the numerous individuals concerned, what constitution could support the labour of six additional hours' employment added to the regular service of the day? And must not the human mind be cast in a different mould, formed on purpose for these overgrown parishes, before it could possibly retain or communicate a sense of the importance and solemn nature of offices, the performance of which recurs as regularly and systematically as the motions of a mechanical engine?

This is not the appearance of things presented to us by the regular constitution of such a parish as our ancestors organized. The minister of a moderately sized town, known by and knowing each individual family, has the opportunity of watching their moral habits. He not only can observe and censure their absence from public worship, but he possesses those best means of admonition and reform, which arise from accidental circumstances of distress or illness; which are in fact the mitigations, if not even the final causes, of those calamities to which our frail state is subject, and the loss or neglect of which is the neglect of those instruments of moral cure, which are the appointment of Providence. Thus intermixed with the concerns of his parishioners, he is often the guardian of their temporal as well as their spiritual interests: he is the depository of the charities of the wealthier class, and of the savings of the poorer: and by the influence and authority thus placed within his reach, he is often enabled to render charity and moral reform subservient to one another. Education, the *preventive police* of education, is not neglected; and it is also carried on in connexion with the Establishment: the children, from an early age, attend the services of the church, are taught, perhaps, in the church, are catechised in the church: and from early habits the church is thus associated in their minds with ideas of respect, and piety, and veneration; as the place where they first learnt whose creatures they were, whose provi-

dence they are protected by through life, and whose mercy they are to implore in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment.

"The dignity and worth of the pastoral charge, and its beneficial influence on public manners, are fully appreciated—by those who have seen the respected and beloved parochial minister associated in domestic converse with the several families of the parish committed to his care; profaneness and impiety are silenced by his presence; the hours of innocent conviviality are improved, by the judicious adaptation of a word in season; and by the incidental intercourse of an habitually kind, candid, and pious conversation, when out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;—by those who have seen him also conveying the aspirations of hope and comfort into the abodes of suffering and sorrow; attending the bed of sickness with the sacred memorials of the Saviour's intercession, and the instructive and deeply affecting commemoration of 'the innumerable benefits which by his precious blood-shedding he hath obtained to us;' when the love of Christ constraineth the humbled and penitent worshipper to a grateful and pious amendment of life; or calms the terror of a dying hour with the Gospel hope of 'great and endless comfort.'

"Those who have witnessed scenes thus instructive and interesting, know that their benefit is not confined to the individual occasioning them; the two or three weeping attendants receive impressions most durable and heart-correcting: when we see the parting agony of a parent, a child, a friend, and hear the last sigh of one beloved as our own soul, the heart is softened and the eye o'erflows; but when we feel the pang of separation consoled by the pledges of a Saviour's love, the words of prayer and praise sink deep into the memory, and send us back into the world with awakened consciences, and minds zealously intent on securing 'a hope full of immortality.'

(*Basis of National Welfare*, p. 72, 73.)

It is impossible for any person to believe that there would be such spots apparent in the sun of our ancient and venerable country, such districts of moral blackness as London and many other of our largest towns exhibit, if these benefits of parochial superintendence and instruction had not been superseded by those overgrown masses of population, which have rendered it physically impossible that the minister should perform his duty, and scarcely less improbable that the people should learn theirs.

"In vain, therefore, will an argus-eyed police penetrate into every recess of domestic privacy. In vain will a more vigorous execution of the laws consign to punishment and death increased numbers of unhappy, ignorant, profligate plunderers and ruffians, if the REPRODUCTIVE SOURCE of the evil be permitted to remain in its present full operation:—if the absence of all religious worship, and the consequent absence of all religious principle,—all dread of future retribution, all belief of a tribunal beyond the grave,—be continually throwing upon society, and filling our streets and prisons with, a constant succession of

uninstructed, unthinking, remorseless villains, unrestrained by any fear of futurity, and uninfluenced by any motive but the rash and selfish gratification of the present predominant passion.

"In like manner all regulations to restrain intemperance, and reduce the number of riotous nocturnal assemblies can only be rendered effective to the amelioration and improvement of public morals, by making them auxiliary to those more prevailing restraints of religion, which bind the conscience and bend the will, and carry industry, economy, and a love of home, into the cottage of the poor.

"So, also, if the inhabitants of populous manufacturing districts were provided with the means and facilities of attending public worship,—if they were placed, by a proper sub-division of the parishes, under the direct notice and cognizance of their parish ministers and parish officers, and thus led to venerate the services of the establishment, by a proper accommodation in the parish church, and by the personal knowledge, guidance, and assistance of their parochial pastor, the change from the thin and scattered population of agricultural life, to the more condensed, and, therefore, the more irritable, inflammable, and dangerous, state of population which the manufacturing system occasions, would be divested of many of its present evils. Then other assisting and corroborative applications might be employed with increased effect. Schools for the young, and deposits of economy for the adult, would then produce their full benefit to the individuals, and to society." (*Basis of National Welfare*, p. 101, 102.)

We imagine, however, that our readers will not require to be further impressed with the magnitude and danger of the disease: the fear is rather that they should turn from the subject in dismay, and treat it as incurable: and Mr. Yates, who has the great merit of having first brought the question in a tangible form before the public view, and illustrated it by a variety of useful details, is not unlikely to leave his readers in a state of despondency, having embarrassed his case, as it appears to us, by an unintentional exaggeration.

He presents us with a table, in which the populous district of the Metropolis, and its neighbourhood, are considered as forming two concentric circles: the more distant, or exterior, circle containing the less compressed village population; and the interior circle including the dense population of the parishes immediately contiguous to, and surrounding the boundaries of, the city. In this table, the first column exhibits the full population; the second, the numbers that may possibly be accommodated in the parish church; the third, the surplus population of each parish. Thus, in the first example, the parish of St. Nicholas, Deptford, contains a total population of 7,085: its church may hold 2,000, which leaves 5,085 as a surplus excluded. Proceeding on this plan, he gives as the result of the whole table 1,129,451 souls, as the total population of the district in question,

of which 151,586 may possibly be received in the churches and chapels; and an excess of population above the capacity of the places of worship in communion with the Establishment of 977,215.

This mode of calculation was adopted, no doubt, in order to place the argument in the most striking point of view. But Mr. Yates will permit us to observe that, it has the effect of giving to the whole an appearance of exaggeration. It must be obvious that it would be absurd to legislate on the supposition that every individual returned under the Population Act would be within the church, if there were room for him, every time the service is performed. It would be following an abstract principle, rather than a practical plan, to provide that they should have the power. And the consequence of this over-statement is injurious to the cause in which Mr. Yates so earnestly and ably argues: for when we are told that in the metropolis alone, nearly a million souls require fresh accommodation, the mind is first startled at the magnitude of the evil, and then stupefied at the hopelessness of its cure.

Were we arranging a new district, and all were smooth and level before us, we should certainly adopt Mr. Yates's principle, and allow no more than 5000 to a parish; though even then we should not think an additional place of worship requisite, if the existing church would contain at once two-fifths of the inhabitants. But the business of subdividing a parish already formed, is confessedly a business of difficulty and delicacy: and the evil does not appear so serious as to demand legislative interference, where the numbers do not exceed 10,000. We know by experience that it is possible for a zealous minister, with the assistance of a curate, and with the accommodation of a chapel, and the additional aid of such active committees as large and opulent towns will always afford, to superintend, in the strict sense of the word, that is, to extend his pastoral care, over 10,000 persons:—not without assiduous labour, certainly, nor after all, perhaps, in a manner entirely to his satisfaction; but in such a manner as to exonerate his own conscience, and lay the guilt of carelessness or ignorance, wherever it exists, on that of his parishioners. In all human concerns there will be imperfection; but it must always be a question of prudence whether the *nodus*, the degree of evil, be *vindice dignus*.

Mr. Yates, however, pursues the same principle through the different dioceses of the kingdom, and furnishes us with an abstract from the exact returns made on Lord Harrowby's motion to parliament of all the parishes containing above 2000 inhabitants; by which it appears, that out of a population of 5,265,079, only 1,092,753 can be contained in the parish churches. "This

investigation," he says, "affords the astonishing result, that 4,232,326 of the inhabitants of England and Wales, have no means of joining in the parochial services of the established church, and of course derive no instruction, no restraining and consolatory influence from the national religion." We are disposed to go very far with Mr. Yates, but do not feel ourselves compelled to make quite so disheartening a conclusion. It is not philosophical to argue as if there were no natural impediments to church communion, from infancy, disease, or age; neither is it a practical view of the subject, to leave out of the calculation all those who, in a state of society like ours, will necessarily be prevented from attending public service more than once on the Sunday, even if there was a separate church for every hundred souls. Taking these and other circumstances into account, and allowing for the number of these *excluded* persons who can with great facility provide for themselves in the neighbouring smaller parishes, we believe that very few are *necessarily* without the means of attending the national services, except in the crowded manufacturing towns which have sprung up; unfortunately, *since* it was deemed an act of piety to build and endow a church. There are in the whole, perhaps, ten or more of these which require a fresh arrangement and subdivision no less than the metropolis itself.

The metropolis alone indeed furnishes a problem of no easy solution. It is sufficiently appalling to find that in that district "only eighty-one parish churches, and eighty-one parochial ministers entrusted by the law with the cure of souls, are provided by the church of England for a population of upwards of eleven hundred thousand souls." On examining, however, the case of these 81 parishes, we find very different degrees of evil. It will be evident on a survey, that there are about 25 where no alteration is required; and about 15 more which do not imperiously call for subdivision, not containing above 10,000 persons, though in some of them new places of worship are necessary. In fact, in the whole *exterior* circle, we only find three parishes, viz. St. Paul's, Deptford, Greenwich, and Woolwich, which can be said to present such an evil as to demand legislative interference; and if we were addressing parliament instead of the public at large, our prayer should be, that a committee might be appointed for the purpose of subdividing the following parishes in the following manner.

	Total Population.	Subdivision.
Deptford, St. Paul .....	12,748	.... 2 parishes.
Greenwich .....	16,947	.... 2
Woolwich .....	17,054	.... 2
St. Luke, Old-street .....	36,000	.... 4

	Total Population.	Subdivision.
St. James, Clerkenwell.....	30,537	.... 3 parishes
Islington .....	15,065	.... 2
Hackney .....	16,771	.... 2
Shoreditch .....	43,448	.... 5
Whitechapel .....	28,000	.... 3
Bethnal Green .....	33,000	.... 4
Spitalfields .....	16,200	.... 2
Stepney .....	35,199	.... 4
St. George in the East .....	26,917	.... 3
St. Botolph, Aldgate .....	13,562	.... 2
St. Giles, Cripplegate .....	11,784	.... 2
Rotherhithe .....	12,114	.... 2
Bermondsey .....	19,530	.... 2
St. George, Southwark .....	27,000	.... 3
St. Saviour.....	15,596	.... 2
Christ Church .....	12,000	.... 2
Camberwell .....	12,000	.... 2
Newington .....	23,853	.... 3
Lambeth .....	45,000	.... 5
Chelsea .....	18,262	.... 2
St. Margaret .....	18,680	.... 2
St. Martin in the Fields .....	26,583	.... 3
St. Sepulchre, Newgate .....	12,148	.... 2
St. Ann, Soho .....	12,288	.... 2
St. James .....	30,000	.... 3
St. George, Hanover-square . .	41,687	.... 4
St. Andrew .....	23,972	.... 3
St. George, Bloomsbury .....	13,000	.... 2
St. Giles .....	34,672	.... 4
St. Pancras .....	47,000	.... 5
St. Mary-le-Bone .....	75,624	.... 8

Thus thirty-five of these vast parishes, beginning with those where the evil is most enormous, would be subdivided into 103, giving, on an average, about one third of the present population to each parish, and requiring an addition of sixty-eight parochial churches and ministers.

We do not pretend that a measure of this magnitude is without its difficulties. In considering them, they naturally arrange themselves under the heads of private rights and public expense. With respect to the former, "the first operation, the subdividing of the parishes, may be found in some instances to infringe upon some great parochial privileges; but if the arrangement be conducted with temper and judgment, it may in most, if not all cases, be made an exchange, and not a deprivation."—(*Rev. R. Yates, p. 200.*) The next difficulty relates to the right of private patronage.



On a cursory review of the livings enumerated, we can only find that about a fourth part are in the hands of lay patrons; the rest are either in the King's gift already, or at the disposal of bishops or ecclesiastical corporations. These last would, of course, neither raise impediments against any arrangement so evidently for the benefit of the church, nor even sustain any injury. The lay patronage, excluding Mary-le-Bone (the recent arrangement concerning this important parish, we hail as an earnest of further good) extends over about 153,000 persons; the compensation for which, taking the purchase money of Mary-le-Bone for the ground of the calculation, would not exceed 80 or 100,000*l*. Indeed, there is no patronage less desirable in any point of view than that of the parishes in question. Of all public measures, it seems to us that this would require the least compromise of private rights, the least sacrifice of real interests. There is nothing demanded in the subdivision of a parish, which a moderate pecuniary award might not recompense; but in almost every other public work, how many losses are incurred which can neither be completely appreciated nor adequately compensated? What can recompense a country gentleman for cutting a canal through the park of his ancestors? When a new street or square is planned, what recompense can be made to those who are turned out on the right hand and on the left, to seek as they may a new abode, a new society, and a new walk of trade? But, really, in the right to the appointment of a sexton or a vestry-clerk, or even to the exclusive burial of the dead, we see nothing which might not be easily arranged through the medium of the treasury; nor any obstacles which a committee of the House might not smooth away in the course of a session.

"If the general principle meets with approbation and adoption, the legislature, by intrusting the execution of it to a body of well-chosen, disinterested, and zealous commissioners, will provide in the best manner, for attention and regard to the various and minute details of business as they arise in individual cases.

"The leading points of the general principle, incorporated into a bill, would seem to be comprehended under these heads—to enact that it 'may be lawful to, and for, His Majesty to nominate, constitute, and appoint commissioners' to execute the purposes of the act;—to make a prospective grant for the expenditure;—to authorize the sub-division of parishes and the formation of new ones where necessary;—to provide for the purchase of eligible sites for churches in the most central situations, under the award of a jury, if required;—to direct the erection of parish churches with appropriate accommodations for the poor as well as the wealthy classes;—to legalize the appointment of parochial resident ministers with suitable habitations and maintenances;—to order the specification of purchases and boundaries to be enrolled in chancery;—and that each particular case should be brought by the

commissioners in a separate bill under the cognizance of parliament." (*Basis of National Welfare*, p. 183, 184.)

With regard to the expense of erecting 70 new churches, we do not deny it to be considerable, but we do deny it to be such as can afford any plea for neglecting a point of such urgent duty. Splendour must not be consulted; a rigid censor must cut off all ostentatious ornaments; the churches already existing must be looked upon as monuments of other times, and of a state of society which permits the defiance of labour and materials, but not as models for us; and the object now must be to provide a commodious place of worship, not to build a magnificent edifice. This might be done, we imagine, at an average expense of from 10 to 15,000*l.* Therefore the requisite number would demand about 8 or 900,000*l.* a sum which must necessarily be divided among three or four years, even if the business were set in hand to-morrow. Now, whether the nation can support this expense, we can only judge by comparing it with other expenses, in our view, of infinitely less importance. And, first, we find that the erection of barracks cost an average of about 907,656*l.* a year from the year 1796 to 1813—nearly twelve millions in the whole, exclusive of about a third of that sum for Ireland. Our demand then, a demand in which a million of persons are interested, is for the barrack expenditure of one year.

Again, we perceive that the expense of a new Post office can be afforded, though it seems doubtful whether any one will be benefited by the change except the clerks belonging to the establishment. Our demand, on behalf of the inhabitants of the metropolis, is far less than double the expense of a Post-office.

To pass by the Custom-house and the Caledonian canal, 400,000*l.* have been just appropriated to record the memory of victories which will live for ever in the hearts of our countrymen, and find their best record, we trust, in the repose of Europe. We do not propose to exchange the triumphal columns for triumphal temples, because two splendid churches are not the thing required, but sixty or seventy useful ones: but we do think it furnishes matter of serious regret to every reflecting mind, that according to the opinion of ministers and the legislature, this great country, favoured as it has been by Providence, can afford money for every thing extravagant, for every thing ambitious, but sinks under the expense of enabling its inhabitants to perform their duty to their Maker.

And yet what a noble opportunity had England to stand forward, and, with respect to all the interior arrangements of her government, to use the bold and consistent language of religious feeling! We had concluded a war, which was, indeed, if any ever deserved the name, a war of *principle*; of religious as well

as political principle. In our anniversaries of national humiliation we never failed to allude to this distinction between the contending parties, in our prayers: but should it not be seen as well as talked of? Should it not be witnessed in the national conduct, now that through the Divine blessing we have been brought to so prosperous an issue of that momentous contest? Should there still be too just reason to apply the censure, and to apply it to a *Christian* community, *optimos nos esse, dum infirmi sumus?*

To urge that if the duty incumbent upon the nation of remedying the serious evil we have exposed, is still neglected, still protracted to a more convenient season, we can no longer expect the blessing of Providence upon our country, is an argument, we know, that may be treated with harsh and sarcastic names; but it is indisputably just and true. When a nation throws off its allegiance to God, which it virtually does when it refuses to acquaint its people with their moral and religious duties, the consequences are not seen in earthquakes or volcanos; there is no need of supernatural instruments of punishment, nor even of the agency of foreign enemies, a Nebuchadnezzar or a Titus:—the effect is witnessed, and the crime avenged, by the factious disposition, the seditious plots, the secret conspiracy, and the midnight massacre, which perturb the spirits and molest the quiet of the community. In that state we are now; to what extent the fermentation may proceed, how long it may be concealed before the final explosion, or whether it may be happily allayed, is still among “the secret things;” but this we may full surely know, that unless those who have the power apply those moral means of remedy, to which the Scriptures promise efficacy, the hearts of those who are at present ill-disposed will remain unchanged, and their number will be swelled by the accession of multitudes, whom the existing evils render an easy prey to all that can disorganise the heart of man, and render him a dangerous subject, and an unsocial being.

Does any one doubt the operation of genuine religion upon faction? No man who believes his Bible can take either an active or a subordinate part in the conspiracies which agitate us. In the first place, they originate in a very inadequate view of the nature and value of human life; in that view which considers it as the whole, and not as a very small and initiatory part of EXISTENCE, in which duty is the first concern, and happiness, even real and assured happiness, the second. The man who is merely a pilgrim or traveller through a country, will not turn out of his course for any incidental object, unless he is quite sure that it will neither impede his journey, nor divert him from his road. Accordingly, in other countries, as in our own, the

leading agitators have been men equally unrestrained by the fears of religion, and excommunicated from its hopes; and the subversion of the state has been attempted by first subverting the principles of those who are marked out as their instruments of rebellion.

“One instance may be adduced, and which I can state as the result of a personal and minute enquiry: it indicates the extent of circulation given to papers and pamphlets injurious to morals, and of an infamous, loose, and irreligious character. There are many printers and publishers of such works: one of whom alone employs from ten to twenty persons (men and women) to traverse the town and country with packages: to find their way into the kitchens and stables of the higher classes; and into the shops, manufactories, public-houses, and all the resorts of the numerous servants, artisans, mechanics, and labourers, the greater part of whom in all the large parishes are left totally destitute of the care of the national religion; wholly without any participation in the instructions of a parish minister, or in the benefits of the established church. How successfully these sheep without a shepherd are sought after by the destructive zeal of the enemy, may appear from the fact, that each of these emissaries of vice maintain themselves by a profit of from ten to forty shillings each per week, after their employers have received an ample gain upon the printing and publishing: each of these venders of *good books* (as they term themselves on their catalogues and packages) brings a sum seldom less than five pounds in ready money, or a sufficient security for a like sum, and receives books to that amount at the wholesale price; living upon the retail and ready-money profit, and when all are sold returning with the capital for a fresh supply. A circulation almost beyond credibility is thus given to the silent and insidious vehicles of licentiousness, disaffection, and every description of vice; and, if even, when the good seed is sown, the enemy intermixes his tares; how abundant must be the growth of evil when the uncultivated soil is left entirely to him.

“These dangerous principles can only be effaced where they have made an impression; and be prevented in their operation where they threaten to commence a ruinous and fatal progress; by giving the lower classes of the people a participation in the hopes and fears of religion;—by placing them under the guidance of that BENIGN INFLUENCE, which alone hath the power of restraining the passions and the propensities of a weak and degenerate nature;—the dread of the all-seeing eye of an Omnipotent Judge,—the awful certainty of a tribunal beyond the grave,—the heartfelt belief that vice is not only the parent of misery *HERE*, but also of inevitable punishment *HEREAFTER*,—and that ‘Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.’”

(*Basis of National Welfare*, p. 63—65.)

It is clear that no man, possessing a sense of religion, will make himself a party in plots which must lead to heinous crimes, and must be carried on, as the partial risings have already been

begun, by robbery and murder. We might justly add, that, in a country like ours, no man could be reduced to a state in which he had nothing to lose, except through his own dissolute extravagance and carelessness of any thing *future*. "The poor wretches in the crowded manufactory, having no steady moral or religious principles, and consequently no command over their sensuality, find themselves without any provision for the future, and become burthensome and dangerous to the community; nor, whilst they are degraded by extreme poverty and dependence, is it to be wondered at that they conceive 'the world and the world's law,' not to be their friend; and become the enemies of social order."

This just remark introduces us to Mr. J. A. Yates's "Letter on the Distresses of the Country," which contains many proofs of a well-principled and vigorous mind, as well as many curious instances of the strong influence that party feelings may insensibly exercise over the reasoning powers. The abject penury by which too much of the labouring population is oppressed, is, without doubt, a very delicate and difficult part of the question regarding the present crisis. The first reflection, certainly, which the state of our manufacturing districts is calculated to suggest, is, that there must be something faulty, in our physical or political state, which has brought a multitude of persons, able and willing to work, under so severe a pressure; which has rendered their labour of so little value, that it will not procure more than a third of its usual reward; nay, that in a very considerable class, it only obtains the pittance which is the present price of five, or four, or even three quartern loaves, as the return for a week's industry, and the support of a family. It is natural to exclaim, on hearing this, that something must be wrong, either in the machinery which supplies the workmen, or in that which disposes of the produce of their work; either that the arrangement of domestic government must be faulty, and calculated to impede the natural distribution of manufactured labour, or that the general principle which ordains the increase of mankind is too active and powerful, and has loaded us with a redundant population. All classes of mankind are extremely ready to attribute their misfortunes to the inadequacy of the laws, or to the fault of the government; or even, if other extenuations fail, to some severe general rules of Providential enactment, which produce individual misery, instead of looking home, and inquiring what faulty government has been acted upon there, what opportunities they have neglected, and what vicious use they have made of their advantages. We are fully, however, of opinion, that a condition of things, like that we see, must necessarily have proceeded from the IMPROVIDENCE, the thoughtless and moral IMPROVIDENCE, which has pervaded the manufacturing body; the consequences have

been increased, perhaps, by accidental coincidences; but the rottenness was in the core, and could not fail, sooner or later, to extend itself through every ramification of the system, unless the course of things had been suddenly altered and reversed, and it had ceased to be the constitution of nature, that a vicious youth should end in a premature and diseased old age, and that habitual prodigality should lead to inevitable bankruptcy.

We are glad to avail ourselves of Mr. J. A. Yates's local experience in confirmation of our opinion:

"We discover," he says, "a foundation in the necessary structure of all highly civilized communities, for that deterioration of the moral characters of the lower orders, to which we may trace a large portion of that increase of wretchedness and pauperism which we have been lamenting. The division of labour, and the other processes which greatly augment the powers of production, and the means of extending National wealth, contract the intellectual attainments of the individual, and weaken the vigour of the corporeal frame; they destroy those finer sympathies, by which Nature would draw us together in the bands of charity and love; and degrade the moral man into a machine.—It is, accordingly, in large cities, and especially in extensive mercantile and manufacturing towns, that the Poor appear in the most debased and disagreeable condition. Whilst our manufactures have flourished more and more, our poor-rates have increased in proportion; though the wages of the Poor, in the manufacturing districts, are often extravagantly high, they seldom lay any portion by for a time of need; and they appear more regardless of comfort and cleanliness than the poor husbandman who receives, perhaps, not more than half their wages. A character of insolence, and unfeeling pride, prevails among them; and a tendency to political anarchy has frequently manifested itself, which it seems almost impossible to repress by any moral or religious influence.—The Poor in this situation make wonderful exertions, occasionally, either for the maintenance of their families, when well disposed, or for the pampering of their appetites and passions; but they have not those steady habits of industry, frugality, and sobriety, which exist in a more simple form of society, and which are so essential for warding off the attacks of sickness and poverty. This is a view of the effects of National Prosperity, which we advert to with reluctance; but it is founded upon the principles of civilized life, and the constitution of man—as a selfish, sensual, and short-sighted being; and it accounts for the production of a quantity of misery and vice, which it is to be feared no legislative regulations or individual exertions can perfectly counteract." (*Letter*, p. 90, 91.)

A great argument, this will appear, against encouraging manufactures. But to discourage them, on these or similar grounds, would be about as wise as for France to discourage her growth of grapes, because the vineyards failed in the last season: and about as possible as for Spain to prohibit the egress of the precious metals from her dominions. Manufactures are not the growth

of legislation, but of human industry; they are not the creatures of public but private interest, and unless kept down by a system of laws acting by a sort of main force against national prosperity, must inevitably follow the increase of capital and the improvement of agriculture. It is in vain therefore to regret what we cannot control, even if we were inclined to regret the possession of such a fertile source of national opulence. The more useful and rational course is to point out, together with the peculiar disadvantage attendant on that employment of capital and skill, the only means by which the evil may be modified. There is no evil, we may imagine, necessarily arising out of that course of society to which men are naturally, i. e. uniformly led, by the spontaneous employment of their wealth and talents, which has not its appropriate prevention or alleviation. Those who proceed in this confidence will seldom be disappointed. In the moral or political, as well as in the natural world, the antidote will commonly be found to grow within reach of the poison.

The demand for all labour is fluctuating, and liable to occasional and unforeseen variations. But every body sees that this is particularly the case with manufacturing labour. A change of fashion at home, or a municipal regulation abroad, the discovery or failure of a mine, the wealth or poverty of a customer, the fluctuation of the seasons, all bear directly upon it, independently of the more important difference arising from the hostile or peaceful relation of the neighbouring countries. Therefore labour of this sort, though far more productive in its flourishing seasons, is far more precarious in its eventual success than any other. In agriculture, for instance, the farm which employs its fifty labourers this year, will require the same number in the next, with little sensible increase or diminution; while the manufacturer, who has employed 500 men in the winter, in the following summer may not improbably be forced to discharge four-fifths of that number, or to continue them at a loss of profit to himself, or of wages to them, merely from some caprice in the customer, or the invention of some new machinery, or some other unexpected circumstance equally beyond his control.

The remedy, however, of these fluctuations is neither distant, nor complicated, nor empirical; it is nothing more than that moral foresight, which belongs to intelligent beings, and distinguishes, or ought to distinguish, the social man from the thoughtless savage. If it is the nature of manufacturing labour that it should be productive at one season, and barren at another, then it is the duty of those who foresee this to provide for the future famine from the superabundance of the present harvest. That labour must be paid in proportion to its uncertainty, is one of the first rules of political economy,

"A mason or bricklayer," says Adam Smith, "can work neither in hard frost, nor in foul weather; and his employment, at all other times, depends upon the occasional calls of his customers. He is liable, in consequence, to be frequently without any. What he earns, therefore, while he is employed, must maintain him while he is idle. Where the computed earnings of the greater part of manufacturers, accordingly, are nearly upon a level with the day-wages of common labourers, those of masons and bricklayers are generally from one half more to double those wages."\*

But if those labourers, who, in consideration of the inconstancy of their work, receive additional wages, spend the whole of those wages during the period of their employ, what claim have they upon us if they are left destitute during the period of their inactivity? It is evident that though they may have a hold on our compassion, and none more deserving of it, in one sense, than those who make an ill use of their moral faculties; yet that they can enforce no claim upon our justice. We might as well complain of nature, that she does not give us two annual harvests, because we may have squandered in the winter all the autumnal produce, as think it hard that those, who in the long season of prosperity have never bestowed one thought upon the future, should, when that future comes, be thrown destitute upon the world.

The inconstancy of manufacturing labour, perhaps, is not so openly acknowledged as that of the journeymen in some particular trades. It is, however, virtually acknowledged, and plainly indicated by the only barometer which can regulate so extensive a concern, and be consulted by so numerous a body: viz. by the extraordinary demand for it at particular seasons, and the consequent enhancement of its reward. The wages are entirely independent of the price of subsistence, i. e. of the actual wants of the workman, and appear to be solely governed by the existing demand for the produce of his labour. In 1802,† when the price of wheat was 3*l.* 7*s.* 4*d.* per quarter, the price of labour in Lancashire, for a specific fabric of printing calico, was 10*s.* In 1811, when the price of the quarter of wheat was 5*l.* 8*s.* the price of labour for the same quantity of work was 5*s.* 6*d.* In 1814 it rose again to 10*s.*, when the price of wheat had sunk to 3*l.* 10*s.* There is a similar variation in the reward of labour at Glasgow, and an equal inconsistency with the price of subsistence.‡ In

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\* *Wealth of Nations*, book i. chap. x.

† See Mr. Milne's Evidence before the Committee of the House of Lords, on the subject of the Corn Laws, 1813, 1814.

‡ See a statement delivered by Lord Lauderdale to the same Committee,



1790, and the two following years, the price for weaving a species of muslin called 1200 book muslin, six quarters wide, was 15*d.* per ell. Then the average price of wheat was 2*l.* 12*s.* per quarter. In 1800, and the two following years, the price of the same work was 9*d.*, when the average of wheat was 5*l.* 7*s.*, or nearly double its former price. In 1811 it had decreased to 5*d.*, or one third of the original price, when wheat bore double the price of 1790. In 1814 wages had risen again to 9½*d.*, and wheat had sunk to 3*l.* 10*s.* No one who has ever considered the matter can doubt for a moment that a view of the clothing or cutlery manufactures would exhibit similar results; would exhibit seasons of remarkable plenty and high wages, and of proportionate depression: nor have we any hesitation in admitting that the present period may exceed any former period of distress, and that the manufacturers in Lancashire, and the West of England, may be suffering in a degree unknown before.

What we are inclined to impress upon the public is this, that such periods of suffering must necessarily come round with more or less of aggravation, as long as the same system is persevered in, as long as the same profligate disregard of every moment but the present continues. It is the system of the savage, existing in the midst of a crowded population. For a time, on the sudden acquisition of plenty, there is the same waste, the same excess, the same debauchery, the same idleness; which is quickly succeeded by a similar want, a similar necessity for extraordinary exertion. When the wages of the manufacturer experience a sudden rise, his weekly expenses rise in the same proportion. Perhaps he works but half the week, and spends the rest in low and profligate excess. Perhaps he squanders his superfluous wages in a manner the most absurd, and the most unsuitable to his station of life. But, at all events, when the year ends, he is in no sense better than he was at the beginning; his advantages have been altogether thrown away; he is no richer, and in a moral sense he is poorer, because his habits of drunkenness are more confirmed. It is unnecessary to prove what is too familiarly known: we need only advert to what is testified by the vulgar Saint-days, so prominent in the calendar of the manufacturing districts, and to what is authenticated by the proverbial remark, that drunken men are generally the best workmen; which is only another way of saying that the best workmen get most money, and spend the superfluous gain in liquor. It appeared in evidence before the House of Commons that the ribbon weavers at Coventry, who were at that moment requiring parish relief, had six months before been in the receipt of two and three guineas a week, which they expended in the most sumptuous manner upon poultry and other

luxuries, in the selection of which they were so fastidious that the usual market of the place was not good enough for them, and supplies were regularly sent down from London.

We will not go on to say that these improvident beings do not deserve compassion, and are not to be visited by the hand of charity: any human creature who is starving must be relieved while the Christian has any thing to give, and we know that in this country such assistance as no other country ever yet bestowed is awarded them by law. But this we do positively say, that as long as such habits continue, they must bring their consequences, which is as much the established course of nature as any of the ordinary processes by which the constitution of things is maintained. Neither can the country for ever support these consequences;—already do we hear loud, though, as we trust, fruitless demands for subjecting new property to the operation of the poor-rate, i. e. for employing in the eleemosynary relief of imprudence or idleness those funds which ought to be setting effectual labour in activity.

When the present cloud is dissipated, which we doubt not it will be, by the skill and enterprise and capital which abound amongst us, we shall go on again for a while as we have gone on before; wages will again rise beyond the immediate necessities of the manufacturer; he will again be idle and dissolute; his expenditure will swell the excise and other taxes; and we shall be congratulated on all hands upon the renewed prosperity of our flourishing country. “But soon there comes a frost, a killing frost.” On the first revulsion, whether from cessation of demand, or scarcity of the necessaries of life, we may expect to have distress like the present to encounter afresh, with diminished means to meet it, and with increased population to aggravate the embarrassment. For it is particularly in the nature of that fluctuation which attends extensive manufactures to increase the population beyond the regular or average demand: a sudden rise in the price of labour encourages marriage, even independently of the value of the children’s industry; then before the fruit of that marriage is mature, the wages sink in proportion to their former rise, but the children remain to be supported, when they can no longer be employed.

This redundancy is certainly felt with peculiar force at the present time. The recruiting service had been actively at work for twenty years, a season sufficiently long to render its demand uniform; suddenly it stops, and the superfluous hands which had been accustomed to flow into this channel, are returned on the main stream, which is also increased by the discharge of seamen and soldiers, who flow in of course in the greatest numbers towards those districts which had furnished them most copi-

ously. Besides which, the improved healthiness of large towns, which has happily attended the introduction of poor-houses, fumigation, and vaccination, begins now to discover its effects; and thus even such great public blessings as health and peace may add to the temporary pressure, till the progress of population adjusts itself to the altered state of the community; which is a natural process, but, like the other processes of nature, is not the work of a moment.

Nothing, we firmly believe, can prevent these oscillations; nothing can prevent their becoming more and more violent, and endangering the balance of government itself, (an evil which only the foresight and vigour of administration has even now preserved us from) except that event so anxiously anticipated and so loudly demanded, a *radical reform*. But it must be that reform which all reformers are the last to propose or adopt; it must be a reform in the individual; a change in the general habits of the manufacturing body: a change from that degrading recklessness which they have so long indulged, to something more characteristic of the intellectual being: to something more conformable to that description which endows him with the enviable power of 'looking before and after:' to something beyond the animal, which blindly follows instinct, or above the Indian, who as blindly follows appetite.

Only let our readers mark the difference we might be at this moment witnessing, had a more moral or a more rational system been hitherto pursued. There is no need to go beyond the same documents which acquaint us with the distress, in order to learn how completely the same manufacturing system which generates the calamity furnishes also the preventive against its effects.

Treating of the iron trade, Mr. Brougham stated, in his speech, that the class of miners whose wages are now from 10s. to 18s. had been used to earn from one to two guineas a week: and that those engaged in the military part of the manufacture were reduced from three guineas a week to 17s. 6d. Was it not fairly to be expected that men thus receiving a revenue so far above the wants of their station, should lay by some portion of those earnings; the first class their 5s. or 10s. weekly, the second class their 1l. thus rendering themselves, at the close of the year, 10l. or 25l. or 50l. richer than they began it?

In the cotton trade there have been the same opportunities. In 1811 and 1812 when wheat was about 6l. the quarter, the average price of weaving a specific fabric of cloth (as before mentioned) was 6s.: in 1813 it rose to 8s. wheat remaining the same: in 1814 to 10s. and at the same time wheat declined to 3l. 10s. In the first period the manufacturer was distressed; in the second, wages and subsistence had reached their level; in the last period the

workman became opulent: he was in the receipt of wages which, compared with the price of corn, were three times the amount of what he had received two years before. Are we not entitled to demand that those who had suffered such recent experience of the fluctuation of wages and the pressure of distress, should save against the future at least a third of this overplus, say 5s. a week, against a similar recurrence of difficulty? This they might have done, and still have lived, themselves and their families, at least twice as well as in 1812.

Now mark the different effect, both on the workmen and on society. When wages sink, as they have now sunk, to a third, or a half, or even two-thirds below their usual average, the distress is not confined to the operative manufacturers alone, but extends in natural course to all those who are accustomed to depend upon their expenditure; and the sudden deficiency creates that individual ruin and general stagnation which is felt through all the departments of finance. But supposing that these persons had saved a little fund, and were now in the season of distress withdrawing from it their weekly portions, 2s. or 4s. or 6s. not only would they themselves be in the enjoyment of comparative comfort and independence, but the whole country would be sympathizing with their improved condition, instead of being appalled by the embarrassments which, for the present, impede our financial operations. Nor would this require any fund which it is unreasonable to expect the manufacturer to have provided: 2s. a week would raise him at least to the situation of 1811 and 1812, would be furnished in the way of interest by a capital of 100*l.* or withdrawn as principal, would only make a deduction of 5*l.* per ann. from any sum that had been laid by.

In the interim, while the workman is partly supported by the superabundance of a former harvest, either the enterprize of the master creates some fresh channel for manufactured produce, or the course of events opens one; or some of the superfluous hands find employ in other branches of industry:—till bad seasons of labour, like bad seasons in agriculture, under the direction of a kind Providence, are followed by comparative plenty. We find, by reference to the tables, that low wages and high prices of corn have never existed together for more than two successive years, viz. 1795 and 1796, 1800 and 1801, 1811 and 1812. We certainly trust that even if wages do not materially improve, the harvest of 1817 will no way resemble the last: and therefore we feel justified in believing that we are at this moment sustaining the full weight of our burthen, which, after the ensuing harvest, will be every way alleviated.

Though the beneficial institution of Saving Banks is of very recent origin, yet we cannot suppose that in such towns as Bir-

tingham, Manchester, Stockport, Leeds, &c. there did not exist facilities for securing the overplus of manufacturing wages. We know however that a trifling difficulty becomes a complete obstruction, when the inclination is adverse: the road must be rendered plain and smooth, if we wish to allure travellers along it. Now, at all events, the path is straight, the means are at hand. Unfortunately the savings of this class of workmen have hitherto gone entirely into the channel of benefit societies or club contributions, the dangers and possible mischiefs of which have been too recently verified. Besides, these contributions, if ever so harmless, do not exactly meet the case. What is wanted, is to level the inequality of wages; in other words, to render the demand for employ more proportionate to the demand for manufactured produce. It is evident that clubs, which only make provision for the season when the subscriber is entirely out of work, or disabled by illness, cannot answer the most beneficial purpose; which is to prevent any from being entirely without employ by rendering the supply of labourers more steadily equal to the demand, and by making an addition, in hard times, to that scanty pittance which lays the foundation of future disease. But in a decay of any particular branch of trade, all the members of the same club are of course distressed alike and together; and to afford relief in any except the prescribed cases is impossible, and often even in these; the funds being overwhelmed by the extraordinary and immediate demand:—not to mention, that when the saving of the individual is the entire property of the individual, it is easy to see how much stronger is the stimulus to save, and how much greater the frugality with which the saving is expended.

With regard to the principle: some persons perhaps may think it absurd to expect that these labourers for weekly pay should be induced to save any portion of their hard-earned wages. How this may be, we will not inquire; but certainly it is more preposterous to expect that, if they do not save, they should be exempt from those calamities which in all other countries, and in all other conditions of life in this country, overtake the dissolute and improvident. Some of these men, it appears, have been in the habit of receiving two or three guineas per week. How much better have been their circumstances, with not a single direct tax bearing upon them, and with 100*l.* or 150*l.* per annum to spend, than those of the annuitant or petty tradesman, who yet are expected to contribute towards the relief of these extravagant paupers, and to ward off the consequences of their dissolute habits! how much better than the condition of the younger members of the learned professions, whose education (or *apprenticeship*) has been at the expense of two or three thousand pounds, and who yet must study hard and labour long, before they clear

100*l.* per annum? And if these higher classes of labourers did not, by frugal saving, and through the means of assurance societies, secure a provision for declining years and the support of a family, would not they, in the natural course of events, be brought to distress as severe as any the manufacturing body can ever be subject to?

Whether the system of provident funds which we are labouring to recommend, will be generally favoured by the employers, we know not: but we are quite sure that, like all other moral improvements, it would be supported by their aid and influence, if they had a just view of their own interests. The men, no doubt, are very dependent upon their masters, when wages are low and there is a competition for those low wages. But then they are also very discontented, perhaps turbulent; a state of things exceedingly hostile to the comfort of their superiors, and often detrimental to their purses: not to mention its incompatibility with what we are confident is the prevalent feeling among them, the satisfaction of witnessing morality, prudence, and order, with their concomitants, industry, content, and health, around them. The only objection we can foresee, is, that men who have a small fund for the supply of immediate wants, would be more able than others to enforce any demand for increase of wages. But this power they possess at present by means of club contributions; and we know that it has been too often already exercised to a very pernicious extent: the loss is not felt or grudged which falls upon a common fund. On the other hand, an individual who has laid up his twenty pounds by regular industry, has a strong sense of the advantage of that industry and the value of those twenty pounds, and is little inclined to risk or squander them for the distant prospect of gaining a trifling addition, which, if it ought in justice to be paid him, will soon come to him in a quiet way by the competition of the employers. It is well known that a formidable combination among the miners in Somersetshire was checked in the outset, by the prudential distribution of hand-bills containing a calculation of the weekly *cost* of idleness to each individual, and the sum total lost by the whole body. And it is quite evident that none will so well understand the value of money, or the force of an argument founded upon that value, as those who have been accustomed to save money.

If these remarks are just, they have shown that the remedy for occasional distress among manufacturers is in the hands of the workmen themselves, and in no other. It is not indeed in their power, nor even in that of the legislature, whatever politicians may argue when they sacrifice their philosophy to their party, to open a market or excite a demand. But this is done for them by the nature of trade and commerce and private interest: all that

they have to do is to make the overplus of prosperity provide for the contingencies of adversity; and instead of subscribing against their masters, or against the state, or even for the support of their idle members, to subscribe for their own support, and let every man enjoy the advantage of his own prudence and exertions. We are far from intending to urge the past against them: let it only have its natural and due effect, and prove instructive towards the future. We are still further from wishing to counteract any efforts that public or private charity may make to the relief of urgent and immediate distress. Every member of society has too many offences against the laws of prudence and morality on his head, to permit his visiting similar transgressions in others severely. But in real truth no charity can relieve distress so extensive as that which arises from a decay in the demand for labour. At this moment the poor-rates of Birmingham amount to near 60,000*l.* per annum, and afford relief to 28,000 persons. The sum is immense; but how trifling is the assistance it furnishes! not ten-pence a-head weekly, nor 2*l.* per annum on the average, to each individual. This proves at once by what a moderate saving the manufacturers might be able to relieve themselves far more successfully than they can ever be relieved by charity.

The means by which this desirable object might be attained, we leave, of course, to the better judgment of the local authorities. The matter is equally important to all; it concerns alike the comfort of the master, the best interests of the workman, and the safety of the whole community. Now that our manufacturers form so large a share of our population, it would be a melancholy reflection that in the course of things we must be visited by periodical returns of distress and discontent, 'perplexing' the nation 'with fear of change.' And yet it cannot be expected that similar distress should not produce similar discontent, or that men should retain any attachment to a state of things in which they see only abject penury before them; especially while persons are not wanting, and in a society like ours, persons never will be wanting, to persuade them that this hopeless prospect arises from the faults of their government, and not their own—has no connexion with their own idleness, selfishness, and profligacy. Persons who are determined to live by their wits, and are indifferent as to the mode in which they employ them, will try, amongst other schemes, those of sedition, and will find them gainful: and as long as the present habits continue, they will never be without such a mass of ill-tempered but easily moulded clay to work upon, as shall oppose a formidable medium of resistance against government and good order.

Earnestly therefore do we call upon every one concerned with

the manufacturing districts to promote the consummation of this work ; to point out, by clear and intelligible addresses and pamphlets, the real cause of the present embarrassments, and the only method by which their future and frequent recurrence can be avoided. Thus much at least is favourable to the cause, that the manufacturers have not hitherto, like the peasants, been accustomed to depend upon the rates as their regular fund of supply. Their improvidence has rather been thoughtless than systematic and calculating ; they will not therefore discard the advice which exhorts them to save, as the interested counsel of a contributor to the rates, rather than of the promoter of their dearest interests. Such, however, most emphatically, is the man who would teach them prudence. Experience has shown that whoever has once prevailed upon his neighbour to look forward towards the future with the view of providing for it, has advanced that man one important step towards a fundamental change in his character as a rational and an immortal being. The same selfishness, the same eagerness after immoral gratification, leads to a disregard of the future in this world and in another.

For this reason, it is absolutely essential that the moral reform should be founded on the religious reform : and that the provision of churches, which it was the first object of this article to enforce, should precede every other. Nor is it enough to pass a bill, like that now in progress through the House, to facilitate the building of episcopal chapels. Such expedients do "but skin and film the ulcerous place:" the disease still "infects unseen," and is the more dangerous for that very reason. Even if it were possible to expect that four fifths of a parish shall generally consent to tax themselves for the object proposed, the main point is the *subdivision* of parishes, and the augmentation of the number of *parochial* ministers. The measure is strictly a public measure, and should be done by the public: soldiers are not left to build their own barracks, nor are merchants expected to subscribe for a custom-house.

Should a willingness discover itself on the part of the legislature to set the example, and promote the means of a general reformation, we should dwell with pleasure on that agreeable prospect in Mr. J. A. Yates's Letter :

' Whilst our present stagnation of trade, and its consequent inconveniences, are operating to bring about a better state of moral feeling in the country, we may calculate upon a gradual diminution of suffering, and a melioration of the condition of the lower orders of society, resulting from the necessity of economy, mutual good offices, forbearance, and sympathy amongst all ranks ; which will operate much more effectually than any legislative interference.—The rich have discovered with concern, that they have not been building on a solid



foundation; and that they must, in order to preserve what remains of their property and credit, exchange speculation and extravagance for habits of frugality and moderation.—The poor must also open their eyes to the conviction that they have gratified a degree of sensuality and indulgence that was not the best calculated to promote the comfort of their families, and their own permanent welfare; and that they may live more happily, and as well as their fathers lived, upon half the weekly wages which they squandered, during the season of prosperity, in drunkenness and other follies and vices. The farmers, generally, having indulged for years past in those gratifications which that class of the community did not aspire to in former periods, and which the same class in other countries of Europe do not enjoy, may retrench without any evil to themselves or their landlords; and the landowners, by being compelled to live more in the midst of their tenantry, will equally benefit themselves, their dependents, and the community at large. If the weavers, who have hitherto so generally pursued their labours in large factories, are induced to return to their cottages, on account of the low rates of wages, and to carry on their business in the midst of their families, they will not be less industrious or useful workmen. Their employers, the great body of manufacturers, will discover that their future success and security depends upon their taking pains to enlighten the understandings of those whom they employ, and to inculcate a love of strict honesty and temperance, of all the domestic duties, and of religious habits, as the only effectual means of making them good servants, and guarding them against the impressions of ignorant and designing persons.—Both merchants and manufacturers may become convinced that their too eager pursuit of riches has fostered selfish passions, and habits of luxury and excess, which must be corrected; and while prudence leads them to pursue their avocations with more regulated industry and habits, they may not only find trade flourish more steadily, but that the virtues of disinterestedness and a generous regard to the feelings of others, are worth purchasing at the expense of enormous wealth and influence.—Thus it is that all orders, in adapting themselves to the altered state of things, will establish their own interests upon better principles, at the same time that they all promote the true welfare of those with whom they are connected. As the respective classes of society begin to reap once more the fruits of their industry, upon this amended system, they will become more virtuous and truly enlightened; the mutual dependence of the high and the low, the connexion of the Government and the People, will be better understood, and the social system re-established on a more solid basis.” (*Letter*, p. 79—81.)

We cannot conclude without recommending both the publications at the head of our article to the attentive perusal of our readers.

ART. XII.—*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Rev. Claudius Buchanan, D. D. late Vice-Provost of the College of Fort William, in Bengal.* By the Rev. Hugh Pearson, M. A. of St. John's College, Oxford. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 781. Parker. Oxford, 1817.

LORD BACON, as Mr. Pearson observes, expresses his surprise that those of his "own age should have so little value for what they enjoy as not more frequently to write the lives of eminent men." And this complaint, like many other of that distinguished person, has tended to cure the evil of which he complains. Certain it is, that no charge of this kind can fairly be brought against the present time. The fault of our own days is, evidently, not that of overlooking or forgetting the incidents in the lives of our distinguished contemporaries, but rather of raking into them with impertinent curiosity—not of passing by the eminent, but of unduly exalting the insignificant—not of shrowding the excellencies of the great, but of blazoning the follies by which their virtues have been disfigured. If the luminaries of science and virtue were suffered to rise and set unnoticed upon the horizon of our predecessors, we are disposed, on the contrary, to mark, with the most laborious exactness, every spot on their disk; and every variation in their course.

Such, however, being the character of the age as to Biography, one result will necessarily be the deterioration of this branch of literature. Where all write freely, many will write ill. Those, therefore, who have little time for any books, and none at all for bad ones, cannot but feel somewhat anxious when they see two new octavo volumes of this kind laid upon their table. And, amongst the questions they will be first tempted to ask, upon such an occasion, will be these, "Who is the subject of these Memoirs, and who is the author of them?" Now, as we conceive it to be our peculiar duty to ease the public shoulders, when unusually pressed, we shall begin by giving our readers sufficient information upon these points, to satisfy them of the general expediency of proceeding any further with the work.

Dr. Buchanan, then, is, as we think, and as is observed by the author before us, peculiarly suited to become the subject of a biographical memoir by that union of public and private interest in the circumstances of his life, which recommends it to the consideration of all classes of the community—by possessing enough of what is public in his character to give weight to petty incidents in his history—and enough of what is domestic to throw a softer colouring over the dry chronicle of public events. He acted a very conspicuous part in the society of which he was a member.

His writings have been very popular. He was so decidedly the first and most distinguished individual, who called the public attention to the moral condition of our sixty millions of fellow subjects in India—who turned into that neglected soil the plough-share of civilization—who laid there the foundation of our National Church, and planted, amidst temples of licentiousness and blood, the standard of the cross, that to him fairly belongs the character of the first apostle of the Church of England to the nations of Asia. His domestic life also is very interesting. His mind is fairly turned out to the public. Its changes and progress are accurately delineated. A large mass of his private papers and letters, composed in a high style of excellence, are preserved, and here given to the public.

Of Mr. Pearson's pretensions to become the author of this memoir none will doubt, who consider the general reputation of this gentleman in the University of which he is a member—who remembers that he was the gainer of a prize proposed to that University by Mr. Buchanan, on the subject of civilizing and evangelizing the East—and who will further take the trouble of perusing the following extract:

“ With respect to his own undertaking, the author has only to state, that he engaged in it at the request of the family and friends of Dr. Buchanan. They were, doubtless, induced to place this task in his hands from the circumstance of his having some years since had occasion to consider the great subject to which the life of that excellent man was devoted, which led to a subsequent acquaintance with him. And though he has to regret that his intercourse with Dr. Buchanan was less frequent and intimate than he wished, it tended greatly to increase that lively interest in his character, which the previous knowledge of his history had excited. He felt also that he owed a debt of gratitude and service to his memory, which he was anxious to have an opportunity of discharging; and however inadequately he may have acquitted himself of this obligation, he trusts that his intention will be approved; and that the following work, thus designed to record the excellencies of a benefactor and a friend, to adopt the affectionate apology of a Roman biographer, ‘ *Professione pietatis aut laudatus erit, aut excusatus.*’ ” (*Preface*, p. x. xi.)

We conceive it to be a circumstance not a little favourable to Mr. Pearson's pretensions as a Biographer, that he was enough connected with the subject of his memoir to gain an accurate knowledge of facts, and not enough to be under any very strong temptation to distort or conceal them. He has been near enough, and not too near the object he paints; near enough for accuracy, but not too near for impartiality. And we should have little doubt, from the internal testimony of the work, if we had not the fullest guarantee in the integrity of Mr. Pearson

himself; that his delineation of Dr. Buchanan is executed with much fidelity.

Having thus slightly introduced both Dr. Buchanan and his Biographer to the public, we have set ourselves to consider in what way we can best convey to them our own impression of these volumes, and prompt them to turn from our imperfect copy to the original work. And we have determined that we shall best accomplish this double object by giving our readers pretty copious extracts from those letters of Dr. Buchanan, which occupy so large a portion of this interesting memoir—and by attaching to these extracts a few such observations as may arise in our progress. Our readers, we are persuaded, will not regret that we suffer Dr. Buchanan to speak as much as possible for himself.

The life of the subject of these memoirs may be naturally divided into four parts—the period before he went to college—that which he spent there—the years spent in India—those after his return.

Dr. Buchanan was the son of virtuous parents in Scotland—and discovered, at various moments of his early years, a mind not altogether insensible to the devout instructions which he received. At fourteen, especially, it appears that he spent much time in meditation amidst the rocks on the sea shore. But these serious impressions were soon dissipated, and he conceived the extraordinary and criminal desire of deceiving his parents, of quitting their roof by stealth, and of making the tour of Europe on foot. In the following letter we have a curious account of a part of the journey, on which he entered in consequence of this resolution.

“ I had the example of the celebrated Dr. Goldsmith before me, who travelled through Europe on foot, and supported himself by playing on his flute. I could play a little on the violin, and on this I relied for occasional support during my long and various travels.

“ In August 1787, having put on plain clothes, becoming my apparent situation, I left Edinburgh on foot with the intention of travelling to London, and thence to the continent: that very violin which I now have, and the case which contains it, I had under my arm, and thus I travelled onward. After I had proceeded some days on my journey, and had arrived at a part of the country where I thought I could not be known, I called at gentlemen's houses, and farm houses, where I was in general kindly lodged. They were very well pleased with my playing reels to them, (for I played them better than I can now,) and I sometimes received five shillings, sometimes half a crown, and sometimes nothing but my dinner. Wherever I went, people seemed to be struck a little by my appearance, particularly if they entered into conversation with me. They were often very inquisitive, and I was some-

times at a loss what to say. I professed to be a musician travelling through the country for his subsistence: but this appeared very strange to some, and they wished to know where I obtained my learning; for sometimes pride, and sometimes accident, would call forth expressions, in the course of conversation, which excited their surprise. I was often invited to stay for some time at a particular place; but this I was afraid of, lest I might be discovered. It was near a month, I believe, before I arrived on the borders of England, and in that time many singular occurrences befel me. I once or twice met persons whom I had known, and narrowly escaped discovery. Sometimes I had nothing to eat, and had no where to rest at night; but, notwithstanding, I kept steady to my purpose, and pursued my journey. Before, however, I reached the borders of England, I would gladly have returned; but I could not: the die was cast; my pride would have impelled me to suffer death, I think, rather than to have exposed my folly; and I pressed forward.

“ ‘ When I arrived at Newcastle, I felt tired of my long journey, and found that it was indeed hard to live on the benevolence of others: I therefore resolved to proceed to London by water; for I did not want to travel in my own country, but on the continent.

“ ‘ I accordingly embarked in a collier at North Shields, and sailed for London. On the third night of the voyage we were in danger of being cast away, during a gale of wind; and then, for the first time, I began to reflect seriously on my situation.’ ” (Vol. i. p. 8—10.)

He next describes the bitter fruits which he reaped from this treacherous expedition. Having reached London, he says,

“ ‘ My spirits were nearly exhausted by distress and poverty. I now relinquished every idea of going abroad. I saw such a visionary scheme in its true light, and resolved, if possible, to procure some situation, as an usher or clerk, or any employment, whereby I might derive a subsistence: but I was unsuccessful. I lived some time, in obscure lodgings, by selling my clothes and books; for I did not attempt to obtain any assistance by my skill in music, lest I should be discovered by some persons who might know me or my family. I was in a short time reduced to the lowest extreme of wretchedness and want. Alas! I had not sometimes bread to eat. Little did my mother think, when she dreamt, that she saw her son fatigued with his wanderings, and oppressed with a load of woe, glad to lie down, and sleep away his cares on a little straw, that her dream was so near the truth! What a reverse of fortune was this! A few months before, I lived in splendour and happiness! But even in this extremity of misery my eyes were not opened. I saw indeed my folly, but I saw not my sin: my pride even then was unsubdued, and I was constantly anticipating scenes of future grandeur, and indulging myself in the pleasures of the imagination.

“ ‘ After I had worn out many months in this misery, observing one day an advertisement in a newspaper, for a “ clerk to an attorney,” I offered myself, and was accepted. I was much liked, and soon made friends. I then obtained a better situation with another gentleman in the law, and, lastly, engaged with a solicitor of respectable character

and connexions in the city, with whom I remained nearly three years. During all this time I had sufficient allowance to appear as a gentleman; my desire for going abroad gradually abated, and I began to think that I should make the law my profession for life. But during a great part of this time I corresponded with my friends in Scotland, as from abroad, writing very rarely, but always giving my mother pleasing accounts of my health and situation." (Vol. i. p. 11, 12.)

We find him recovering the proper tone of mind under the friendly counsels of Mr. Newton, by whom he was taught the extent of his delinquency, and the depth of the precipice, on the edge of which he stood.

At this time, generally speaking, the decisive change in his character must be said to have taken place. He passed from a state of occasional licentiousness, of almost habitual indifference, of falsehood, disobedience, and unkindness to his parents, to a state of serious and habitual devotion of himself to God. If there be any who doubt the reality of such a change, we would entreat them to consider the language in which Mr. Buchanan himself describes it—and the judicious comment of Mr. Pearson. One class, Mr. Pearson says, may be disposed to treat the whole as visionary and delusive, the other as weak and unimportant. We can afford to give the reply only to the former of these objectors.

"In reply to the former of these objections, it may be observed, that, even admitting the change in question to have been sudden, it does not necessarily follow that it was enthusiastic and visionary. 'I do not in the smallest degree,' says a peculiarly calm and cautious writer, 'mean to undervalue, or speak lightly of such changes, whenever, or in whomsoever they take place; nor to deny that they may be sudden, yet lasting: nay, I am rather inclined to think that it is in this manner that they frequently do take place.' But in the present case, sudden as that impression appears to have been, which was the turning point in the mind of Mr. Buchanan between a life of sin and of religion, between the world and God, it was neither the first nor the last which he experienced; but one of many previous convictions, which had been comparatively ineffectual, and of many subsequent influences, which issued in the real conversion of his heart to God, and which continued through his future course to establish and edify him in Christian faith and holiness. The substantial effects which followed sufficiently rescue the impressions which have been described from the imputation of enthusiasm, and vindicate their claim to a more legitimate and divine origin." (Vol. i. p. 29, 30.)

The change wrought in Mr. Buchanan was a change from the practice of falsehood to the love of truth—from occasional licentiousness to habitual holiness—from a life of self-indulgence to a life of usefulness and benevolence—from the state of a weed

encumbering the soil which bore it, to that of a branch, shaking its golden fruit into the bosom of the weary and destitute. If, indeed, the precise period at which this change begun, or was completed, be asked for, we are desirous rather to refer the inquirer to the Great Author of that change than to reply ourselves. It *may* have been begun in baptism. The occasional fits (if they may be so termed) of seriousness in the early life of Mr. Buchanan, *may* have been so many indications that the spark was early communicated, and was afterwards rather covered than extinguished—or the process *may* have been wholly different. The light of truth may have visited his soul now for the first time—and the dawn and the blaze of sunshine, like the rising of the Eastern day, have been well nigh contemporaneous. It is not for us to limit the movements of Him who is invisible—or to prescribe laws to Omnipotence. But if the *evidence* of the change be asked—we direct the inquirer to look around—look at Mr. Buchanan, wherever placed, or however circumstanced. Tread in his footsteps in the East—and though the monuments of heroes and philosophers be forgotten, or remembered only to the shame of those whose bones they cover, you shall find in the institutions to which he gave birth—in the increased civilization and happiness of those introduced to Christianity by his labours of love—in the case of hundreds rescued by him from idolatry, and licentiousness, and blood—an imperishable monument to the power of that grace which could transform the cold and cruel deceiver of tender parents into the firm and affectionate friend of the ignorant and miserable, in every spot of the universe. This is *evidence* which no reasonable man can hesitate to admit.

But we must now follow Mr. Buchanan into the second stage of his eventful life. It is not wonderful that, in his new state of mind, he should have felt a desire to enter into holy orders. He thus describes the origin of this desire in a letter to Mr. Newton.

“‘Yesterday morning,’ he observes, ‘I went to hear Dr. S. Near the conclusion of the service, I was insensibly led to admire this passage of the prophet Isaiah, ‘How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace!’ It occurred to me, that that enviable office was once designed for *me*; that I was called to the ministry, as it were, from my infancy. For my pious grandfather chose me from among my mother’s children to live with himself. He adopted me as his own child, and took great pleasure in forming my young mind to the love of God. He warmly encouraged my parents’ design of bringing me up to the ministry.’” (Vol. i. p. 33.)

“‘These things passed rapidly through my mind. I wondered that I had not thought of them before. Your suggestion occurred to me, and I seemed clearly to perceive the hand of Providence in my not

having been articted to the law. I now beheld it as an unkindly and unprofitable study, a profession I never cordially liked, and was thankful that I might shake it off when I pleased. These reflections filled me with delight, and as I walked home, the sensation increased; so that by the time I entered my chamber, my spirits were overpowered, and I fell on my knees before God, and wept. What shall I say to these things? At first I feared this change of sentiment might be some idle whim that would soon vanish. But when I began to deliberate calmly, reason pleaded that the plan was possible; and the wisdom and power of God, and my love to him, pleaded that it was probable. I thought that I, who had experienced so much of the divine mercy, was peculiarly engaged to declare it to others. After fervent prayer, I endeavoured to commit myself and my services into the hands of Him who alone is able to direct me." (Vol. i. p. 34, 35.)

But whatever might be the wishes of Mr. Buchanan, there appeared no means of meeting the expense, by which alone they could be accomplished. In this state of things, Mr. Newton introduced him to the late Mr. Henry Thornton, Member for the Borough of Southwark; of whose merits we need not remind our readers, nor revive the recollection, for they cannot be forgotten, of his steady love and strong pursuit of truth—his political integrity—his noble impartiality—his mild dignity, commanding the affections of a multitude, without stooping to their passions—his fervour of piety, and magnificence of charity. Mr. Thornton, having carefully investigated Mr. Buchanan's pretensions, determined to send him as a student to Cambridge.

The whole of the extracts given by the author from the letters of Mr. Buchanan, at this period of his life, are, as might be expected, peculiarly interesting; and we shall proceed, according to our plan, to transcribe such parts of them as may serve to carry on the history of their author.

The first extract describes the views with which he entered upon his university career.

" 'I was emancipated,' he writes to Mr. Newton, from the law a few days ago, and am now willing to enter into the eternal bonds of the Gospel. I have been endeavouring to arrange my studies in some measure preparatory to my going to Cambridge; but I find so much to do, that I know not where to begin. I wish to devote my greatest attention to the Bible, and am desirous of adopting some regular plan in studying it; but I cannot please myself, and I am a perfect stranger to the system which is usually followed. The Bible appears to me like a confused heap of polished stones prepared for a building, which must be brought together, and each of them fitted to its place, before the proportion and symmetry of the temple appear. I would fain hope that the foundation-stone is laid with me; but the raising of the superstructure appears an arduous undertaking, and the pinnacle of the temple is quite out of sight, even in idea. I conjectured that probably



the Articles and Creeds of the Church contain the first principles of the oracles of God ; and on this presumption I have begun to prove all the articles of my faith by Scripture. Whether I am right in this mode of study I know not.

“ ‘ I never felt myself in more need of divine direction than now. When I consider myself so evidently called forth on the Lord's side, my heart is faint ; and I am apt to say, “ Who is sufficient for these things ? ” I find I am unable to go through the important studies before me, unless I am led every step. At present it appears to me, that my sole business at the University is contained in one line of St. Paul, “ to be enriched with all utterance, and all knowledge ; ” or in other words, “ to be eloquent, and mighty in the Scriptures ; ” which are said to have been the accomplishments of the preacher Apollos. But I find that I must attend to various branches of human learning, for which at present I have no relish. Alas ! Sir, if St. Paul had sent Timothy and Titus to such a college as this, they would have complained to him of such a plan. But he would perhaps have answered, as he does somewhere ; ‘ Till I come, give attendance to reading ’ — ‘ that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man. ’ ” (Vol. i. p. 44, 45.)

The question as to the degree in which it became him, in his peculiar circumstances, to occupy himself with the ordinary subjects of university pursuit, was one of the first by which his mind was exercised. It is evident, that students, in ordinary circumstances, will generally do right by rigidly adhering to the course of reading prescribed to them by the rules of their college. We have not only theory, but fact for the position, that those who desert this course rarely strike into any other path of study. But Mr. Buchanan's circumstances were peculiar. His time was short. He had much lee way to recover. He had much theological knowledge to acquire ; which, if not then acquired, must be forfeited for ever. He was sent to college with the express object of becoming qualified, as soon as possible, for the ministry. Thus circumstanced, we cannot but approve of the determination expressed in the following extract.

“ ‘ Your good sense will shew you, when reflecting on my present situation, that I have much need of that wisdom which is profitable to direct. Weak in spirit, weak in body, and beset by hard study, which I know by experience to be a weariness to the flesh, what can I do but commit myself and all my cares to Him who hath hitherto cared for me, and will lead me, though blind, by a way I know not ? By such a way is he now leading me : I know not whither his goodness is conducting me ; I trust it is to his service : and yet there is such an ocean of mathematics and abstruse study which intervenes between me and usefulness in the ministry, that, like the Israelites, I stand on the sea-shore, thinking it impossible to get over : but I think also that I hear the Lord by his providence, which introduced me to the studies of this place, say, ‘ Go forward. ’ This I am resolved to do, till his goodness illuminate my mind, so that I shall be enabled to discover the errors (if

any) of my path. If any, did I say? I know that there are many; but I need grace to abandon them, when I see them; I hope Cambridge University will prove a good school of Christ to me. I knew little of myself till I came here.” (Vol. i. p. 59, 60.)

These letters are followed by two others, one to Mr. Newton, laying open to him the state of his mind; and another to his dying sister—both of great beauty. But we are afraid to extract more largely. The following brief letter we give as a specimen of the more sportive style of writing not uncommon in his letters.

“ ‘ Your aged domestics will wonder why I stay so long at Cambridge, when I have so much work to do in the ministry. I wish they could impart to me somewhat of their experience, self-knowledge, and humility; and in exchange I promise to give them on my return from college, all my mathematics, pure and mixed, geometry, algebra, fluxions containing the nature of pneumatics, hydraulics, hydrostatics, the doctrine of incommensurables, indivisibles, and infinities, parabolic and hyperbolic logarithms, summation of series, solution of quadratics containing impossible roots, together with the properties of parallelipipeds and dodecahedrons, not forgetting Sir Isaac Newton, his celebrated collaries to the paradoxical lemma respecting *curvilinear straight lines*! together with other particulars, too many to be here enumerated.

“ ‘ What a mercy, you will say, that Phoebe has not to learn all this in order to get to heaven.’ ” (Vol. i. p. 99.)

In 1795 Mr. Buchanan presented himself to the Bishop of London for ordination; and, having received the most respectable testimony from his Lordship, from his college, and from some distinguished individuals as to his general qualifications, he was appointed one of the chaplains of the East India Company in 1796. And this will conduct us to the third period of his life.

We have no leisure to touch upon the circumstances of his voyage. On the 10th of March, 1797, he arrived at Calcutta, and was most kindly received by the Rev. Mr. Brown, the senior chaplain of the Company. He was soon after stationed at Barrackpore; and our first extract gives some account of his employments there.

“ ‘ As the friend of my *beginning* studies, you will naturally be desirous to know in what way they have been continued since my arrival in India. I am now proceeding in a work which I began when I last enjoyed retirement, namely, a serious, and, I may say, laborious examination of the Scriptures in the original tongues. My enquiries are not so much philological, as practical. The meaning of the Holy Spirit in Scripture is the “one thing needful” for the student: and I hope it will be the subject of many a joyful *supper* to me. This severity of investigation reminds me of my mathematical vigils. Some have considered that interval at college as the most useful era in the history of

the mind. It shews what powers of application the soul possesses on a subject it loves; even such application as Paul recommends to Timothy, who was engaged in my present studies—*ἵνα ῥῶσιν ἑαυτοὺς*. "Exist, or live in them."

" ' This, Sir, is a climate which tries the mind like a furnace. Deterioration seems inherent in Indian existence. Were God to grant me a peculiar blessing, it would be the habit of industry whilst I remain in this country. I have observed, in reading the lives of the good, that the most eminent were men famed for their industry. I have observed too, that few of them had to encounter what Boileau calls the dangerous career of wit and genius. The wisdom of God is shewn in choosing for them that disposition of mind which is best suited to a sedulous and humble perusal of his eternal word; for genius hath ever been a foe to industry.

" ' I have a Moonshee in the house to instruct me in the Hindostanee and Persian languages. Not knowing what may be the purpose of God concerning me, I have thought it my duty to attend early to the languages of the country; and to the constitution civil and religious of the mixed people in it.' " (Vol. i. p. 147, 148.)

To this succeeds a letter of a less cheerful and animative cast, than was usual with him. The silence and obscurity of his appointed station—the difficulty of obtaining an audience for his sermons—the enervating influence of the climate—all contributed to this feeling of depression. But we are disposed to think this part of his history by no means the least useful; both as it may tend to encourage those under similar trials; and may teach those in England who are expecting much from these expatriated chaplains, to wait with patience and charity for the fulfilment of their hopes. Their day of usefulness may appear to linger—but, then, it may burst without twilight or preparation upon the eye, and amply compensate, by its unshaded splendour, for the tardiness of its course. Mr. Buchanan had not a few difficulties with which to contend. The state of his health—the indisposition of the garrison, in which he was stationed, to attend upon any ministry—the general indolence of an oriental population, all constituted so many checks to his zeal.

The following extract supplies a lively portrait of the British and Indian population.

" ' I suppose you have heard of the grandeur of English life in India. To live in the first circle in India is to live at court. There is nearly the same dignity of etiquette, elegance of equipage, and variety of entertainment. Every lady is handed to table according to her rank; and—no grace is said.

" ' What chiefly astonishes an Englishman (I should have said a Scotchman) is the profusion of meat on the tables. We sit down to hecatombæan feasts. But you will not wonder at this, when you hear that the price of a sheep is but half a crown. We have no *drinking*

here; no Bacchanalian feasts. Wine is a drug. Wherever we go, we expect to find what we have at home, plenty of Claret and Madeira; and he who would think it a compliment to urge another to drink, would be accounted a vulgar fellow, just imported from a military mess-room, or a literary combination-room.

“ ‘ Must I say something of the natives? Their general character is imbecility of body, and imbecility of mind. Their moral powers are and have been for ages in a profound stupor; and there is seldom an instance of their being awakened. A partial attempt, or rather experiment, is now making on them by some Christian teachers. The Hindoo mind seems at present to be bound by a Satanic spell; and it will require the co-operation of a more than human power to break it. But divine co-operation implies human endeavour. Many ages must then elapse before the conversion of India is accomplished.

“ ‘ With respect to moral action, the Hindoos pay as little attention to their own religion as a rule of life, as the English do to theirs. Your profession of the Christian religion is a proverbial jest throughout the world.’ ” (Vol. i. p. 176, 177.)

The circumstances of Mr. Buchanan soon, however, began to brighten. In February, 1800, soon after the appointment of Lord Mornington (Marquis Wellesley) to be Governor-General, he was selected to preach a thanksgiving sermon before the Governor and principal officers of the government. The sermon was highly approved, ordered to be printed, circulated throughout India, and sent home to the Company. Indeed the Marquis of Wellesley seems, from the first, to have felt the importance of aiding the cause of religion in India, and to have discovered the real value of such an agent in this design as Mr. Buchanan. Mr. Buchanan was soon after removed to Calcutta, and he gives an interesting account of his labours in that presidency.

One of the most important epochs in his Eastern residence was the establishment, by Lord Wellesley, of a College, for the instruction of the young civil servants of the Company in Eastern literature and general knowledge. The plan of the College was prepared by Mr. Buchanan. It is impossible for us to enter upon the history of this establishment; but it may be thought necessary for us to give some general opinion upon a subject so long and ardently discussed. It does then appear to us that the scale of this Eastern College was too magnificent; that the Company were warranted in adopting some other scheme by which the same object might be accomplished at a less expense; and that the present plan, by which an initiatory education is given at home, and the Oriental education completed in India, is, in many respects, a good substitute for the original scheme. But still we feel it a sort of duty to maintain that the institution of the Eastern College gave the first impulse to the public mind—that it established the ne-

cessity of an education for the servants of the Company—that it raised the standard of their qualifications—and that it served, under the vigorous and devout administration of Messrs. Brown and Buchanan, to promote the interests of religion, both in the minds of the students and of the community. We are far, therefore, from coalescing with those who delight to calumniate or ridicule this institution. It laid the foundation of future establishments. And the day of its erection was the dawn of that morning of science and piety, which may now fairly be said to have arisen upon the benighted plains of India. We are sorry thus summarily to dismiss this subject. It is discussed at large, and the merits of the College are maintained with much ability in the dispatches of Lord Wellesley, and the letters and publications of Mr. Buchanan. A part also of those documents of Lord Wellesley, which maintain the necessity of some such establishment for British India, may be found in No. XVII. of this Review. We cannot, however, resist quoting the eulogium, passed by Lord Wellesley, on Messrs. Brown and Buchanan, as equally honourable to all parties.

“ ‘ Fortunately,’ observes his Lordship, ‘ for the objects of the institution, the Governor General has found at Calcutta two clergymen of the Church of England, eminently qualified to discharge the duties of Provost and Vice-Provost. To the former office he has appointed Mr. Brown, the Company’s first chaplain, and to the latter Mr. Buchanan. Mr. Brown’s character must be well known in England, and particularly so to some members of the Court of Directors; it is in every respect such as to satisfy the Governor General, that his views, in this nomination, will not be disappointed. He has also formed the highest expectations from the abilities, learning, temper, and morals of Mr. Buchanan, whose character is also well known in England, and particularly to Dr. Porteus, Bishop of London, and to Dr. Milner, Master of Queen’s College in the University of Cambridge.’ ” (Vol. i. p. 203.)

It is very interesting to observe, about this time, the work of religion beginning to thrive in Calcutta, under the joint labours of these two gentlemen. ‘ Our churches (says Mr. Buchanan) are, during the cold season, more crowded than I ever saw them before. Even on Wednesday evening there are a great number. Some of the students attend on that evening. Their presence warms the heart of, &c. &c.

Mrs. Buchanan, to whom he had been united soon after his arrival in India, had, about this time, returned to England in quest of health; and the Memoirs contain some highly interesting letters to her; at the end of one of which we find a paragraph which bears strong testimony to the practical piety and honourable feelings of Mr. Buchanan.

“ ‘ By the last ships I sent four hundred pounds to Mr. H. Thornton ; being the amount of his expense on my account at college for four years, at one hundred pounds per annum. He never expected that I should repay him : but God has put it in my power, and therefore it is my duty.

“ ‘ I told him I only sent it back to the fountain, from whence it would probably soon flow again in some act of benevolence.

“ ‘ I also told him, that I meant to devote five hundred pounds for the support of a young man at the University, of religious character and good ability, who might be in poor circumstances ; and whom he, or Mr. Newton, or Dr. Milner, President of Queen's college, should select. At the same time I remitted an order on Messrs. Boehm and Co. to Mr. T. for paying the sum of one hundred and twenty-five pounds per annum, by half yearly instalments, for this purpose : and I expressed a wish that the young man might prove an honour to the Gospel, and become an useful labourer in his Master's vineyard.

“ ‘ While it is in my power, I wish to do some good thing for the Gospel of my blessed Lord. I may soon be called hence. May I be able to devote my heart to his glory while I stay.

“ ‘ May we be grateful stewards of God's blessings, so abundant and unlooked for ! And may we continue daily to remember the wonderful way in which we have been led from our early years to this day.’ ”

(Vol. i. p. 236, 237.)

At this time, be it remembered, that Mr. Buchanan was a poor man, had two children, a sick wife, an uncertain income, and a necessarily expensive establishment. But he was generous in the largest and noblest sense of the word.

We are now arrived at that important period in the life of Mr. Buchanan, the summer of the year 1803, in which he first projected the plan of offering prizes in the Universities of the United Kingdom, on subjects connected with the civilization and moral improvement of India. He accordingly devoted, with his usual munificence, 1,650*l.* to this object. It is with justice added ; (p. 307,) that the composition, amongst the performances to which this occasion gave birth, which reflected the highest honour on its author, was an English poem on “ The Restoration of Learning in the East,” by Charles Grant, Esq. now one of the Lords of the Treasury.

But Mr. Buchanan, whilst awakening and directing the talents and zeal of others, did not design to be idle himself. In November, 1803, he addressed letters, previously submitted to the perusal of Lord Wellesley, to the Archbishop of Canterbury and to the rest of the Episcopal Bench, on the subject of an ecclesiastical establishment for British India. In 1805, after the publication of several prize essays, by various writers, he transmitted to England his own “ Memoir,” on this subject—a work which, we cannot hesitate to say, laid the first stone of the Establishment

in India; but a work, at the same time, so well known to the public, that we do not think it necessary to give any analysis of it to our readers.

The public mind has long been made up on the necessity of the measure advocated by the author; and we have only to express a hope that the ministers of the crown will give, not merely the semblance of an Establishment to India,—those shadowy rulers and teachers who may wear the honours without doing the work of evangelists; but that they will look out for good men and true, who may bear the torch of the Gospel into the caves of idolatry, and show the value of Christianity in their own lives and tempers. And here, perhaps, we may be permitted to observe that our clergy, in Heathen countries, seem, too often, to have forgotten one express object of their settlement in foreign climes—viz. the conversion of the natives. We believe there are few instances, for example, of our West Indian chaplains labouring among the negroes. The chaplains, at our foreign factories, usually confine their labours to these factories. Most of the chaplains of the East India Company have lived and died without an effort to convert the Hindoos. Even now, if we are not misinformed, the chief officer of the Eastern Establishment has not made any vigorous movement in this direction. It cannot be questioned that the first duty of a clergyman in India, is to take care of the European flock committed to his charge. But he must have very limited views of his high commission, who does not feel himself called to watch over those ‘other sheep,’ who, though ‘not of this flock,’ shall be brought eventually into the Christian fold—who does not bend himself to the office of reclaiming those wanderers who are now scattered, without a shepherd, upon the dark mountains of idolatry. There is nothing to us more monstrous than the prejudice which exists against the name and office of a Missionary. The stationary minister is, in a measure, respected; but, give him a wider office,—teach him to embrace all in the plans of his benevolence, who are comprehended in the great charter of the Gospel—suffer him to add to the ordinary labour of the Christian ministry banishment from the soil of his country, from its hearths and altars—to encounter toil, and want, and opposition, and contumely, and danger—to combine the hazards of a warrior with the life of a saint—and, then, his ministry becomes a subject of ridicule, and suspicion, and contempt.

A celebrated Northern publication has signalized itself by this low-minded and truly unphilosophical assault upon the Missionary character; but we trust that English understandings and English hearts will know how to repel it.

The remainder of the first volume of these Memoirs is chiefly

occupied with extracts from some able sermons preached by Mr. Buchanan in the Presidency, and by an interesting account of a severe illness by which he was attacked when preparing for a journey to the Malabar coast. We should have been glad to have dwelt upon both of these topics—but our want of space forbids it.—We consider that the history of this severe sickness must be peculiarly satisfactory to those most deeply interested in the devout sufferer. The religion of many may, as Lord Bacon expresses it, “shew daintily” in the sun-shine of life. But those principles are mainly to be valued whose lustre is not eclipsed amidst the shades of sickness and adversity. Some of the letters written by the patient, in this particular instance, will, we are convinced, be highly valued by our readers.

Early in the year 1806 Dr. Buchanan obtained leave of absence in order to enter upon his expedition to the coast of Malabar. He thus states the object of his journey :

“ ‘ In order to obtain a distinct view of the state of Christianity and of superstition in Asia, the superintendants of the college had, before this period, entered into correspondence with intelligent persons in different countries ; and from every quarter (even from the confines of China) they received encouragement to proceed. But, as contradictory accounts were given by different writers concerning the real state of the numerous tribes in India, both of Christians and natives, the Author conceived the design of devoting the last year or two of his residence in the East to purposes of local examination and enquiry.

“ ‘ The principal objects of this tour were to investigate the state of superstition at the most celebrated temples of the Hindoos ; to examine the churches and libraries of the Romish, Syrian, and Protestant Christians : to ascertain the present state and recent history of the eastern Jews ; and to discover what persons might be fit instruments for the promotion of learning in their respective countries, and for maintaining a future correspondence on the subject of disseminating the Scriptures in India.’ ” (Vol. ii. p. 3.)

Part of the journal kept upon this tour was afterwards published ; but considerable extracts from private letters written at the same time are now for the first time given to the public. They do not add materially to the stock of information. But they are, generally speaking, very interesting in themselves ; and they serve the important purpose of assisting to correct a prejudice which had taken deep possession of the minds of many individuals in this country. These persons had conceived that the circumstances stated by Dr. Buchanan in his *Christian Researches*, were not facts noticed or recorded on the spot ; but histories fancied and wrought up to establish a particular theory : but, surely, a more decisive reply to these objections can scarcely be conceived than letters written on the spot, and precisely tal-



lying with the published statements. It has been the lot of many distinguished persons to be thus calumniated by those whose wisdom consists in denying every thing of which they are not eye-witnesses. But let them not be discouraged. If they pay this tribute for greater usefulness than that of ordinary men, they will pay it only for a time. The struggle may be sharp, but the triumph is certain.

We much regret our inability to quote at large from these letters written upon a tour among the most interesting that was ever undertaken by a Christian traveller. We shall, however, give a few brief extracts.

“ ‘Juggernaut, Saturday, 21st June, 1806.

“ ‘I propose to proceed on my journey this evening, that I may find a place of rest for my Sabbath to-morrow far off from Juggernaut. My best Sabbaths are generally in the wilderness.

“ ‘The number of pilgrims here is uncertain. Mr. Hunter has no means of probable calculation. From the nature of the place, we perhaps did not see more than two or three hundred thousand persons at the same time. But I cannot judge, any more than I could say how many grains there are in a handful of sand.

“ ‘Can it be that the true seed of Abraham shall be “as the sand upon the sea shore for multitude?” Doubtless, it is true; and with this faith I conclude my last line to you from Juggernaut.’ ”

(Vol. ii. p. 16, 17.)

“ ‘Visagapatam, 12th July, 1806.

“ ‘The pagoda at Seemachalum is in many respects more interesting than Juggernaut. No scene of nature I have yet beheld is so romantic as the site and vicinity of this temple, which is built on a rocky mountain. You ascend nearly a quarter of a mile by steps of hewn stone and of live rock. A stream of pure water issues from the mount; and this is the sacred fountain, and the origin of the temple. Here the idolatry of Juggernaut is exhibited in another form; but the substance is the same.’ ” (Vol. ii. p. 19.)

“ ‘I have just visited the tomb of Ziegenbalg, which is on the side of the altar in the church he built. It was consecrated on the 2d of October 1718, and he died on the 23d of February 1719. I heard divine service performed in the Tamul tongue, and about two hundred natives sung the hundredth Psalm. During the sermon some of them wrote on an olla or palmyra leaf. The missionary told me that the catechists sometimes take down a whole sermon in this manner, and repeat it to the children in the evening.’ ” (Vol. ii. p. 23.)

“ ‘Last Sunday (the 30th August) was a great day among the Christians at Tanjore. It being rumoured that a friend of Mr. Swartz was arrived, the Christians flocked together from all quarters. Divine service was performed three times. In the morning we all proceeded to Mr. Swartz's church in the fort. It is a large commodious building, not inferior to your Calcutta church. Mr. Kolhoff read prayers

in English, and I preached. When I came to the mention of the faithful ministers whom God had sent to his people in this place, there was a general commotion, and Mr. Kolhoff's tears flowed fast, which not a little affected his flock. Having understood that the missionaries seldom prayed for the reigning prince of the country, I thought it expedient to say, (in enumerating the themes of gratitude of the church here,) "and it is their bounden duty to pray for the long life, peace, and prosperity of the present most excellent Prince, who hath manifested by many munificent acts his regard for their happiness and welfare." (Vol. ii. p. 31.)

"Having expressed a wish to hear Sattianaden preach, the same was intimated to the people, and they were desired to assemble at the little church next morning (Monday) at nine o'clock. Accordingly a great number came together, and the venerable minister delivered a sermon full of fire. His natural eloquence and various intonation were truly calculated to command attention. Both Mr. Kolhoff and Dr. John were affected by the discourse. It had reference to the former darkness in India, the light of Ziegenbalg and Swartz, the present endeavour to spread the Gospel, and lastly, the light of heaven. He addressed the young generation chiefly, and they responded as usual to many of his sentences. He made great use of the Bible; but in quoting a passage he called upon a lower minister to read it with a distinct voice, to which he himself listened as to a record, and then proceeded to expound. His prayer for the Church of England at the end was full of fervour; and the psalm which concluded the service was sung with an ardent devotion.

"I went up to Sattianaden in the presence of the people, and addressed him in a few words, hoping he would be faithful unto death, like his old master Swartz. The women and aged men crowded round and shed tears. The whole multitude came after the sermon to Mr. Kolhoff's house and garden. The catechists and aged Christians came into the Verandahs, and while Mr. Kolhoff and myself were engaged up stairs, Dr. John addressed them in an affectionate and impressive manner.

"Mr. Kolhoff had been praying that there might be an outpouring of the Spirit in these days at Tanjore, and circumstances made him believe that it was coming. His success is indeed great. The congregation is doubled since Mr. Swartz's death."

(Vol. ii. p. 33, 34.)

"Early in November I left the sea-coast, having first supplied myself with plenty of gold and silver. I directed my course towards Mavelicar, the first Syrian church.

"The *kasheeshas* (priests) received me on my arrival with much civility, perceiving that I was accompanied by the Rajah's servants. Their curiosity to know the object of my visit was very great; still greater when I took up their Syrian books and began to read; and when I shewed them my printed Syriac books, which they could read. They produced the Scriptures, and their Liturgy; also Lexicons and Grammars, Syrian and Malayalim. The Malayalim, or proper Ma-

labar, is a dialect distinct from the Tamal; but the character is nearly the same. It is considered by the learned Brahmins of this coast as the eldest and legitimate daughter of the Shamcrit.

“ ‘ In the evening the church was lighted up for prayers, at which a good many of the people attended. Nothing objectionable appeared at this service. The priests pronounced the prayers without book, and chaunted their hymns, having their faces turned towards the altar. They have no images, but on the walls were paintings from subjects of Scripture history.’ ” (Vol. ii. p. 64, 65.)

“ ‘ One of the elders named Thomas, or Didymus, stepped forward and said, “ To convince you, Sir, of our earnest desire to have the Bible in the Malayalim tongue, I need only mention that I have lately translated the Gospel of St. Matthew for the benefit of my own children. It is often borrowed by the other families. It is not in fine language; but the people love to read it.

“ ‘ But how,’ said the old priest, ‘ shall we know that your standard copy is a true translation of our Bible? We cannot depart from our own Bible. It is the true book of God, without corruption; that book which was first used by the Christians at Antioch. What translations you have got in the West we know not; but the true Bible of Antioch we have had in the mountains of Malabar for fourteen hundred years, or longer. Some of our copies are from ancient times; so old and decayed, that they can scarcely be preserved much longer.’ I rejoiced when I heard this.

“ ‘ But how,’ repeated the aged priest, ‘ shall we know that your Western Bible is the same as ours?’ ‘ I have here,’ said I, ‘ a Western Syrian Bible, which yourselves can read; and I have an English Bible, which will be interpreted to you. Let some portion of Scripture, selected at a venture, be accurately examined. You can compare the whole at your leisure hereafter.’ They turned over the leaves of my Bible with surprise, having never seen a printed Syriac Bible before. After some consultation, they proposed that the 3d chapter of St. Matthew’s Gospel should be critically compared word for word, in the Eastern Syrian, Western Syrian, and English. St. Matthew was selected, I believe, at the suggestion of Thomas, who had got his Malayalim translation in his hand.

“ ‘ It was an interesting scene to me to behold the ancient English Bible brought before the tribunal of these simple Christians in the hills of Malabar. They sat down to the investigation with great solemnity; and the people around seemed to think that something important depended on the issue.

“ ‘ I held a Greek Testament in my hand, and proposed that the sense of the Greek copy should be first explained, as the New Testament was first given to the world in Greek.’ ” (Vol. ii. p. 67, 68.)

This expedition of Dr. Buchanan added as much to the stock of knowledge, as to the general state of religion in India; supplied the only authentic statement of the condition of the Syrian churches; excited much attention and interest; and may probably lead to the result so much to be desired, of a combination

of the church of Malabar with our own venerable establishment, and of our thus obtaining a sort of advanced post where the depot may be formed, and the armies may be mustered to join the future triumphs of religion in the eastern hemisphere. It is for our bishops at home to keep this object in view; and not needlessly to multiply or magnify the points of difference; but to avail themselves of the many points of union by which this ancient church may be allied to the church of our country.

In March 1807, Dr. Buchanan returned to Calcutta, and, from this period, till that of his return to England, we find him preaching, toiling, and writing, and encountering in every way a new spirit of opposition and hostility which had sprung up during his absence. After the departure of Lord Wellesley, the shield of government was less consistently extended over religion, and over Messrs. Brown and Buchanan, as the active friends of it. At times, indeed, there is much to applaud in the proceedings of the Indian government; but at times much to deplore.—But we must not stay to expatiate upon these points; and can only hope that the present and every future government may feel the awful responsibility attached to their high station and influence, and may become nursing fathers to the young glories of the eastern church.

We must now, passing over many interesting circumstances, follow Dr. Buchanan into the fourth and last stage of his chequered existence. He arrived in London August 18, 1808. This part of his history opens with an account of the controversy which had been excited by the publication of his *Memoirs*, and of several of those publications to which his prizes had given birth. His arrival may be considered as of the highest importance at this critical juncture; and as having materially assisted in putting an end to the unnatural struggle of those Anglo Indians who contended for Braminism not merely as if it were the true religion, but as if their own and their country's destiny was interwoven with its success. No battle has been more obstinately fought—and no triumph has been more complete. Upwards of nine hundred petitions were soon afterwards laid on the table of parliament, and the religious privileges of India were proclaimed in the shouts of the nation.

It is impossible for us to follow Dr. Buchanan with precision through the details of domestic or public life after his re-establishment in England. In August 1810 he was again married. He soon after returned to London to resume the charge of a chapel of which he became, for a time, a stated minister. There he assiduously laboured, and there preached the sermons published under the title of the *Jubilee Sermons*. His time was abundantly filled up by ministerial occupations, by translations,

by correcting the press for a Syriac Testament, by an immense correspondence, by perpetual efforts of all kinds, and in every quarter, to promote the high and heavenly cause which he had so much at heart. It is truly astonishing, and humbling to see this faithful servant of God snatching every interval of strength, every gleam of sun-shine, under the attacks of a debilitating disease, to accomplish some arduous duty—sacrificing time and health, and fortune and peace, to the glory of God, and to the good of man. One of the last public acts in which he was engaged, was an attendance upon the funeral of his revered benefactor and friend, Mr. Henry Thornton. There are those who remember to have stood near him on that solemn occasion, and to have seen the tears which chased one another down his cheek—to have watched the rush of early recollections, and tender feelings, and grateful sympathies in his exhausted countenance—to have felt how honourable to the dead and to the dying were tears such as these—and to have thought how soon the two friends were likely to meet in scenes more congenial to their state, in the regions of unmixed happiness and virtue, in the presence of a God whom they had so ardently loved and served. In a few days after this event his emaciated frame gave way. On the day preceding his death he had advanced in his Syriac Testament to the affecting address of St. Paul to the elders of Ephesus—“and now, beloved, I know that ye all among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more.” At this appropriate passage his hand was arrested—and he died in the arms of his servants the next night without a struggle.

Mr. Pearson, having, in the expressive language of Hooker, drawn the curtain upon this distinguished servant of God, proceeds to a brief general sketch of his character as a man, and a writer. And, as we have hitherto given no specimen of the style in which this work is composed, we shall gladly embrace the opportunity of supplying this deficiency from a part of the work in which the author is so much more likely than ourselves to do justice to the subject.

“The sentiments of Dr. Buchanan as a divine have been for the most part fully developed in these Memoirs. They have appeared to be truly scriptural, and in perfect unison with the doctrines of the Church of England. With respect to one point, which, for the very reason that it is now for the first time noticed, evidently formed no prominent part of his creed, he was what, for the sake of distinction, may be called moderately Calvinistic. The avowal of his belief in the doctrine of personal election does not occur in any of his publications, and was in very few instances introduced into his discourses from the pulpit. It appears, however, somewhat remarkably in the preamble to his last will; which is expressed in the following words :

" ' I Claudius Buchanan, of Little Ouseburn, make this my last will and testament. I commit my soul and body to Jesus Christ, the Saviour of lost sinners, of which sinners I am one, the chief of sinners ; but I trust I have obtained mercy ; and I look for eternal salvation through the obedience of Christ unto death, even the death of the cross. I account the origin of my salvation to be the love of God the Father, who loved my soul in Christ its head before the foundation of the world. I renounce all works as a claim of merit. All my works have been mixed and sullied with sin and imperfection. Whatever has been acceptable to God is his own, even the work of his Holy Spirit ; it is not mine. Glory be to God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, for ever and for ever. Amen.' "

" Such is the emphatic declaration of his faith, with which the eminently pious subject of these Memoirs bade adieu to every earthly concern, and anticipated an eternal world. While the grand truths of which it consists accord with the sentiments and feelings of every real Christian, it undoubtedly recognizes a position with which many will not agree. Though Dr. Buchanan was thus reserved upon this mysterious subject, it was, however, one on which he had thought and read much. He left behind him an unfinished work, in which it was fully but cautiously discussed.

" It is easy to dispose of this great controverted question in a summary way, and to deny that there is any scriptural foundation for what is termed the Calvinistic view of it : but those who are aware of the difficulties in which the whole subject is involved, whatever may be their own sentiments respecting it, will be neither surprised nor offended at those of Dr. Buchanan. That he was far from being the retailer of other men's opinions, or from blindly and indiscriminately adhering to the tenets of any earthly ' master,' is evident, not only from the general tenor of his character, but from his express declaration in a note to one of his published sermons ; in which, referring to the general propensity to render the religion of Christ a human system, and to enlist under the banner of some celebrated leader, he observes, that the enlightened Christian acknowledges no name but that of Christ ; and exclaims with indignant surprise, ' Calvin and Arminius ! Is it not an insult to men of intelligence and learning, humbly receiving the revelation of God, to suppose, that, instead of drawing pure water from the fountain head, they should drink from such shallow and turbid streams ! ' " (Vol. ii, p. 378—381.)

Mr. Pearson thus describes the qualifications of Dr. Buchanan as a writer :

" The qualifications of Dr. Buchanan as a writer were peculiarly suited to the task which he had undertaken. Bold, perspicuous, and decisive, he is distinguished in all his works by the accumulation and display of new and striking facts, connected, for the most part, by brief, pointed, and sententious observations. In his writings which are more strictly theological, he adopted a similar plan ; seldom pursuing a long train of reasoning, but laying down certain undoubted facts, truths, or principles, and arguing from them directly and practically to the conclusions which he had in view. The style, however, of Dr.

Buchanan, though in general simple and unambitious, was, as we have more than once had occasion to notice, frequently dignified and eloquent." (Vol. ii. p. 376.)

And he then adds, from a periodical work, what we consider as a very exact and happy delineation of his style of composition.

" ' Dr. Buchanan is characterized, as a writer, by ease, and by a colouring of the picturesque, with which he contrives to invest his subject. Some great writers have laboured to clothe fiction in the garb of truth : Dr. Buchanan's peculiarity is, that he gives to truth many of the charms and ornaments usually appropriated to fiction. In consequence of this, he has, we think, eminently the power of touching some of the best feelings of the mind, and of winning over those whom dry reasoning might not convince.' " (Vol. ii. p. 377.)

These quotations may sufficiently convince the reader of the general ability, delicacy, and judgment with which this work is executed. Indeed we consider it as one of the most interesting pieces of biography with which we are acquainted ; and we feel little doubt that the great end which the author probably proposes to himself, and which would have been chiefly regard by the subject of these Memoirs—a deeper interest in the state of religion in the East—will be largely promoted by their circulation. The cause of Christianity in India is a great and holy cause ; and it well becomes a people who lay claim to the titles of benevolence and piety to embark in it with all their powers. Nothing can be more awful than those efforts which selfishness opposes to the safety and happiness of millions. Nothing can be more affecting than a disposition to trifle where so much is to be done. And as our older soldiers fall in the breach, or sink upon the plain, it is for those in whom the tide of life beats full and strong, to buckle on their armour and go forth under the banner of the cross upon the field of benevolence and duty. Shall India come into contact with our country in vain ? Or rather, shall she only contract pollution by our touch ; and graft upon her heathen stock the European fruits of indifference and infidelity ? Shall she discover nothing, when brought within the circle of our influence, but that " nova cohors febrium "—a new progeny of evils—the disastrous produce of commercial monopoly, and of griping exaction ? Shall Christianity be presented wrapped round in all the hideous trappings of avarice and worldliness ? It is time that we should awake, and shake ourselves from the dust of this dishonourable inactivity, and let India feel that subjection to England is an elevation in the scale of nations ; and that whatever mourner lays hold of the hem of our garment, there goes out of it, in the name, and by the power of the Master whom we serve, virtue to heal all their diseases, to staunch their wounds, and to raise them to life, and peace, and glory.

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In the review of Gifford's Ben Jonson, p. 154,  
for stoppes, stopp, read sloppes, slopp,  
hanselties, ——— hanselincs,  
pattock ——— palttock.

THE  
BRITISH REVIEW,  
AND  
LONDON CRITICAL JOURNAL.

NOVEMBER, 1817.

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ART. XIII.—MEMOIRS OF THE RT. HONOURABLE  
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1. *Memoirs of the public and private Life of the Right Honourable Richard Brinsley Sheridan, with a particular Account of his Family and Connexions.* By John Watkins, LL.D. 2 vols. 4to. pp. 750. Colburn. London, 1817.
2. *Speeches of the late Right Honourable Richard Brinsley Sheridan: several corrected by Himself.* Edited by a Constitutional Friend. 5 vols. 8vo. Martin. London, 1816.

THERE are those who deny the existence of any original difference in the faculties of men; and who maintain that genius is solely created by circumstances, either of accidental influence, or specific culture. But until the constituent qualities of the human intellect can be brought within the reach of physical analysis, every man must and will decide this question for himself by the practical test of his own experience, and the convictions produced in his mind by general observation. He who duly appreciates the intellectual achievements of the subject of the above memoir, will be at a loss to find in the circumstances of his early life the source of his subsequent eminence. His success is a problem which has no solution but in mystery, nor will any theory afford an explanation so satisfactory as that which adopts the principle of innate superiority, and supposes certain natural advantages in the primary endowments of the mind. Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox breathed an atmosphere of

knowledge from their very infancy; they had parental instruction and parental example to animate and inform their minds, of a nature certainly to make them great, (we speak only politically): and the youth of Mr. Burke, as we have observed in a former article, was a protracted season of preparation, devoutly directed towards the attainment of truth, and full of the sober and serious purposes of utility. But the early career of Sheridan, even to the ripest manhood, was disturbed by interests and objects commonly fatal to literature, to science, and to political ambition. Except a year or two of his boyhood, passed under the tuition of Dr. Farr at Harrow School, the docile period of his life was lost in inaction, or consumed in desultory or dissipating occupation; and where his intellect was employed, it seems to have chosen those paths of ephemeral fame, which seldom lead to solid or useful acquisitions. Even the maturer exercises of his mind, however high they raised his reputation as a comic writer, contributed but little to the fund from which he was afterwards to draw in the great emergencies of his political warfare. From dramatic composition, and the politics of a theatre, from a course of shifts and difficulties, want and waste, negligence and distress; from a vortex of festivity, folly, and inebriety, was this extraordinary man on a sudden introduced into the great Council of the nation, and at once set in competition with men whose talents as speakers and reasoners have marked with a distinct character the æra in which they flourished. It is true that Mr. Sheridan was frequently in the company of Mr. Burke, Dr. Johnson, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, before the commencement of his parliamentary life; but who does not know, how little, without the accompaniments of meditation, reading, and spontaneous exercise, is to be acquired of sound and accurate knowledge, from table-talk and desultory discussion. His acceptance, indeed, with persons of the above description, when considerably under thirty years of age, increases our surprise at the maturity of his attainments under circumstances so unfavourable to their advancement. But we do not mean to suppose any thing miraculous in the history of Mr. Sheridan. Ideas came into his mind by the usual inlets, and his acquaintance with things and men was derived from communication and observation, as in the case of others; but we mean to insist upon the rare felicity of those mental powers, and the native soundness of that intellectual constitution which, from amidst the bustle of business, speculation, and pleasure, from amidst the anxieties of uncertain subsistence, from amidst difficulties, and clamour, and discontent, the fruit of a defective morality, and unsteady conduct, answered the first call to high station in public affairs with many of the qualifications of a statesman, and rose at once, if not to the sum-

mit of ambitious hope, to an altitude certainly demanding, exercising, and displaying, the loftiest capacity.

It is curious, however, as well as interesting and consoling, to observe how necessary to the worth and efficacy of genius is moral sobriety of sentiment, and virtuous decorum of conduct. The irregular training and desultory habits of this extraordinary person, spread through his whole life their deteriorating influence. No regular progression, no accumulation of authority, no gradual increase of personal ascendancy, no gratuitous reliance, no respectful prepossessions, were the fruits of his repeated victories in eloquence or argument. Gratitude for occasional efforts of genuine patriotism never rose to habitual esteem. Conviction and persuasion, though often the effect of his vivacious eloquence, never ripened into confidence; the morning and meridian of his days were equal in their lustre, and that lustre rather corruscating and intermittent, than full, effulgent, and continuous.

The character of our House of Commons which reflects the general temper of the nation, a temper naturally rather suspicious of declamation—the diffusion and cheapness of popular oratory,—and above all, the notoriety of the real nature of party-principle, which makes truth and general utility a sacrifice to factious views, and personal ambition, has deprived eloquence, merely as eloquence, of much of its influence over public affairs, and private opinions. Nor can we altogether lament a state of things, however brought about, in which the passions are become less a prey to the artifices of rhetoric, and in which general eloquence thus compelled to take a higher aim, is forced to call to its aid, the weight of character, and the attraction of truth. Disconnected and occasional displays of oratory, on which anciently the greatest transactions, and even the fate of commonwealths, turned, produce nothing in our day but an effect as perishing as dramatic impressions; we feel, admire, acclaim, and forget. In this country no man is able to maintain a personal ascendancy in political affairs by the strength of eloquence alone. It must be an eloquence into which character flows with its colouring and prevailing ingredients; an eloquence in which the permanent influence of truth displays itself in a series of consistent efforts,—an eloquence of sincere feeling and manly counsel, holding nothing so high in policy as virtue and honour,—it is only this sort of eloquence which, in a country circumstanced as England at present is, can invest the statesman with any real influence over the public mind. A popularity so acquired will seldom be borne upon the voice of acclamation, and to the superficial observer will scarcely seem to exist; but it lies deep at that focus where the rays of real opinion unite, and towards which

self-love is sure to direct the homage and hopes of a community in the critical hour of national peril.

It must be allowed that there were moments when Mr. Sheridan exerted his extraordinary powers for the preservation of his country, independently of his party connexions, and these were moments worth all his life besides; but such was far from being the general tendency of his eloquence: it was in the main of a thoroughly factious character; and partook of all the dangerous and debasing qualities which belong to private ambition and party purposes. He allied himself, or rather devoted himself to a set of men, distinguished as much by their talents as by their want, in general, of that moral dignity without which talents are neither profitable nor safe. He chose unhappily to commit himself to a sea of troubles in a vessel scarcely sea-worthy, to which the state could never trust itself, and which ultimately cast him, forlorn and destitute, a shipwrecked voyager on the shore of an awful eternity.

The party to which Mr. Sheridan thus devoted himself, however respectable some of the individuals composing it may have been, did certainly never as a body possess the confidence of the country at large, nor were its leaders distinguished by that eloquence into which character is incorporated with advantage to its moral dominion. The eminent person under whom he was enlisted was a latitudinarian in life and principle. In the drill and discipline of party-politics he was alone exact: far from strict in matters of religion and morality, but precise and rigorous in his expectations of conformity in his political adherents to the stern maxims of unvarying opposition to Government: the child of party, the champion of party, the martyr to party: sacrificing, through a miscalculating policy, that permanent popularity which we have above described, to the slippery title of "Man of the People," he abandoned to his great rival the durable tenure of public confidence and esteem. We are far from imputing to Mr. Fox dishonourable conduct, but we cannot see in his political life the model of a real patriot, nor in his private conduct an exemplary pattern of decorum. Neither religion, nor the self-denying duties which spring from it, were visible in his intercourse or practice; nor can it be contended that in his love of his country the love of its mind and character was sufficiently cherished to make him sensible of the importance of his moral example. It can scarcely be maintained, indeed, by any candid person, that the party of which Mr. Fox was the leader, and to which Mr. Sheridan united himself, was characterised in general by any higher degree of morality than the maxims of worldly honour inculcate. We do not forget that Mr. Burke and Mr. Windham were members of this political

confederacy, when Mr. Sheridan first became one of the number; nor do we doubt that many persons of moral life and regular habits were by principle attached to this unfortunate party; but as its character became more developed we find the wise and the good deserting it, and perhaps saving the nation by their timely apostasy.

Mr. Fox, as the illustrious leader of his party, has always appeared to us to have been placed in a situation degrading to moral dignity of character. The iron servitude of ambition kept him engaged in a perpetuity of opposition to measures on account of the men from whom they proceeded; and so strong was the dominion of party-principles over his mind, as to render this dangerous policy his boast, and to blind him to the consequences of an avowal so subversive of the influence of his oratory. The other members of the party, though attached to their leader, partly by principle, partly by friendship, and partly by an union of hopes and prospects, were many of them persons of too much light, liberality, and patriotism to adopt this promiscuous principle of opposition. They sometimes, and among them Mr. Sheridan, asserted a moral emancipation from the shackles of party, and rose by every such effort in the esteem of their country. Thus it was only in the second year of Mr. Sheridan's political life that the speech of Mr. Fox on the bill for the repeal of the marriage act, a captivating display of splendid and mischievous sophistry, placed Mr. Sheridan in a very honourable opposition to his friend, and drew from him the pledge of a patriotism too strong for private interest or attachment, and which occasionally, in the sequel of his political life, he manfully and faithfully redeemed. Even on the great subject of the French Revolution, which involved the party in so much discredit both as patriots and politicians, the rock on which the fame of Mr. Fox was irretrievably shattered, Mr. Sheridan, towards the close of his parliamentary career, displayed a portion of English spirit, and held up to the just abhorrence of his countrymen the revolutionary tyrant, at whose court Mr. Fox had condescended to be distinguished by contaminating honours.

Between Mr. Burke and Mr. Fox, although for some time associated as the professed supporters of what called itself the Whig interest, there always existed a radical difference on many of the great questions of constitutional policy. This difference of sentiment lay in some measure dormant during the American war, which, while it lasted, absorbed all other interests, and during the discussions on India, and the trial of its Governor-General, in which all the great members of opposition were closely united in sentiment and action; but when these objects

gave place to an event which shook society to its foundations, and exposed the very elements of government to mischievous theories and demoralizing schemes, it then appeared how widely distant from those of their party were the sentiments both of Mr. Burke and Mr. Windham on all the great points of practical government, on national representation, on religious establishments, on the principles of our own revolution, on the value of those usages, authorities, precedents, antiquities, and analogies, from which an old and beneficent polity derives a natural stay and security against erring reason, and unstable humours.

From this period, though the eloquence of the great leader of opposition acquired as it were an additional expansion, and seemed to fill the vacancy made by the secession of his former friends, the reputation of the party rapidly declined, and the courage, wisdom, and disinterestedness of Mr. Pitt, enforced by the high and commanding character of his eloquence, gave him, like Pericles, to whom we have before compared him, a popularity founded on permanent esteem, on the love of country, on the love of parents, of children, and property, and religion, and life. Every one that now sits under the shade of his own plantation, or walks secure through his own fields, or feels his house to be his castle, and his inheritance or his acquisitions his own to enjoy and to transmit, may, without hyperbole, acknowledge that all this is partly from the gift and guarantee of that great man, who had himself scarcely any stake in the country to excite any self-solicitude; neither inheritance, nor acquisition, nor posterity, to enjoy, or to transmit, or to aggrandize.

There was something, indeed, romantically fatal in Mr. Sheridan's attachment to this broken party. The glowing terms in which to the last he continued to express his affection for Mr. Fox bear honourable testimony to the constancy of his friendship; and the more so, because on the admission of his party into power, upon the two or three occasions on which they acquired the lubricious possession, Mr. Sheridan's appointments were low in the scale of importance and trust; nor during the decline of Mr. Fox's health does it appear, if we credit Mr. Sheridan's biographer, that his visits were much encouraged, or his assiduities much regarded:—a circumstance which if attributable to the sense entertained by Mr. Fox of the value of the few moments of life that remained to him, which Mr. Sheridan's society could neither solace nor improve, we cannot but commend; but if it arose from the recollection of certain departures from a system of undistinguishing hostility to government, of which Mr. Sheridan was guilty for the sake of his country, in moments of struggle and dismay, we cannot but condemn with our whole hearts and minds. With Mr. Fox, however, and

Mr. Fox's party, Mr. Sheridan's fortunes were inseparably linked, and thus his vigorous capacity was dissipated in the selfish contests of unsuccessful ambition, and finally lost to his country.

It was clear to every man who had attended to the ways of Providence in the moral government of the world, or who had watched the course of human affairs from a station of calm observation, that the elements of which the party under consideration was composed, were not such as could give it the ascendant in a country, where to a native sobriety of temperament had been added the sagacity taught by experience, and which had learned in the school of adversity, to know and appreciate public men. In reasoning ability, and the powers of eloquence, there was enough on the side of opposition to charm the ear, to gratify taste, and to inflame the imagination; but the thinking part of the British community are aware that mood and figure, or the finest properties of wit, or reasoning, or rhetoric, are no security for practical efficiency in the serious business of government. The people of England will never esteem themselves safe but in the hands of men, the regularity of whose ordinary life, and domestic habits, attests an internal soundness of principle, and clothes the ostensible administration of the country with the dignity of a moral exterior.

In speaking of this party we feel too great a respect for many of its friends, and we hope, also, too great a respect for truth and candour, not to do justice to its character. It comprised within its pale men of immaculate honour in a worldly sense of that term; men abounding in general knowledge, and the qualities of statesmen; but to us they have seemed always wanting in those hard materials of character which should form the foundation of moral credit and responsibility. They appeared to despise those maxims of vulgar prudence, which, after all, are the hinges on which the mixed affairs of mankind must turn;—which are to be found rather in proverbs than in syllogisms, and are fitter for use than for ornament. There is, moreover, in our humble views of things, a sad prostitution of mind implied in the condition of a devoted party-man, who is pledged to a perpetual opposition of the measures of ministers, be they what they may. The secondary light in which the country presents itself to a mind under the absolute sway of this principle, is far from being the whole of the mischief: the acmé of its turpitude consists in this, that it puts the country foremost in profession, and makes it the apology for canting ambition and selfish assaults on power.

But there are even worse evils than these flowing from party principles and motives. By the hypocritical abuse of the language of virtue, virtue herself becomes suspected. She first



loses her honours and authority, and at length her very name and designation. The moral actions of men are reduced under a new classification and nomenclature. Authentic distinctions are confounded. Vice is caressed or condemned, and virtue reproached or respected, as they happen to belong to political friends or opponents.

Such are the demoralizing effects of party;—effects, which whatever may be the political utility of an opposition in the practice of government cannot but injure the cause of virtue in general. A systematic and factious opposition is in truth a very mean and dishonest confederacy, and generally carries its hostility so far, and makes so rank a display of its motives as to throw the nation on the side of government, sometimes with too great a preponderance for the interests of the governed, and the necessary checks on power. We are not unmindful of the good effects of parliamentary jealousy. In the inquiries into the measures of administration let the maxim of jurisprudence be reversed, if thus it seems good to patriotic men; let the presumption of guilt rest upon our rulers until they establish their innocence by proof; (though perhaps in measures of doubtful expediency, patriots themselves might be excused for inclining towards a legitimately constituted government on a principle of modesty and duty;) but let not men who can perfidiously misrepresent the measures of ministers, who can inflame discontent and foster delusion, for their own purposes, or who can disparage the victories, or view with vindictive joy the calamities of their country, according as they may happen to affect their private ambition, or party interests,—let not such men be considered as forming an useful appendage to the state, or a shelter under which the rights of freedom may repose in safety.

Can it be doubted that party is generally composed of these materials, and is productive of these effects? Trace the history of the different oppositions in this country; but especially of that of which Mr. Fox was the leader, and to which Mr. Sheridan devoted himself. But regard principally that momentous period in which to one of these distinguished persons, the French Revolution seemed “the most glorious edifice which had been erected on the foundation of human integrity in any time or country;” and in which Mr. Sheridan was of opinion that “whatever was great and good in the French nation was to be looked for, if any where, in the National Assembly.” And doubtless it was to be found somewhere in a nation whose “only vice,” according to the same sound and impartial judgment, “had been their government,” (Watkins, vol. i. p. 50, 53.)—that period in which, while the whole country was full of testimony to the glaring truth of the existence of seditious meetings, and traitorous correspondences, of plans for exciting universal disaffection,

and supplanting all regular authority, the proofs of which were every where in contact with us, upon us, around us, at our doors, in our walks, and at our tables, the party in opposition were alone in ignorance of these things, and perceived nothing in operation but a spirit of constitutional liberty ;—that period in which while opposing the bills “for the better security of his Majesty’s person and government against treasonable and seditious practices,” and the bill “for preventing seditious meetings,” Mr. Fox was induced to say, that “if he were asked how these bills were to be resisted, in the present instance, he would say by peaceable means, by petition, by remonstrance; but if they had once passed into a law, and he should then be asked how they were to be resisted, he would answer, that it was no longer a question of morality and duty, but of prudence.” Let but that period, we repeat, be attentively regarded, and the lengths to which statesmen, and men of honour, are liable to be urged by party motives, will be clearly seen and understood. Politicians of whose political creed the conduct and declarations above-mentioned afford a specimen, could not acquire the confidence of the reflecting part of the community. At this juncture it was natural for the character of Mr. Pitt to rise higher, and that of his old antagonist to be more depressed, than at any former period of their political warfare.

This hasty consideration of the tendencies of party principles, in a moral and political view, has been in a manner forced upon us by the book before us, which exhibits in the subject of its memoir, the picture of a fine mind, passing through very regular stages of deterioration—a neglected childhood—a youth of pleasure, expense, and poverty—and a manhood consigned to the mock combats, the scenic declamation, and the selfish clamour, of party politics. We have confined ourselves in the few general remarks, with which we are apt to trouble our readers in introducing our criticisms of the works under review, to the political portion of Mr. Sheridan’s life; because we have found but seldom sufficient notice taken of the peculiarly demoralizing effects of party devotion, and because the idol has rarely been regaled with richer fumes than those which the costly sacrifice of Mr. Sheridan’s endowments has exhaled before its altar. Looking to interest alone, and worldly consequence, *little* men may find their *little* advantage in party connection: the idiom, the creed, the cant of party is of some assistance to ordinary minds; its bustle, its mystery, its reflected importance, may afford a sort of fulcrum to what cannot stand alone. Many a tree that may be useful to multiply shade, or adorn a plantation, would, as a single object, be carelessly and contemptuously passed by; but the towering cedar, which nature has set upon a hill to be a sea-mark to the

mariner in his dubious course through dangerous channels, great by its individual worth, and independent majesty, looks down with disdain, as well upon the crowd that peoples the forest, as upon the formal groves of an artificial scenery. To place commanding genius within the trammels and discipline of party, is like removing the object we have been alluding to from its lofty place and designation, to mix it with vulgar timber, or to train it downwards in mockery of its grandeur, or to shape it into servile imitation, or lastly to saw it into planks for building up the edifices of idolatry or ambition.

Of Dr. Watkins's book we have to remark in general that it is distinguished by a property very rare in biographers, a low opinion of his hero. He has told a very unvarnished tale; and we are disposed to give him credit for fidelity and accuracy. That his political and moral feelings are on the side of government, is plain enough; but of every opinion pronounced by him, he fairly states the grounds; and his reader is enabled to judge by the weight of his reasons, whether prejudice or sound understanding have had the most to do with his preferences and disgusts. It has been the fate of our great men to have their memoirs consigned to the most contemptible dealers in literary wares; and taking all things into account, we think, Mr. Sheridan's lot has been in this respect more felicitous than that of his great political contemporaries, who after their deaths have been doomed to an apotheosis in the pages of their stupid adorers.

It has seemed good to Dr. Watkins, with a very garrulous good nature, to throw us in two lives above what we bargained for,—the grandfather and father of the principal subject of his memoirs;—the former certainly meriting attention as being the intimate companion of Dean Swift, the latter entitled to notice as being the husband of Mrs. Frances Sheridan his better half; but neither of them worthy in other respects of extending Dr. Watkins's publication to the size and dignity of two quarto volumes.

When we first opened the book at the page where the history of Richard Brinsley Sheridan is commenced, we were a little alarmed at the announcement of contents placed at the head of the first chapter, as no earnest of the good sense and pertinent observation which that, as well as most that follow, displays. The bill of fare runs thus: "Birth.—Early Dulness.—Maternal Affection.—Removal to England.—Settled at Harrow.—Anecdote of his Brother.—Habitual Indolence.—Friendship of Parr.—Death of his Mother.—Witticism.—Taken from Harrow.—Studies Elocution.—Translation of Aristænetus.—Love.—History of the Linley Family.—The Maid of Bath.—Quarrels.—Marriage." This trumpery trick in book-making, fit only to

catch the veriest vulgar, determined us strongly against the merits of the work, and we think it no small commendation to say, that the merits of the work were such as to conquer, in a great measure, this prepossession. Something, however, of extraordinary interest, or something by way of illustration at least, we were taught to expect from this ostentatious list of subjects; but these fine promises are but meagerly performed. And all that we find of particular interest on the subject of "birth," or "early dulness," or "maternal affection," or "friendship," or "death," or "translation of Aristænetus," or "love," or "quarrels," or "marriage," is this, that Mr. Sheridan was of woman born, was called a dunce by his mother at seven years old, who nevertheless loved him as mothers love their children, one of the specimens of which is her sending him to school "to learn to shift for himself,"—that he was idle, dull, and had a brother—mistudied elocution under the dullest of fathers—did *not* translate Aristænetus—fell in love—married a maid—and fought a captain. The best proof of his "early dulness" is that which is afterwards produced as answering to the title "witticism" in the above table of contents. After all, however, though the first chapter contains very common matters, it is useful as affording an example of the correspondence which, for the most part, is found to exist between the principles and habits formed under the first culture which the mind receives, and its subsequent tone and character in its state of maturity and manhood;—a correspondence, it is true, not always open to superficial observation, and apt to be obscured by the varieties of condition, relation, and action, presenting the same man under very different aspects, but which will still discover itself to those who look deeply into the motives and spirit of human actions, like the vein in the quarry, or the stratum that, under all the diversities of surface, lies extended through the interior of an entire district, imparting to the streams and fountains its taste and qualities. It appears to us that this correspondence, to which we have been alluding, is very visible in the life of Mr. Sheridan.

His father was a sort of literary mountebank, but certainly of the better sort of mountebank, having begun by imposing upon himself, and *bonâ fide* swallowing his own prescriptions and giving them to his children. Every thing about him was showy and superficial, and such too was his education and instruction of his children. Mrs. Sheridan, the wife of Thomas, was a woman of considerable talents and worth; but her share in the education of her sons was very small. It appears that at about the age of seven they were committed by her to the care of her cousin, Mr. Whyte, a schoolmaster in Dublin, as an exercise of his patience; "for two such impenetrable dunces," said the mother, "she had never met with."

When Richard Brinsley had reached his 12th year, at the beginning of 1762, he was sent to school at Harrow, where he was "to learn to shift for himself," while Charles, the elder brother, remained at home to receive the instructions of his father, who seems to have entertained a partiality for him on account of his supposed superiority of genius. "By the wandering course of Mr. Sheridan," says Dr. Watkins, "his youngest son was in a manner thrown upon the waste at the age of 12, when proper direction was particularly wanted to guide him into that course where his talents might become useful." At this period the inexorability of his creditors forced Mr. Sheridan, the elder, and his wife, to leave the country, and the children saw no more of their mother, who soon afterwards died at Blois, in 1766, in the 43d year of her age, leaving behind her a memory deservedly respected, for the general merit, and particularly the moral tendency, of her literary productions.

It did not appear that Richard Brinsley was in a way to profit by the course of discipline then in practice at Harrow school; being, as Dr. Watkins maintains, "constitutionally indolent;" until, falling into the friendly hands of Dr. Samuel Parr, then one of the under-teachers at the school, who seems to have discovered in the youth a mind worthy of cultivation, he acquired a relish for classical learning, and an acquaintance with the beauties of composition. But Dr. Parr's instructions lasted but a little time, and his departure for Cambridge is justly described as a serious loss to young Sheridan; who left Harrow school at the age of 18, "through which," says Dr. Watkins, "he passed undistinguished, except by the commiseration of Dr. Parr, but where he neither formed any particular friendships, nor left behind him any pleasing marks of remembrance."

After leaving Harrow school, and making a visit to some friends at Bristol, which, according to Dr. Watkins, does not appear to have been an interval very profitably employed, Mr. Sheridan went to reside with his father, who had then a house at Bath, "where," says Dr. Watkins, "he was reading lectures to subscribers, and giving private lessons on reading and declamation to a select number of pupils, in which he was assisted chiefly by Charles, and occasionally by his other son, when he had acquired a sufficient knowledge of the system, the invention of which was regarded almost as a momentous epoch in the history of letters." This system of instruction our biographer treats with great contempt, and seems to think it fortunate for the interests of sound literature and discipline that it was not promulgated in an æra of innovation like the present: "a project so flattering to vanity," says Dr. Watkins, "and carrying such a showy appearance of rendering young persons engag-

ing in their manners, might have gained public support in this season of speculation, when the fashionable mania is to devise short roads to knowledge, by which children may be mechanically drilled into learning, and the ignorant be made scholars, without the sacrifice of time or the trouble of laborious application."

Such were the studies of elocution which make one of the heads in the notable epitome of the contents of the first chapter of this work; but these glances into literature soon give way to more potent glances, and according to the order of events anticipated in the above-mentioned table, "love" and Miss Elizabeth Linley come with great propriety after the translation of the epistles of Aristænetus. We have here a story which reflects more credit upon the elder than the younger brother. It appears from the account before us that Mr. Charles Sheridan had already made his addresses to Miss Linley, and had entrusted his younger brother with the secret, who, in the character of his agent and confidant, supplanted him in the affections of the lady. About this time the famous duel with Captain Matthews, for vindicating the honour of the lady from his aspersions, was fought by Mr. Sheridan, which resembled the conflict between Sir Edward Sackville and Lord Bruce, except in result, Mr. Sheridan having been seriously wounded, but neither of the combatants having been slain. As a man of courage as well as gallantry, Mr. Sheridan stood confirmed by this event; but it is impossible for a plain man not to admire the chivalrous logic which undertakes to prove a lady chaste because her lover is courageous. There is no doubt, however, that Matthews's insinuations were to the last degree false and vile, and that Mr. Sheridan acted with great intrepidity, and, in the language of the world, as a man of unquestionable honour. The marriage of Mr. Sheridan with Miss Linley took place in 1773, in the 22d year of his age, about which time he was entered a member of the Middle Temple, with a view to the study of the law. This study, however, seemed never to attract his serious attention; and from his marriage to the year 1780, when he commenced his parliamentary career, a period of about six years, the dramatic muse, and the management of the theatre, appear to have occupied all the time that was not devoted to gay and dissipated society. In the year 1775 the comedy of the Rivals, and the comic opera of the Duenna, produced by the genius of Mr. Sheridan, established his fame as a dramatic writer, and conferred upon him so high a literary rank as to procure for him an introduction by Mr. Garrick, now become his zealous friend, into the celebrated Literary Club, of which Burke and Johnson were the distinguished ornaments. From the time of the appearance of the

comedy of the *School for Scandal*, which was first played in May, 1776, the reputation of Mr. Sheridan, in this department of writing, was raised to an equality at least with the most celebrated of his predecessors; though his biographer has informed us that doubts were at the time of its performance, both in private and public, entertained and declared concerning his title to the praise bestowed upon this work; that no original manuscript has ever been produced of the play; that it was never published by authority, but appeared only in surreptitious editions, contrary to the practice of Mr. Sheridan in other cases, who profited by the sale of his other dramas; that he never vindicated his right to the merit of this production; and that a manuscript of the play in the rough and original state in which it came from the author, with interlineations and corrections by another hand, is in existence. These surmises, we confess, are new to us, and we believe to most of our readers; and we cannot help observing that the fact of their having existed at all, at least among respectable persons, rests upon no satisfactory testimony. Dr. Watkins's observations, therefore, on this head, weigh with us much less than his sound remarks on the bad tendency of each of the three plays above-mentioned, especially of the last. "By enjoying," says Dr. Watkins, "the thoughtless levity of an extravagant young rake, and laughing at the starched morality and sober maxims of his brother, the gay and unexperienced will stand a pretty good chance of preferring for their companions characters resembling the first; and of treating the serious and studious as persons who cover knavish principles with the garb of decency, like Joseph Surface." The above remark, if not expressed with much force, is but too true in substance. The play of the *School for Scandal* has, we have no doubt, operated very injuriously to the cause of virtue and piety, by furnishing profligacy with weapons of ridicule against them, and making exterior decorum the presumptive evidence of interior depravity; by giving currency to very false and misleading ideas of generosity and honour, and confounding the distinctions of virtue and vice by means of fascinating associations, and specious embellishment.

These occupations and these amusements were not very appropriate as preparative studies for the statesman. Yet these were the sort of scenes, this the noviciate, through which Mr. Sheridan passed in his way to political eminence. We are afraid that Dr. Watkins is too near the truth in supposing that Mr. Sheridan's object in procuring for himself a seat in parliament was to make his own fortune, and "eventually to raise himself to a situation more dignified and lucrative than that which he held in the direction of a playhouse." We really believe that Mr. Sheridan,

unless in the House of Commons, would scarcely have assumed the credit of merely patriotic motives for his preference of a political life. It cannot be denied, however, that it was perfectly natural for him to associate his fortunes with those of the party then in opposition, which was composed principally of those with whom he lived in intimacy, or to whose acquaintance he had been introduced, since his writings had made him famous. Of having introduced him to Mr. Fox, Lord John Townsend has claimed the honour, in a letter written to a common friend since the death of Mr. Sheridan, to apologize for not attending his funeral. "This first interview," says his Lordship, "I shall never forget. Fox told me, after breaking up from dinner, that he had always thought Hare, after my uncle Charles Townsend, the wittiest man he had ever met with, but that Sheridan surpassed them both infinitely: and Sheridan, the next day, told me that he was quite lost in admiration of Fox, and that it was a puzzle to him to say what he admired most, his commanding superiority of talent and universal knowledge, or his playful fancy, artless manners, and benevolence of heart, which showed itself in every word he uttered."

Of praises like these, pronounced of each other by men about to strike a league and covenant together, offensive and defensive, to live together in a political confederacy and reciprocal dependence, and to join their strength in the pursuit of a common object, we do not make any great account: we have heard enough to render us disgusted with the extravagant eulogy which party men are apt to bestow upon each other with little consent of the heart, or honesty of conviction; but still we are far from denying to Mr. Fox or to Mr. Sheridan extraordinary powers of pleasing, or doubting that, upon this occasion, these powers were fully and successfully exerted. Mr. Sheridan's vivacity in conversation, however, was but a poor security for his capacity or integrity in the business of the nation, a bad ground of political choice in Mr. Fox, and the last in the order of meritorious qualities, but, alas, the only one that occurred to the noble letter-writer, in paying the tribute of sorrowing friendship.

Mr. Sheridan started in politics as Mr. Fox's friend, and with all due devotion to his party. Towards the conclusion of the American war, indeed, the prospect of that party's succession to power made it seem a good speculation to become a partner in its fate; but it must be admitted that if adherence to first engagements in this sort of alliance is political consistency, or if it is to be dignified with the character of constancy in friendship, no man is entitled to higher praise than Mr. Sheridan for such consistency, and such constancy. Nor does it militate against this consistency, while it adds infinitely to the honour of his



spirit and his feeling, that in the first year of his parliamentary life he dared to oppose Mr. Fox in the debate on the marriage act, and to uphold the plain interests of virtue and human happiness, against the most profligate tissue of captivating nonsense that has ever, in the disguise of eloquence, abused the understandings of an auditory. But from that period we must look through a long sterile tract of years, even to the year 1797, before such another instance in the life of Mr. Sheridan occurs. Through all the intermediate time, a period of more than 15 years, not a single plat of natural green refreshes the wearied eye as it wanders over the barren surface, where, though scenes of artificial splendour sometimes sparkle in the sunbeams, neither fruit, nor herb, nor living spring, reminds us of the bounty of the Creator. Within the withering influence of faction nought can live that breathes innoxious, or that grows for the good of man.

Whether Mr. Sheridan ever acquired a real taste for something better than party contests we cannot say; but on a few subsequent occasions, particularly on the message from the crown, concerning the threatened invasion by the French, the debate on the army estimates for 1803, and the motion subsequently made by him in the same year, for the thanks of the House to be given to the Volunteers and Yeomanry Corps, a similar spirit was manifested by him, and a similar service rendered his country, to that which on the subject of the mutiny was productive of such good effects. But while Mr. Sheridan was occasionally redeeming his credit with the country by patriotic speeches, he took care to prevent these lucid intervals from spreading a general sanity over his conduct, and encroaching upon the duty which he owed to his party, of embarrassing the government, and inflaming the people. The favourite principle of his party was never to see any grounds for alarm at the proceedings of any individuals, or bodies of men in our own country. And though Mr. Sheridan did at length conform to the sentiments of the government, and better part of the public, on the character of the French and their rulers, he could never be brought to acknowledge the existence of conspiracy at home, or to see in O'Connor, or Despard, or persons of similar character, any thing deserving of death, or bonds, or imprisonment.

The seventh and eighth chapters of the book before us contain an account of the decline of the administration of Lord North; the activity of Mr. Sheridan and his friends in harassing the falling minister; Mr. Fox's first accession to power, and Mr. Sheridan's to the place of Under Secretary of State, in the new administration of which the Marquis of Rockingham was the nominal head; the resignation of the new ministers on the ap-

pointment of the Earl of Shelburne to the post of first Lord of the Treasury, vacant by the death of the Marquis of Rockingham; the resignation of Lord Shelburne; the coalition administration, in which Mr. Sheridan was Secretary to the Treasury, and its dissolution; and finally, the establishment of Mr. Pitt, at the age of 24, at the head of a new body of statesmen, formed and continued under his auspices, through a period more eventful, difficult, and momentous, than had yet occurred in the history of Europe. In this short interval the display of the motives and intrigues of public men was to the last degree offensive to good and honourable minds. Politics had become the mere game of the ambitious; and the country was treated as little better than a platform for these wrestlers to try to throw each other by strength or stratagem. During the little time in which official emolument was enjoyed by Mr. Sheridan, he is said to have been remiss in his function, and uninteresting in debate; and there is some ground for inferring from these transient specimens, as well as from his general character, that constitutional indolence was not improperly imputed to him by his biographer, however keen and laborious while excited by emergency, and indignant at the barrier which kept him out of situations, wherein he promised himself the ease which he denied to others. We are told by Dr. Watkins, that during Lord Shelburne's short-lived administration, two papers, called the 'Englishman' and the 'Jesuit,' were carried on under Mr. Sheridan's direction, both of them evident party productions; and that when the publisher of the latter paper, which was suppressed on account of its libellous tendency, was prosecuted, he was deserted by his friends, and by Mr. Sheridan the principal, and left to bear the penalty of his offence without support or assistance. We do not see however that Dr. Watkins has given this anecdote any further title to belief than what belongs to his own assertion.

The true nature and quality of party principles were never more characteristically displayed than in the memorable coalition between Mr. Fox and his party with Lord North and his friends. The poles seemed not less capable of union than the principles of these men: and with respect to the language of Mr. Fox towards Lord North, one of these two things must be true; either he meant what he said, or he did not; if he meant what he said, on what foundation could the reconciliation be founded, so suddenly produced, and without any renunciation or concession on the part of the ex-minister: if he said what he did say without meaning, what becomes of the simplicity and candour of the man who for nearly ten years could persist in reprobating in terms so vituperative as to pass all the bounds of parliamen-

tary licence, and civilized disputation, a person, whom in his heart he knew to be worthy of his esteem; whom indeed in the debate on the question respecting Mr. Pitt's interment and monument, he declared to have been a man of very uncommon talents, and of very amiable qualities.

In a speech delivered by Mr. Fox in the House, at the beginning of the year 1775, he declared himself, in vehement terms, against Lord North, charging him with having no plan or system, with incapacity, inconsistency, and ignorance in business; at the same time disclaiming all motive to this attack, but his conviction of the destructive proceedings of a bad minister. In the reply to the minister's answer to these invectives, Mr. Fox declared, that if his private resentments had influenced his public conduct, he might long since have justly charged the Noble Lord with the *most unexampled treachery and falsehood*. He was called to order, and twice or thrice repeated the words. In a subsequent speech he accused the Minister of being lost to all sense of shame; and when afterwards, in the course of the debate on the bill for doubling the militia, on June 22, 1779, some intimation had been thrown out of a coalition of parties, Mr. Fox observed that it was impossible for him to state in any phrase that language would admit of, *the shock he felt when the Noble Lord ventured to suggest an alliance with the ministers who had betrayed their country*. Soon afterwards in the debate on the address on the King's speech, Nov. 25, 1779, Mr. Fox expressed his wonder, how a certain learned member (the Attorney-General) could bring himself to support the man whom he had once menaced with an impeachment. In his speech on the distribution of the loan, March 26, 1781, Mr. Fox called upon Lord North "to stand forth boldly like a man and defend himself, or by his silence confess that he was fairly convicted of having made an improvident and corrupt bargain in the character of a public trustee, and of having prostituted the power of his office to the most abandoned, wicked, pernicious, and dishonest purposes." On the petition for the redress of grievances in May 8, 1781, Mr. Fox made a speech in which he observed that the ministers had fomented the riots by their shameful neglect or inattention, *or from worse motives*." And in a few months afterward, November 27, 1781, it was said by Mr. Fox in his speech on the address on the King's speech, that "he trusted that by the aroused indignation and vengeance of an injured and undone people, the ministers would hear of their ruinous measures at the tribunal of justice, and expiate them at the public scaffold." Finally, on a motion for peace with America, on the 25th of March, 1782, he observed that "our affairs were so circumstanced, that ministers must lose their places, or the country must be undone. He

would therefore let them enjoy those emoluments which they held so dear, provided he could save his country. For this end he was willing to serve them in the business of peace in any capacity, even as an under-commis, or messenger. But in so doing, he desired it might be understood, that he did not mean to have any connection with them: from the moment when he should *make any terms with one of them*, he would rest satisfied to be called the *most infamous of mankind*. He could not for an instant think of a coalition with men, who in any public and private transaction, as ministers, had shown themselves void of every principle of honour and honesty: in the hands of such men he would not trust his honour even for a minute."

It is not a little curious, too, to compare Mr. Sheridan's apology for the coalition, with his speech on the resolutions proposed by Lord John Cavendish, on the eve of the extinction of Lord North's administration. In his attack on the falling minister he asked, in the language of contemptuous pity, "Where would the noble Lord, on being hunted out of place, fly for refuge and protection? he would not dare to face the people, and, therefore, must endeavour to seek an asylum in the lonely woods, or desolated towns of America." In his apologetical speech just adverted to, it was observed by him that the necessity of the times had pointed out the measure (i. e. the coalition) as the only means of saving the country, and that from the opportunity he had had of seeing the noble Lord and his friends (observe how extensive was this sudden alteration of opinion), he was fully convinced of their honour. The abuse of language and sentiment in this pitiful farce, is too apparent to be insisted upon; and if this reciprocal abuse and adulation, these professions, and promises, and declarations, and denunciations, be not canting in its grossest form, let us not look for it under robes or ermines, among prostitutes, or monks, or mountebanks, no, not in the Joseph Surface of Mr. Sheridan; for what specimens of human hypocrisy will stand in comparison with this miserable mockery. But such is the craft and mystery of party-traffic; and such must ever be the arts and resources of those who, forgetting what a serious thing is government, and how awful to profane touch is the "ark of its magnificent cause," consider it only as an object of rival sport, the prize of superiority however obtained, the reward of the arena, to be given to the successful combatants, distinguished by marks of scarcely more real importance to the country than the colours of green or blue in the hippodrome of Constantinople. To the imbecile apology of Dr. Parr, in his empty preface to the republication of Bellendenus, we commend this ill-omened transaction, where, under the dead weight of wordy accumulations, it may rest and rot in peace; ours be the consola-

tion that the power created by this factious proceeding lived only to develop its character in that memorable bill of Mr. Fox for vesting the management of our Indian possessions in seven commissioners to be appointed by parliament; of which Dr. Watkins observes, in terms scarcely too energetic, "that it was execrated throughout the nation; that whatever abuses it was calculated to correct abroad, it was obvious to the plainest understanding that the result would have been productive of a more formidable despotism at home: that in the event of its success the crown must have sunk into a state of insignificant dependance upon the House of Commons, while the minister for the time being would have obtained a complete ascendancy over both. It was a blended act of rapacity, treachery, and ambition, seizing without any return the property of individuals, trampling upon chartered rights, and appropriating the plunder to the consolidation of a powerful party into an estate uncontrollable by the throne or the people."

On the expulsion of the coalition administration the country saw the excluded party possessing a majority in the house, and threatening by their weight and connexions to force their way again into power against the wishes of the Crown, and the sense of the nation. The country was certainly placed in a situation of great embarrassment and alarm, but to counterbalance this misfortune an opportunity was thereby afforded it of estimating the vigour and talent of the young minister, who stood opposed to this majority with a fearless front, the champion of a cause, in which the rights of both the crown and the people were comprehended, and which could scarcely have succeeded under any one less able, bold, and blameless. Dr. Watkins has expressed his view of this political situation of the country, and of some of the persons principally engaged in the struggle, in the following terms:

"Never since the sanguinary period of the great rebellion did the fierce spirit of democracy make greater strides upon the royal prerogative than at this gloomy season: but on the side of the crown the contest was purely defensive, while on that of the malcontents it was a struggle for absolute power.

"Hostilities commenced immediately after the recess with remarkable acrimony, the whole body of the opposition endeavouring to run down Mr. Pitt, who was then avowedly at the head of administration; and in this they anticipated a certain triumph, on account of his youth, and the force with which he had to contend. Mr. Sheridan at this time did not fall short of his friends in warmth of zeal and intemperance of language: but the firmness of the minister, in resisting all the arts of persuasion, the taunts of irony, and the vehemence of personal abuse, filled his antagonists with astonishment and indignation. They charged him with having obtained his situation by intrigue, and main-

tainin<sup>g</sup> it in opposition to the constitutional will of the people, as expressed by a vote of the House of Commons. To all this he stood alike indifferent; and conscious of his own integrity, as well as sensible of the vast importance of the post which he had to defend, he towered above his enemies, and resolutely persevered in holding on his course, notwithstanding the political strife in which he was so unequally engaged. It is painful to review the coarseness of phrase and acerbity of temper which broke forth during these stormy debates. On one occasion Mr. Sheridan descended so low as to express himself in a manner that plainly evinced the writhings of disappointment and the bitterness of resentment. 'How shuffling,' said he, 'is this conduct in a young minister, unhacknied in the ways of men! This is an instance of duplicity scarcely to be paralleled by the most hoary hypocrite that ever guided the councils of a great nation. If, in the very outset, this young minister thus tramples on the constitution, what may you not expect or apprehend from the audacity of his riper years.' (Vol. i. p. 220—222.)

The dissolution of parliament, and the new election which followed, put an end to the national suspense, by establishing Mr. Pitt in the supreme guidance of affairs, at the age of 24 years; destined to preside through a period more stormy than any which his predecessors had been exposed to; and, if not allowed to see the ultimate success of his perseverance, suffered nevertheless to descend to his immature grave with the consciousness of having saved his country's honour, and laid the foundation of its felicity.

Of the impeachment of Mr. Hastings, the next great event of which Dr. Watkins gives us an account, and it is only concerning the great events that we have time or room to comment, we have before us a very melancholy account: for if the particulars here presented us be true, or near the truth, a more degrading picture of the interference of the angry passions of individuals in the conduct of public affairs, history hardly records. Of the origin of what Dr. Watkins calls the hostility towards Mr. Hastings, the following details are given us.

"The prosecution of Mr. Hastings bore a very near resemblance, in regard to the industrious malignity with which it was carried on, to that of the great Earl of Strafford, in the reign of Charles the First. Both impeachments originated in the cabals and resentment of party, and both were pursued with that rancour, or thirst of vengeance, which is ever the characteristic of proceedings that have no better principle than the ends of party for their object. The Earl of Strafford fell by an act of attainder, because he abandoned the ranks of a faction that was bent upon the subjugation of the throne; and Mr. Hastings was worried through a frightful trial of above seven years' continuance, for standing in the way of a set of men whose headlong ambition led them to aim at the absolute establishment of their power at home, by getting into their hands the whole of the Eastern patronage, thereby annihi-

lating the rights of the company, and reducing the crown itself to a cipher.

"In the heat of the American war, these same men advocated the cause of Mr. Hastings against Lord North, who wanted to remove him from the government of Bengal; but that minister could not succeed in his object, and he afterwards gladly assented to the re-appointment of the very person whose dismissal he had endeavoured to procure, on charges which were unsubstantiated. At length, when the party, of which the Marquis of Rockingham was at the head, drove Lord North from the helm, it was deemed expedient to effect a change in the Indian government, for the purpose of gratifying some friends who were unprovided for; and then the charges which the same party had ridiculed were revived as a ground for the recall of Mr. Hastings. But the resistance made by the proprietors, and the death of Lord Rockingham, put an end to this design, and the projectors of it were again obliged to take their seats on the opposition side of the house. Then came about the notorious coalition, which was the political manœuvre of Mr. Burke, who thought that an engine of such combined power must be irresistible; and so it proved in the attack made by this formidable junction upon the administration of Lord Shelburne. But the triumph of the coalition diffused no joy over the nation; and the use which that party made of their victory soon excited a general spirit of dissatisfaction at their conduct. By a strange fatuity, they appeared to despise public opinion, and to look with stern contempt upon any expression of resistance to their measures. Secure in their numbers, and confident in their wisdom, they were resolved to carry without delay, and even in opposition to the general voice of the nation, the scheme of placing the entire management of British India in the hands of the House of Commons. Here Mr. Burke and his colleagues expected a tacit submission, at least, on the part of Mr. Hastings and his friends: but they were mistaken; for neither by cajoling nor menace could those persons be induced to sanction a measure which they were persuaded was unjust in itself, and must prove ruinous in the operation. The India Bill, brought forward by Mr. Fox, and in the composition of which Mr. Sheridan had some concern, under the direction of Burke, having created a great alarm, the party began to be under some apprehensions, and were desirous of obtaining something like a countenance for the plan from those who were supposed to be best acquainted with our affairs in the East.

"On this occasion, Mr. Sheridan was appointed to negotiate with those persons who stood the highest in the esteem of Mr. Hastings, and who were known to possess his entire confidence. But every one of these friends gave a decided opinion against the bold and hazardous plans upon which ministers were so eagerly bent for revolutionizing the government of India; and Major Scott, with whom, as the accredited agent of Mr. Hastings, he was extremely anxious to hold a conference, declined an interview altogether.

"Had Mr. Hastings given the least encouragement to the views which were then formed by the coalition; or had even his acquaintance in Europe, who were most conversant on the subject of Indian

policy and interest, suffered the Bill of Mr. Fox to go on without any attempt to open the eyes of the people of England to the iniquity of the measure, the world would never have heard of the impeachment. But when that bill was thrown out by the Lords, and its authors were compelled to give up their places by the royal mandate, disappointed ambition degenerated into the meanness of resentment; and they who had courted an alliance with Mr. Hastings, were now disposed to hunt him down as an enemy to the human race. Mr. Burke took the lead in this hostility, which he conducted with a zeal that would have done him honour, had it been tempered with moderation, and directed with liberality. But it was the misfortune of this celebrated man to be the slave of his passions; and though no one had a more acute genius and penetrating judgment, he too often suffered his mind to be influenced by violent prejudices, which inflamed his imagination to such a degree, that any story was received, when it could be made subservient to the object on which he had engaged. He was no more scrupulous with regard to his authorities than in the choice of his language; and of this, numerous instances appeared in the course of the prosecution, which began at his instigation, and was carried on under his direction. The irascibility manifested by Mr. Burke, in every stage of the business, was not merely undignified, but it was a clear indication that, whatever might be the pretence, there was more of private feeling than public spirit in the motives to this impeachment. The party with whom he was connected had, indeed, an idea that the world would see the affair in this light; and it is a fact, that the doubt which was stated upon the subject, when Mr. Burke first brought it forward at one of their meetings, was very near being productive of a schism. Naturally sanguine when he had any particular object in view, he was impatient of all contradiction; and having, by his correspondence with India, obtained information, which he considered as sufficient ground for very serious charges against the Governor-General, he laid the same before his friends soon after the failure of their bill, and the consequent loss of their places. But neither the communications, nor the arguments of Mr. Burke, gave satisfaction to Mr. Fox, who, when the whole correspondence had been examined, delivered it as his opinion, that it would be ridiculous to bring the matter up in the nature of an accusation against an individual, especially such a respectable character as the Governor-General of India; and that, at the most, the business would only afford talk for a fortnight. On hearing this, Burke flew into a violent passion, charged his associates with want of good faith, and threatened to separate from them for ever; with which declaration he took up his papers and departed. This conduct threw the party into great confusion: and being aware how necessary it was to preserve the appearance of unity among themselves, some of the members proposed that a concession should be made to Burke, with a promise of supporting him with their united strength in the concern which he had so much at heart. This negotiation was entrusted to Sheridan, who had the address to bring Burke back again to the club; and the business was then proceeded in with as much vigour as if all the parties had been equally sincere, and convinced by indubitable



evidence of the truth of the charges they engaged themselves to support. But at this very time there was hardly a man among them, with the exception of Burke, who had any acquaintance with the subject; and though it might have been supposed that Lord North, from former prejudices, would have entered with most ardour into an enquiry leading to a prosecution of Mr. Hastings, he acted otherwise, and was, in fact, almost neutral.

“ Even Sheridan would have gladly avoided so arduous an undertaking, which some of the more moderate of the party considered as a desperate measure, and one that was likely to involve them in difficulties, out of which it would require more than ordinary ingenuity to escape. An increase of evidence, indeed, was procured from persons who had been associated with Mr. Hastings in the council, but having become his deadly enemies, were very ready to assist the views of the party in this business. But it did not require any great skill to discover that testimony of this character could hardly receive much credit among dispassionate men, who were animated by the feelings of justice. Mr. Burke, however, continued his exertions, and sought for matter of accusation in all directions, with an eagerness which shewed that personal enmity was at the root of his motives. On his side, indeed, it was an individual hatred, occasioned by the degradation and expulsion of one of his friends, who was sent out to India with his recommendation, but whose conduct afterwards proved how unworthily that patronage had been bestowed. From this goodly source issued the principal part of the great mass of forgery and misrepresentation, which, in this country, was moulded and worked up into a monstrous heap of charges, to overwhelm with ruin and infamy a man who was almost adored by the very people, towards whom, if any credit could be put in the reports of his adversaries, he had acted the part of an inhuman and avaricious tyrant.

“ Yet, with the usual inconsistency and duplicity of party spirit, Mr. Burke and his auxiliaries in this business repeatedly disavowed all private enmity and political views in the line which they were pursuing, though the language, and the manner in which the accusation was conducted by them, completely refuted their pretensions. It would perhaps be harsh to say, that Burke himself did not believe the criminality which he prosecuted; but as the grounds for his faith were of the very worst description, the dubiousness of the evidence rendered his obstinacy and scurrility the more inexcusable. He that takes up an excessive prejudice against another, upon loose reports, or complicated and very distant transactions, conveyed to him by interested individuals, may flatter himself into an opinion that he acts upon public principles, when in truth he is poisoning the course of justice at the fountain, by giving currency to calumny, and aiding the purposes of revenge.

“ As little apology can be offered in behalf of those who enlisted themselves under the standard of Mr. Burke upon this occasion; for whatever pretence they might set up to patriotism, it is certain that they had no persuasion in their own minds of the turpitude of Mr. Hastings, with whom, on his arrival in England, they would have en-

tered into a treaty, on the condition of his co-operating in their views. When these trials of his integrity failed, the party joined more heartily with Burke, who was not a little nettled at receiving a demand on the part of Mr. Hastings to bring forward the charges upon which he had so often dilated in the language of rhetorical declamation, while the object of his invective was in a remote region, where he had not an opportunity of repelling the slanders continually poured upon his character, or of entering at all upon his defence.

"The answer given to this call by Mr. Burke afforded a very curious instance of his candour, for he contented himself with telling a story about the Duke of Parma, who, when challenged by Henry the Fourth of France to bring out his forces against him in the field, replied, 'that he very well knew what he had to do, and was not come so far as to be directed by an enemy.'

"This might have been considered as a good joke in a matter of trifling moment, or of ordinary litigation; but it was a cruel piece of levity, to say the least of it, when applied to a man who was naturally anxious to free himself from those foul reproaches which had been heaped upon him, session after session, with all the copiousness of invention, and the utmost power of impassioned eloquence.

"Thus that justice, which, in the most common concerns of life, and in the humblest walks of society, every person is entitled to who feels a laudable solicitude for the vindication of his character, was denied to Mr. Hastings by his accuser, with the sarcastic stroke, that it was not yet a convenient season." (Vol. i. p. 248—254.)

The account which the biographer has here given we have frequently heard from other quarters; but it is to be observed that what Dr. Watkins states is stated upon his own authority. If it be true that Mr. Burke was actuated by personal and splenetic motives, we must account it by far the greatest blemish of the political life of that great man: but it might be, and the probability is, that he was at least sincere; for personal resentment is apt enough to induce a false estimate of the general worth and qualities of its object. But what shall we say of men who, for the sake of supporting their party, could lend all their powers to the prosecution of a man whom they knew to have faithfully discharged his public duties—duties, not always, it must be confessed, reconcilable with general justice or humanity, but imposed upon him by the severe exigencies of provincial government. Every man, after all, in the absence of facts to decide him, will ascribe such motives to the leaders in this transaction as agree best with his general opinion of their characters. For our own parts we should not feel ourselves warranted in proceeding to Dr. Watkins's length in asseveration without more satisfactory grounds than Dr. Watkins has produced. Of the charge against Mr. Hastings, which, after the failure of Mr. Burke's primary article on the cruelty and injustice of the Ro-

hills war, and the better success of Mr. Fox in moving for an impeachment for cruelty towards Cheit Sing, the Rajah of Benares, devolved upon Mr. Sheridan, in the distribution of the parts of what is here called a political drama, Dr. Watkins gives the following short introductory history :

“ The charge against Mr. Hastings on the subject of the Rajah of Benares was intimately connected with that relative to the resumption of the Jaghires, or the lands assigned to the Begums of Oude for their dower, and the confiscation of the treasures of these princesses ; yet were these charges so separated and worked up, as to have the character of two very distinct transactions. On the former charge, the committee of the House of Commons had already decided for an impeachment, under an idea that Cheit Sing was a sovereign prince, who, having been treated with as such by the English government in the East, was entitled to respect and protection. Now the fact was, and the party who carried on the prosecution could not be ignorant of it, this same chief owed his situation entirely to the East India Company, under whom he held it by the feudal tenure of suit and service. But instead of discharging the obligations by which he was bound, the Rajah committed the vilest outrages within his district ; and when he was called upon for his contingency, in common with the other dependencies of the same description, he broke out in open rebellion. In that rebellion, Cheit Sing received encouragement and assistance from the Begums of Oude, who raised men for his service, and paid them beforehand, with an engagement that they should spare none of the English or their connections. Such was the situation of things at the gloomy period of 1781, when Mr. Hastings left Calcutta to reduce an insurrection, which threatened the total destruction of the British interest in that quarter. By the promptitude of his exertions, and the fidelity of the Nabob of Oude, the rebellion was suppressed : but as the spirit which had kindled it remained, the only alternative that could be adopted to prevent the recurrence of the evil at a future period, when it might not be so easy to make an effectual resistance, was that of strengthening the power of the Nabob, by taking away the means of mischief from the hands of his female relatives. These measures, however severe they might seem to those who could be no judges of the necessity of them, were so absolutely requisite at this critical period, when the safety of British India hung upon a thread, that any governor-general who should have neglected to enforce them would have richly deserved capital punishment for the dereliction of his duty. Yet for his firmness in deposing an unruly chief, who had violated all his engagements by open rebellion, and his policy in supporting a prince who had acted faithfully in opposition to the turbulent disposition of his own family, was Mr. Hastings treacherously misrepresented by the very persons of his own council, whose co-operation he had experienced in these transactions. While in the East he was regarded as having, by his wisdom and prudence, laid the foundation of the only system that could ensure the security of public peace and private property, he was vilified at home as a cruel oppressor, and a rapacious

spoiler. As the circumstances which have been just related constituted the basis of all the calumnies that were circulated with so much industry in England, to the prejudice of Mr. Hastings; and as the whole impeachment turned upon them, it was expedient to give in this place a compressed but plain statement of these events. The strong colour which Mr. Fox threw over the story of the Rajah of Benares, by suppressing material facts, and elevating the character of that personage in contradiction to truth, was productive of very pernicious consequences; one of the worst of which was the preparation of the public mind to receive any evil report that could be brought forward to the disadvantage of a man who had saved by his energy the possessions of the English in the east, after the loss of their colonies in the west.

"The success of the motion made by Mr. Fox at the end of one session afforded great facility to Mr. Sheridan, who was nominated to bring forward, in the next, the charge relative to the case of the Begums of Oude. He had now time and encouragement to work up his materials to the best advantage; and as his subject could only be productive of effect by being amplified, the combined talents of the affiliated accusers were employed in organizing those parts which appeared best calculated to operate powerfully upon the passions, and in so enriching the whole, by inventive description and vigorous language, as to take the feelings of the hearers by surprise, and to render the exercise of the judgment unavailing. The simple unvarnished story of the princesses of Oude would have defeated the very purposes which the managers of this business had in view: and, therefore, all that art could perform and fancy supply was called in, without any moral reluctance, in order to keep the public mind continually vibrating between pity and indignation." (Vol. i. p. 256—258.)

If this celebrated speech does not appear to us in the perusal of the report of it to be equal to its reputation, we must suppose it to have lost infinitely in passing through this medium; for who can doubt of the excellence of an oration, of which Mr. Burke declared "that it was the most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument, and wit united, of which there was any record or tradition;"—of which Mr. Fox has said that "all that he had ever heard, all that he had ever read, when compared with it, dwindled into nothing and vanished like vapour before the sun," and of which Mr. Pitt is said to have acknowledged "that it surpassed all the eloquence of ancient or modern times, and possessed every thing that genius or art could furnish to agitate or control the human mind." Dr. Watkins seems to consider these eulogies as extravagant, and as the complimentary effusions of the moment; and yet his own description of the powers displayed by Mr. Sheridan upon this occasion is conveyed in terms scarcely less gigantic. But the speech before the Lords on the trial in Westminster Hall has drawn forth even more inflated eulogy, for such we cannot help considering the descriptions

given of it by Mr. Burke, who, on the return of the managers from the trial to the House of Commons, thus expressed himself: "He has this day surprised the thousands who hung with rapture on his accents, by such an array of talents, such an exhibition of capacity, such a display of powers, as are unparalleled in the annals of oratory; a display that reflected the highest honour upon himself, lustre upon letters, renown upon parliament, and glory upon the country; of all species of rhetoric, of every kind of eloquence that has been witnessed or recorded, either in ancient or modern times; whatever the acuteness of the bar, the dignity of the senate, the solidity of the judgment-seat, and the sacred morality of the pulpit, have hitherto furnished, nothing has equalled what we have heard this day in Westminster Hall. No holy seer of religion, no sage, no statesman, no orator, no man of any description whatever, has come up in any one instance, to the pure sentiments of morality; or, in the other, to that variety of knowledge, force of imagination, propriety and vivacity of allusion, beauty and elegance of diction, strength and copiousness of style, pathos and sublimity of conception, to which we have this day listened with ardour and admiration. From poetry up to eloquence there is not a species of composition of which a complete and perfect specimen might not from that single speech be culled and selected."

Upon this encomium, and upon the performance which occasioned it, Dr. Watkins has made some stern, but rational and manly observations, which deserve to be presented to our readers:

"Whatever might be the competency of Burke to appreciate the excellence of the performance of Sheridan, he was too much the enemy of the defendant, and naturally of too ardent a temper, to give his opinion with moderation. Where he censured, he was bitterly vindictive, and where he found it convenient to flatter, no epithets were too elevated. It has been said of Dryden that he invented a style of panegyric to which the appellation of celestial may be fitly appropriated. The same thing might be said of the encomiastic language of Burke, for the whole description is too inflated to be comprehended, and so exaggerated in all its parts, as to excite astonishment at the accumulation of phrases rather than admiration of the object to which they were applied. It is in short a catalogue of marvels which never met together in any human composition; and the superlative degree of extravagance with which the series of wonders rises, till it is lost in the height of consummate perfection, shocks even credulity, and turns the whole into ridicule. Had the oration of Sheridan deserved half this praise, much of its splendour would be found in the printed report: for though many brilliant passages and elegant allusions might escape the diligence or the memory of the writer who followed him, it is impossible that the substance should have eluded his skill at the time, or have

been obliterated from his memory on the revision of his labour. But of the sublime morality, extensive knowledge, and elegant diction, which Burke has celebrated with such fervent affection or artful contrivance, no adequate conception can be formed from the discourse as it now stands in the published record of this memorable trial. Here the reader seeks in vain for those beauties which the eulogium led him confidently to expect, and when he finds nothing more than an able review of evidence, a luminous statement of the particular case, with some strong observations on the conduct of the accused party, if he does not begin to suspect the integrity of the panegyrist, he will at least be disposed to censure severely the dulness of the reporter." (Vol. i. p. 350—351.)

With respect to this celebrated trial, Dr. Watkins seems to regard it as deriving its origin, its expansion, and its progress, from resentment, faction, and vanity. This is speaking rather too strongly. Few human operations are unadulterated by human passions, and human vanities, and that which we have been considering no doubt had its full share; no doubt the party in opposition were politically disposed to receive stronger impressions than unbiassed men against the proceedings of Mr. Hastings, at best perhaps of ambiguous morality, and often the result of momentary exigence, and a constraining necessity too strong for natural justice; no doubt, the love of display was as animating a principle in these great oratorical exertions, as a tender commiseration for plundered princesses, or a virtuous abhorrence of imputed corruption; but we think it due to the characters even of those very imperfect men who were principally engaged in this judicial pageantry, to believe that they supposed themselves discharging a patriotic duty, that their motives had enough of good in them to satisfy a political conscience, and that they talked *themselves at least* into the persuasion that their cause was the cause of the country and of mankind.

For instruction in the science of man, and of his nature as moulded by political circumstances; for matters of judicial precedent and detail, and for specimens of accusing oratory, the busy period which we have been contemplating may still be contemplated; but its connection with the things of the present hour has been completely cut off by the great interposing event which succeeded. Together with other political events occurring on the eve of the revolutionary war, and once of absorbing interest, it has lost its hold upon our sympathies, and become as one of those distant occurrences which history preserves for speculative leisure and calm curiosity. Scarcely has any thing now, either in retrospect or prospect, a character of political importance but what has, in some measure, been derived from, or is referable to, the French revolution: from its first developement it has been the moving principle of the politics of the civilized world, and to

control its tendencies is still the great effort of legislation. Very different was its impression upon different minds when first its principles began to expand, and to produce their practical consequences. The politicians of the hour, and men of light thinking, were borne up aloft, like chaff and stubble, by the first breeze of the coming storm.

— Ita turbine nigro

Ferret hyems culmumque levem, stipulasque volantes.

But it is difficult to account for the intoxication produced in the minds of such men as Mr. Fox and Mr. Sheridan, unless we look to the operation of party habits as disposing them too readily to adopt whatever might seem to multiply the embarrassments of ministers and their own opportunities of attack. The novelty of the situation into which civil society was brought by the early effects of the great event to which our attention is now drawn perplexed all habitual reasoning, nor was the soundest judgment sufficient to cope with it, unless it was also a judgment founding itself upon philosophic reflection, and long and enlightened experience. Such a judgment Mr. Burke brought to the subject, and so awake was he to the full extent of the danger, that his patriotism prevailed over every other predilection. It was a moment in which every thing depended upon moral reaction. The new spirit of disorganization had spread itself far and wide: no specious arts of philosophy or rhetoric were wanting to its influence. The passions soon declared in its favour; and ignorance, vanity, discontent, ambition, and malice, saw every possibility of gratification open in the disruption of all the partitions and barriers of society.

The man of all men then living, most capable of producing the moral reaction which the times demanded, was Edmund Burke;—"weak and weary, and wishing for rest," as he describes his own condition, but full of the treasures of interior wisdom. Sobered by age but not subdued, the inner man was still green and growing, and adolescent: wishing for rest, not from useful labour, but from the little and low-thoughted cares which in the service of party had beggared and abused his great attainments. All the mean views, however, and miserable artifices of factious men had been well seen and understood by him while in this humiliating service; and if he degraded his abilities in the acquisition of this knowledge, he made the best reparation to his country, to which they in a great measure belonged, by giving to it in his old age all the profits of his dear-bought experience. In the exigence in which he saw his country "his bow was renewed in his hand," and the arrows supplied from his inexhaustible quiver carried dismay into the ranks of crime, pollution, and sacrilege. That warm and faithful feeling for his

country, which no private friendship could ever subdue, and which on great conservative points had always set him free from his political connections, and that masculine love of liberty which had always made him a stern reprover of its excesses and abuses, were now excited into clear and continued action, and the vastness of the question before parliament and the country in all its consequences to man wrought up every feeling and faculty of his mind into an intensity of operation. Thus sublimated above the dregs of party, he gave to mankind, in an hour when it was most needed, the extract of his accumulated stores, in a book containing by far the purest concentration of collected wisdom to be found in the whole compass of moral, political, and practical philosophy.

If Mr. Burke wanted any thing of firm nerve, and corporeal vigour, it was supplied by the minister of the day: "his glory was still fresh in him." He was still in his summer strength, and the trident of the British empire was firm in his hand. To that hand, and that head, and that tongue, we owe the practical and successful application of Mr. Burke's reasoning. Grafting upon this nutritious stock the scion of his fresh and springing capacity, the fruit of the tree was both fair and mellow, and "the dew lay all night upon his branch." It was to this junction of talent that we are indebted not merely for a timely deliverance from the evils of jacobinism and revolutionary violence, but for a standard policy, the principles of which have served as guides to the successors of these great men. Though dead they yet speak; still, in their principles, their great authority is felt and acknowledged. And the best pledge an Englishman can give of his patriotism and public value is his veneration for the names of Pitt and Burke.

The conduct of Fox and Sheridan was unhappily the reverse of all this. They were thorough-bred party-men. Their devotion to party objects had absorbed all higher principles of political action, and tended very much to obscure the medium through which virtue and vice presented themselves to their view. Their early habits and connections were unfavourable to the growth of that love of country which consists in zeal for its mind and character. But not more in the stamina of morality than in that philosophy which is the sober result of experience in human affairs, were both Mr. Fox and Mr. Sheridan greatly inferior to Mr. Burke, Mr. Windham, and Mr. Pitt. Their minds were undoubtedly very rich and very capacious, and in the universality of his ideas on all subjects of civil and religious liberty, in the liberality of his concessions in matters wherein others were too confined, and in the prodigious force and variety of his reasoning, Mr. Fox especially displayed the characteristic colours of a philosophic mind; but it was the semblance only



of philosophy; nor was it found equal to cope with untried speculations in government, or new problems in human affairs; it supplied him with no general fund of analogies and illustrations to explain the new aspects of the political world, or to reduce new cases within the constant laws of a never antiquated jurisprudence. He was, in vulgar phraseology, "fairly taken in" by the quackery of the new school. Add to all this, Mr. Fox was without (Mr. Trotter we hope will forgive us) that source of the sublime, the beautiful, and the true, which Mr. Burke had found in the writings of inspiration; he was consequently without all Scripture-built morality, and those elevating sensibilities which alone can raise the habits of reasoning, and the thoughts of the heart, above that lower sphere of action which is full of the littleness of man and his vain inquietudes. If all this be true of Mr. Fox, it is more emphatically so with respect to the subject of these memoirs. The witty author of the "Rivals," and "the School for Scandal," was a mere dramatist in politics; always, and often very successfully, consulting effect, and turning over the stores of ancient and modern wisdom for occasional illustrations, fugitive allusions, and ephemeral splendour. But it would indeed be folly to say of this man of genius and talent, that there were any deep veins of thought in his mind, forming an indigenous part of the soil; however gay and variegated the surface appeared with flowers of every species—the sensitive, the bright, the fragrant—except that amaranth of immortal bloom which expands its leaves towards heaven.

Upon minds so constituted came on the sudden the French revolution, with all its flattering and visionary promises. And its effect proved their instability. But a little before, in the debate on the commercial treaty with France, a favourite measure of his great rival, Mr. Fox had opposed that measure with his customary vehemence. He had contended that a jealousy of each other was imposed upon the two nations by their relative situation; that no change of circumstances could render the friendship of France desirable for this country; that bad faith was inherent in the people; that their hatred to England was inveterate. Instantly, however, the revolution of France turned the current of his opinions; his radical aversion was magically removed; and this eminent statesman saw nothing but kind and amicable intentions towards this country in altered France. It at once stirred up in him that "faculty of presage," attributed to him by the prosing sapience of Dr. Parr, and which others have not scrupled to call "a spirit of prophecy." \* When the

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\* The issues and consequences of the French revolution have always been a favourite subject for men of prophetic powers to try their skill upon. Mr. Fox

army estimates came under consideration, Mr. Fox opposed them on the ground of the pacific disposition which manifested itself throughout Europe; and it was particularly observed by him "that France was likely to be prevented by her internal state from giving any disturbance to Europe for many years." And very deserving in that statesman's opinion was the conduct of the French guards, who had disobeyed their officers and joined the insurgents, "thereby," as he observed, "setting a glorious example to all the military of Europe." Nor did the orator hesitate to compare the revolution of France in all its leading points to that of England. In the same memorable debate, Mr. Sheridan equalled his friend as an eulogist and prophet; but his presages were founded on a view of the situation of France very different from that which Mr. Fox had taken. According to him, the revolution was beneficial to our interests, because "France, by becoming more powerful in her permanent resources, would be a juster, worthier, and more peaceable nation." And upon the whole, in his mind, the revolution was "a glorious sera, which gave real and efficient freedom to this country, and established, on a permanent basis, those sacred principles of government, and reverence for the rights of men, which he, for one, could not value here, without wishing to see them diffused throughout the whole world."

From these observations of Mr. Sheridan followed the public breach between that gentleman and Mr. Burke; and the heads of Mr. Burke's reply, in which the declaration of a perpetual severance in politics is announced, Dr. Watkins gives us in the following words:

"Mr. Burke said, 'that he most sincerely lamented the inevitable necessity of publicly declaring, that, henceforth, his honourable friend and himself were separated for ever in politics: yet, even in the very moment of separation, he expected that his honourable friend, for so he had been in the habit of calling him, would have treated him with some degree of kindness; or that, if he had not, for the sake of a long and amicable connexion, heard him with partiality, he would at least have done him the justice of representing his arguments fairly. On the contrary, he had, both cruelly and unexpectedly, misrep-

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has laid himself out very largely upon this theme; and through many successive parliaments the idea once thrown out by the present Lord Liverpool of marching our armies into the heart of France was a topic of pleasantry and banter. Upon this subject Mr. Sheridan expended much of his ever-ready facetiousness. "The conquest of France," says Mr. Fox, "in his letter to the electors of Westminster." "Oh! calumniated crusaders, how rational and moderate were your objects. Oh! tame and feeble Cervantes, with what a timid pencil and faint colours have you painted the portrait of a disordered imagination."—"Two things," says the *Edinburgh Review*, for February 1815, *are clear* in the midst of the darkness, "one that a crusade in behalf of the Bourbons and the old monarchy is as palpably hopeless as it is manifestly unjust."

sented the nature of his remarks. The honourable gentleman had thought proper to charge him with being the advocate of despotism, though, in the beginning of his former speech, Mr. Burke maintained he had expressly reprobated every measure which carried with it even the slightest appearance of despotism. All who knew him could not avoid, without the most unmerited violation of natural justice, acknowledging that he was the professed enemy of despotism in every shape, whether it appeared as the splendid tyranny of Louis XIV. or the outrageous democracy of the present government of France, which levelled all distinctions in society. The honourable gentleman,' continued Mr. Burke, 'had also charged him with having libelled the National Assembly, and stigmatized them as a bloody, cruel, and ferocious democracy. In answer to this, he appealed to the house whether he had uttered a single syllable concerning the National Assembly that could warrant such a construction as the honourable gentleman had put upon his words. He felt himself warranted in positively repelling the imputation; because, he hoped that the whole tenour of his life had proved at least that he was a sincere and firm friend to freedom; and under that description, he was concerned to find that there were persons in this country who entertained theories of government not thoroughly consistent with the safety of the state; and who were perhaps ready to transfer a part of that anarchy which prevailed in France to this kingdom, for the purpose of effecting their own designs. As to the charge of abusing the National Assembly, it might seem almost sufficient to answer, 'What is the National Assembly to us?' But Mr. Burke declared 'that he did not libel the National Assembly of France, whom he considered very little in the discussion of these matters; that he thought all the substantial power resided in the republic of Paris, whose authority guided, or whose example was followed, by all the republics of France. The republic of Paris had an army under their orders, and not under those of the National Assembly.'

"Having thus stated a very important but certain fact, that Paris led the nation, Mr. Burke proceeded to observe, 'that the honourable gentleman had asked from whence the people of France were to expect a better constitution?—Whether from Marshal Broglio, at the head of his army; or were they to look for it amidst the dungeons of the Bastile? Was that a fair and candid mode of treating his argument, or was it what he ought to have expected in the moment of departed friendship? On the contrary, was it not evident that the honourable gentleman had made a sacrifice of his friendship for the sake of catching some momentary popularity? If the fact was such, even greatly as he should still continue to admire the honourable gentleman's talents, he must tell him that his argument was chiefly an argument *ad invidiam*, and that all the applause which he could hope to receive from his clubs was scarcely worth the sacrifice which he had chosen to make for so insignificant an acquisition.'" (Vol. ii. p. 54, 55.)

Attempts were made soon after, at a private meeting, to make up this breach which was regarded as an omen of a more general

disunion, but in vain; and, it is said, that Mr. Burke could never afterwards hear the name of Sheridan without expressing a feeling of great aversion. The rupture which subsequently took place between Mr. Burke and Mr. Fox, on the subject of the French revolution, as it occurred as a topic in the bill for providing a permanent form of government for the colony of Canada, is too well known, and has been too much discussed, to need any account of it here. We have before remarked upon the callous moderation with which Mr. Fox contemplated the bleeding injuries of France; how little he perceived, or allowed himself to perceive, of the destroying tendencies of the new theories, even after they had assumed a systematic shape, and come forth in the plumage of a vain philosophy, while at the same time he could allow and declare the speech of Mr. Burke on the Report of the Committee on the Army Estimates, wherein the whole nature, principle, scope, and consequences of the proceedings in France, were succinctly developed, to be the wisest, as well as the most brilliant, ever delivered in the House of Commons. Such are the littlenesses of great men, when possessed by the malignant influence of party.

We pass by the tedious statements of the pecuniary affairs of Drury Lane Theatre, which can be interesting to none of our readers, except in as much as they contribute to explain the peculiar character of Mr. Sheridan's mind, which, in the midst of embarrassments and the distressing and disreputable confusion of his private affairs, lost nothing of its energy. Some will call this manly fortitude; others, dissolute insensibility, according to the principles on which they solve these ethical problems. To these embarrassments were added a very severe domestic affliction. The first Mrs. Sheridan died on the 28th of June, 1792, and Dr. Watkins very feelingly recounts the affecting event.

"In addition to these anxieties and troubles, Mr. Sheridan had to endure an affliction still more painful and hard to be borne by a feeling mind. His amiable and accomplished partner, who had been long in a declining state of health, which was materially injured by the loss of her sisters and brothers, began now to exhibit the most alarming symptoms of a pulmonary consumption. Medical skill being in vain exerted to check the progress of an insidious disorder, which was accelerated by a variety of acute distresses, the Bristol waters were recommended as a last resource. Thither, to use the language of the celebrated John Wilkes, 'this most beautiful flower that ever grew in Nature's garden' was removed in the spring of 1792; but the malady was too far gone to admit the hope of a cure, and it became aggravated by mental suffering and the most mortifying circumstances. One morning, when Mrs. Sheridan was about to take an airing on the neighbouring downs, she found that the carriage and horses had been just taken in execution by an unfeeling creditor.

"It may naturally be supposed that a shock so sudden and rude would operate with deadly effect upon a frame already enfeebled beyond the power of recovery, and hanging as it were by an imperceptible thread over the margin of the grave. The stroke indeed acted with similar violence to the wintry blast upon a tender plant; for the sufferer, bending before it, burst into tears, and retired to her chamber, out of which she never came again till the lifeless form was conveyed to the silent mansion, 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.'" (Vol. ii. p. 91.)

Dr. Watkins remarks, that during the year 1792, Mr. Sheridan spoke but seldom in the House, but the year which followed was one of great activity on the part of this distinguished person. Questions of finance, and the armament against Russia, involved him in frequent altercations with the minister, against whom the utmost efforts of his wit was directed to repair his defeats in solid argument. We have also here an account of the formation of the notable society called the "Friends of the People," which, as it is a strong feature of the times, and shows how much the minister had at that moment to contend with, we will extract for our readers.

"It has been already noticed, that a new political association was formed at this time in London, and that Mr. Sheridan took an opportunity of announcing it while yet in an embryo state, with a parental anticipation of the extraordinary effects which would result from its labours. Shortly afterwards, this promising conception was hatched into life, at the Free-Masons' Tavern, and received the curious title of *friends of the people*, importing, as it should seem, that the great body of the nation stood in need of such a benevolent institution, to rescue them from their enemies. But as the revolutionary flame, kindled in France, was at that moment destroying all the distinctions of society, under the plea of restoring the rights of human nature, it was not uncharitable to regard the appearance of so palpable an imitation among ourselves, with the dread that it might lead to similar evils. Many of the members of this unseasonable union were no doubt very honourable characters, and far enough from entertaining any sinister designs against the constitution of the country; but they were leagued with others of a very different description, and from whose violent principles there was every reason to apprehend the full exercise of revolutionary practices, without any scruple about the means or the consequences. Though none of these republican zealots were placed on the committee, yet the very enrolment of their names as members of the society was of itself sufficient to bring the whole scheme under suspicion, and to excite alarm in the minds of all who valued our civil and religious establishment too highly to risk the danger of its destruction by projects of indefinite reform. The committee consisted of the following persons: William Baker, Esq. M. P. chairman; Charles Grey, Esq. M. P.; Samuel Whitbread, jun. Esq. M. P.; John Wharton, Esq. M. P.; Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. M. P.; Philip Francis, Esq. M. P.; Hon. Thomas Maitland, M. P.; William

Henry Lambton, Esq. M. P.; George Rous, Esq.; John Godfrey, Esq.; William Cunningham, Esq.; and James Mackintosh, Esq.

“ There was an evident intention in this selection to make a strong impression upon the public in favour of the association; but if these persons, and some others, were men of moderate sentiments, the same could hardly be said of Mr. Stone, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Besides those ardent spirits, there were in this motley assemblage of reformers, Dr. Towers, Dr. Kippis, and a number of avowed Unitarians, as they called themselves, who blended politics with religion, and were for reducing both the church and the state to a simple platform of republican equality.

“ With whom the design of this heterogeneous combination originated, is not told, and would be needless to inquire; but the conception was no sooner formed than carried into execution; and within a few days after the appointment of the committee, it issued an ‘address to the people of Great Britain;’ in which several authorities were adduced in favour of parliamentary reform, and then avowing that object, without stating either the grievance or the remedy. The composition, indeed, was framed in a high strain of juvenile declamation; full of swelling words, and rounded periods, but specifying nothing, as an actual evil, that called for such an association at that portentous period. In an address to the nation, from a private body met together for the purpose of obtaining a correction of public abuses, it was natural to have expected something like an exposition of facts, rather than a bold and sweeping assumption of the necessity of the confederacy. It is easier, however, to inflame than to enlighten; to rouse the passions, than to direct the judgment; and of this the French revolution exhibited abundant proofs, in the effects produced by brawling orators, and unprincipled writers, upon their credulous and discontented countrymen. The address to the people, from their associated friends, as they called themselves, was an admirable copy of the style then so much in vogue, and so terribly powerful in its operation on the continent. Mirabeau himself, had he written in English as well as he did in French, could not have delivered a more glowing eulogium upon the work of devastation in which he was engaged, than is to be found in the following justification of a political change in this country, by the example of what was going on in France. ‘We deny,’ say the English reformers, ‘the existence of any resemblance whatever between the cases of the two kingdoms; and we utterly disclaim the necessity of resorting to similar remedies. We do not believe, that at this day, an absolute avowed despotism, in the hands of the executive power, would be endured in this country. But who can say to what conclusion the silent unresisted operation of abuses, incessantly acting, and constantly increasing, may lead us hereafter; what habits it may gradually create; what power it may finally establish? The abuses in the government of France were suffered to gather and accumulate, until nothing but an eruption could put an end to them. The discontent of the people was converted into despair. Preventive remedies were either not thought of in time, or were not proposed until it was too late to apply them with effect. The subver-

sion of the ancient government ensued. The inference from this comparison is at once so powerful and so obvious, that we know not by what argument to illustrate or enforce it. We mean to avert for ever from our country the calamities inseparable from such convulsions. If there be, as it is said, in any part of this kingdom a disposition to promote confusion, or even to arrive at improvement by unconstitutional and irregular causes, we hold ourselves as strictly pledged to resist that disposition, wherever it may appear, as to pursue our own objects by unexceptionable methods.'

"And yet it could hardly have escaped the observation of the committee, that the same kind of pledge had been given by the innovators of France, who made the most solemn declarations of their loyalty while they were undermining the throne; and who, like the republicans in our own country, in the preceding century, levied war against the king for the safety of his person and the security of the monarchy. Men who set out in conjunction for the accomplishment of a great political change in the government of any country, always begin with the declaration of constitutional principles, and protestations against the perversion of their real objects. But they who honestly, perhaps, commence the work of public reform, and who provide what they deem the most efficient plan for the accomplishment of it, are seldom suffered to see the end of their labours, being in general supplanted by more active and turbulent spirits, that are not to be restrained within the bounds of moderation, or guided by the dictates of conscience. This has been invariably the characteristic of all the convulsions which have effected a radical change in the forms of government among civilized nations; and it was so remarkably the case in France at the very time when this society was constituted, as to reflect discredit upon those who took the lead in it, for not perceiving the fallacy of positively promising what it might be out of their power to perform." (Vol. ii. p. 108—112.)

In a speech made by Mr. Sheridan in the House of Commons, this society was strenuously vindicated, and it was on this occasion that he most indiscreetly boasted of his intimacy with Mr. Walker, and Mr. Cooper, of Manchester, "whose political principles differed not a shade," says Dr. Watkins, "from those advanced by Paine in his *Rights of Man*." During the remainder of the session Mr. Sheridan spoke but little in Parliament; and about the same time the ranks of opposition were thinned by the secession of many of its most distinguished members, particularly of the Duke of Portland, Earl Spencer, and Lord North, who supported the address on the subject of the proclamation for the suppression of seditious meetings and publications; and on giving his vote for the address in the House of Lords, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales observed, "that the question at issue was, in fact, whether the constitution was or was not to be maintained; whether the wild ideas of untried theory were to conquer the wholesome maxims of established practice; whether

those laws which had flourished for such a series of years were to be subverted by a reform unsanctioned by the people. As a person nearly and dearly interested in the welfare, and he should add, emphatically, the happiness of the people, it would be treason to the principles of his own mind, if he did not come forward and declare his disapprobation of the seditious publications and doctrines which had occasioned the motion before their Lordships."

Dr. Watkins has added to the entertainment of his work by the account he has given us in the 23d chapter, of Mr. Richard Tickell, who had married Mrs. Sheridan's sister, another accomplished daughter of Mr. Linley. This unhappy man, on the 4th of November, 1793, in a fit of despondency threw himself from a window of his apartment in Hampton-court Palace, and was killed on the spot.

"This ingenious and good-natured, but thoughtless man, was a descendant of the secretary to Mr. Addison, and a native of Bath, where he inherited some small property, which, at an early period of his life, he squandered away on his pleasures. He had received an excellent education, and was bred to the law, but never followed the profession, to which indeed he had, like his friend Sheridan, an unconquerable dislike, choosing rather to live by his wits in a precarious connexion with the booksellers, than to secure an honourable independence by a diligent application to study and business. But the violence of party in the American contest gave ample scope for the powers of Tickell; and as he luckily happened to take the side of government, some of his productions brought him acquainted with Mr. Brummell, private secretary to Lord North. This intimacy soon ripened into friendship, the sincerity of which was evinced on the part of Mr. Brummell, by his procuring for Tickell a pension of two hundred pounds a year, and a place in the Stamp Office. At the time when he obtained these favours from the crown, he was very much embarrassed in his circumstances, owing to habitual extravagance, and his being encumbered with a family of illegitimate children. By the advice of his steady and generous friend, he broke off this imprudent connexion, but not without settling a moiety of his pension upon the woman with whom he had cohabited, for the maintenances of herself and family. Soon after this release he married Miss Mary Linley, who brought him three children, and with whom he lived in great harmony, notwithstanding the eccentricity of his disposition, and the improvidence of his conduct.

"On the eve of the meeting of parliament, in 1779, Mr. Tickell rendered considerable service to government, by publishing a pamphlet, called *Anticipation*, in which he successfully imitated the language, and ridiculed the sentiments, of the leading members of opposition. For this performance he was soon after made one of the commissioners of the stamp duties, with a salary of five hundred pounds a year; and he manifested his gratitude by continuing in a



similar manner to defend ministers, and to annoy their adversaries, though not with equal effect, most of his subsequent pamphlets being imitations of that which had gained him so much profit and celebrity. In 1781 he brought out at Drury Lane a comic opera, in three acts, entitled, "The Carnival of Venice," which was got up with great splendour, and set off with all the advantages of scenic decoration and excellent music, the combined efforts of the Linley family; but no management could establish it on the stage, and it was barely tolerated through the season by an indulgent public. The same year Mr. Tickell adapted the "Gentle Shepherd" of Allan Ramsay to the taste of an English audience; but the principal merit of the alteration was due to his father-in-law, whose new accompaniments to the old Scotch airs were exceedingly beautiful. In cutting down the pastoral to an after-piece, the comic parts were so compressed, as to be deprived of their native vivacity, while the long colloquies between the lovers were preserved, though nothing could be more tedious, or less calculated for stage effect. Of the egregious vanity of poor Tickell, this trifling production afforded a notable instance; for though the credit of abridgement is of the smallest description, and the only new article added to the piece consisted of a song, the newspapers teemed from day to day with the most fulsome paragraphs of panegyric upon its beauty. In one journal the after-piece was said to be 'a pretty little phoenix, of two acts, rising out of the parent bird:' and in another it was observed that, 'since the original poem was written, a bard could not be found at once capable and bold enough to touch the mantle of Allen; which task was reserved for the classical pen of Mr. Tickell.' Besides these ephemeral effusions, he published a few poems, characterized by a lively fancy, and harmonious versification. He was also one of the contributors to the probationary odes, a set of burlesque compositions, intended to ridicule the principal members and supporters of Mr. Pitt's administration.

"There seems to have been a strange affinity between Tickell and Sheridan, both being men of considerable genius, of ready wit, and convivial manners; but neither of them applied steadily to any direct object, nor paid the smallest regard to the common maxims of prudence in their private concerns. Each, however, saw those faults in the other which they had in common; and among their respective friends they feelingly pointed out with severity that extravagance and want of consideration, of which both were equally guilty. Sheridan very gravely and indignantly expressed his disapprobation of the volatility of Tickell, who, in his turn, was no less animated and moral in his observations on the irregular habits and inordinate vanity of Sheridan. Yet the former, with all his failings, had more moderate ideas than his relative, of which he gave a clear proof, in placing his daughter at a boarding school, instead of suffering her to be bred up in a more fashionable way, under the immediate care of Sheridan, who resented the conduct of Tickell as an insult to himself and an injury to the child. Mr. Richardson, as their mutual friend, thought it his duty to remonstrate with the father upon the subject; and as the answer which he received is perfectly characteristic of the parties,

and honourable to the feelings of the writer, no apology is necessary for its insertion in this place.

" My Dear Richardson,

" Having received a letter from Sheridan on Tuesday, I answered it the same day ; and conjecturing that it might not be pleasant to attend to my wishes, as opposed to his, I wrote in the fullest manner to himself, and therefore shall no farther trespass on you respecting the subject, than to offer those explanations, which my friendship and affection for you strongly urge me to state, whenever I have the misfortune to meet with your disapprobation, as on the present occasion I fear I have, or you scarcely would have treated my former letter with a harshness which from you I think I have never deserved. You began your last with accusing me of inconsistency, in determining to bring Betty home : the plain answer is, I had made no such determination, but on the contrary had written to Miss Leigh to assure her of my esteem and regard, and of the satisfaction I have from my daughter's being under her care ; though I acquainted her at the same time that she is to look to me alone for every expense incident to Betty's being with her. In this I have done exactly, as you remind me, I told you that I should, namely, placed her at a boarding school. But you inferred, notwithstanding my having told you that plan, that because I waited for Sheridan's, I meant to leave the matter wholly to him. In the first place I waited only because he sent to acquaint me he had some plan, but which he never did send me ; and I recollect the expressions which I then used conveyed my strong inclination to attend to his ideas on the subject, as I conceived they were sanctioned by Mrs. Sheridan ; and certainly had these ideas gone to the contrary effect of my own, as being grounded on having thought that an education perfectly at home was more suitable to Betty's mind, I would have religiously observed that advice, and have educated her entirely at home. But indeed you carried both my former and my late words beyond their meaning, in construing them to amount to any acquiescence in the idea of Betty's being confided to Sheridan's peculiar care, 'placed under his auspices ;' or to my agreeing to 'his claim of being her guardian.' All such renunciations of my own unalienable right, as a fond parent, I considered as totally out of the question ; neither do I think that the loss of Mrs. Sheridan's protection involves a deficiency of maternal solicitude ; for I never imagined that sending a child to school would argue her being deprived of maternal affection ; on the contrary, I think that maternal affection may extend to Betty in such a situation, very effectually, by a constant, anxious, and minute observation of her improvement ; by her occasional returns to us ; by thus securing that she is done every justice to where she is placed ; and by seeing and providing that she regularly profits by her education. I cannot, therefore, think that Betty is deprived of maternal affection ; still less why, if she were so deprived, Sheridan's interference was necessary : for if the child is not to be at her father's house, but at a school, why on that account must her uncle place her there ?—In writing to you, on this point, I certainly *wrote out*, as we both have *spoken out*, of Sheridan : I said then, as I must repeat it now, that I do not think Sheridan's habits (irregular and uncertain as

they are,) nor his taste or judgment, on the subject of education, tally with mine. My principles for Betty's education lead not to any thing fantastic, nor to the training her up to the chance of a splendid connexion; but much more to give her plainness of mind, and simplicity, yet grace in her manner; in one word, to form her on the model of her mother, who (as you well know) could find her greatest happiness in domestic quiet, though instantly ready to appear with ease in the highest circles.—Now, I own, I have often regretted that Betty had a French attendant, and that she was imbibing ideas of elegance, from which a few accidents might lower her into unprepared dejection. You will again do me injustice, if you strain this apprehension into one unkind reflection on Mrs. Sheridan; but both she and Sheridan always proceeded in the confidence of realizing great expectations.

"To Miss L. at a proper time, I shall explain my plans, which once again I must assure you, ere I close this intrusion on your time, are filled with a father's fondness, whose frame of mind may be as 'incorrect,' as you have thought proper to term it, and whose errors (known to you) may indeed have justified that severe stricture; but who, in this instance, if betrayed into warm expressions, has at least the sincerity of feeling to plead in excuse for them; and who, in venting the anxieties of perhaps too jealous an impulse to the sympathizing tenderness of friendship, scarcely thought it would have produced reproach, and a total desertion of your promise to come to me.

"Yours,

"R. TICKELL."

(Vol. ii. p. 164—169.)

We have given this digressive extract, not only because it seemed to us to be instructive and interesting, but because we considered it as tending to illustrate the character of Mr. Sheridan, concerning whom his biographer has been able to lay before us but a very scanty supply of domestic incidents. It appears that those who knew him most intimately, and whose habits were most like his own, reposed but little trust in him on points of moral prudence, and rectitude of feeling. Much the same, also, was the political consideration in which he was held by his own party. His pleasantry, good humour, and sparkling wit, endeared him to his domestic friends, as his vigour, vivacity, and eloquence in debate, exalted him among his political associates; but in the allotment of duties, or trusts, or dignities, where the sound distinctions of character and moral worth were necessary to be regarded in the choice, the place assigned him was far from elevated.

Except the two or three instances to which we have already alluded, a very disgusting sameness characterizes the political conduct of Mr. Sheridan and his friends, during the whole of that momentous period in which the government, strengthened by the accession of the patriotic seceders from opposition, exerted itself in resisting the progress of revolutionary principles. "When the remembrance of those eventful days," says Dr. Watkins, "shall be found only in the historical records of them,

impartial posterity will turn indignantly from the picture of revolutionary France, to contemplate with astonishment the resistance uniformly made in the English parliament against all the operations of government, which tended to provide a barrier to the ambition of the new republic, and the contamination of its principles." In these great contests between the opposition and the party in power, we know not whose conduct most to reprobate, —that of Mr. Fox or Mr. Sheridan. During this period the character of each of them sunk deservedly low, while their great opponent, through good and evil report, was carrying his political glory to its consummation. He had falsified all the predictions respecting the consequences of the separation of America, he had doubled the commerce of the country; he had brought the principles of the constitution safe through the great question of the regency; and now by his courage, capacity, and commanding eloquence, he was preserving the existence of the nation itself to be the standing monument of his fame. During this important juncture, the tone and character of Mr. Pitt's speeches were remarkably grave and tranquil, and as conviction was his great aim, he was generally content to oppose plain sense, and perspicuity of statement, to the philippics of his adversaries. He made no sacrifice to popularity, but obtained it by deserving it; and though the people never adopted him for their favourite, they felt him to be their friend. His eloquence was free from affected passion, and spurious pathos; and even his greatest enemies were compelled, during this trying period, to do justice to his pure and high-minded disinterestedness of character. It will hardly be believed by posterity, that upon the attention of parliament being called, by the royal message, to the consideration of the seditious practices of various systematized bodies, when the report of the committee was brought up, developing the proceedings of the London Corresponding Society, the centre of all the affiliated bodies throughout the empire, Mr. Fox should have defended these societies, and maintained that the members of them were lovers of peace, who pursued a constitutional object, by legal measures. It will be, perhaps, more easily believed, that Mr. Sheridan pronounced the whole a fabrication of ministers, to create alarm, and secure their own ascendancy; that he should in the same spirit have called Mr. Pitt the British Barrere; and declare that, though far from being of a sanguinary despotism, he should not be sorry to see the minister lose his head upon the scaffold.

Dr. Watkins comments forcibly upon the contradictory conduct of Mr. Sheridan, on the various discussions in parliament on the debts and embarrassments of the heir apparent to the crown; and contrasts his active exertions in behalf of the Prince, when his in-

volved circumstances came under the consideration of parliament in the year 1787, with the temper and tone of his behaviour when the affairs of his Royal Highness came again before the legislature in consequence of his marriage. If private pique, or displeasure at the public declaration made by the Prince of his sentiments on the new revolutionary principles, were the motives to this conduct of Mr. Sheridan, it must be classed among the worst acts of his political life; but if after the provision made for the relief of his Royal Highness on the former occasion, he was indignant at seeing a recurrence of the necessity, we see nothing to censure on the score of feeling. But still the coarse and acrimonious manner in which the royal family were treated by him in his speech, can find no warrant in the occasion. Mr. Fox expressed his opinion in favour of the measure, which was to grant a proper income, and to allot part of it to the purpose of discharging existing incumbrances; but Mr. Sheridan contended, that "the House ought not to be deluded, *humbugged*, and deceived in that way." He maintained "that the settling of 125,000*l.* per annum upon the Prince, with such a condition as that which was proposed, was virtually binding parliament to the discharge of those debts which ought to be paid off immediately for the dignity of his Royal Highness, who ought not to be seen rolling about the streets in his state coach as an *insolvent prodigal*." The sum of two or three hundred thousand pounds he considered as trifling when compared to the unbecoming situation of the heir apparent to the Crown, without independence, and, what was worse, without character." A vulgar disrespect to the King was also very remarkable throughout this speech, and the breach of his word was imputed to his Majesty by something more than an insinuation. If there was some good sense in his remarks upon this occasion, nothing could justify the manner in which they were expressed, and whatever soundness there was in them, the merit of honest freedom must not be given to that which was the effect of irritation or disappointment. Soon after Mr. Pitt's return to office, on the retreat of the Addington administration, we find Mr. Sheridan, in a debate upon the plan for increasing the military force, complaining of the exclusion of Mr. Fox from all share in the administration, and taking an opportunity which offered itself upon that occasion, of making a sort of reparation to the Prince by the following remarks: "Of the personage to whom it refers, I cannot speak from any particular knowledge; but of him who is next in rank, I can say, that the illustrious person, whose name I know my duty too well to mention, who stood forward at the commencement of the war, displaying a noble example of his wish to promote unanimity, to rally all parties round the standard of the country, entertains no political

prejudice against any public man, though, God knows, he has had much to forgive." Very soon afterwards, on the death of Lord Elliot, the Prince conferred the vacant office of Receiver-General of the Duchy of Cornwall upon Lord Lake, but as that nobleman was then serving in India, Mr. Sheridan was appointed to fill that place till his return; and when Lord Lake died, in 1808, his Royal Highness gave him a patent of the office for life. And it is also worth recording, as a further instance of the Prince's benevolence towards Mr. Sheridan, that upon his removing from his official residence as Treasurer of the Navy, in the last administration of his party, he made him a present of the house adjoining the palace in Pall Mall, with all its furniture. We will extract a part of the chapter which narrates the circumstances which followed upon the death of Mr. Pitt, as it contains some incidents very expository of the real qualities of Mr. Sheridan, manifesting his incapacity, perhaps superinduced upon him by his habits, of executing the duties of serious and responsible situations.

"The opposition had gained such ground by the proceedings against Lord Melville as to inspire them with strong confidence of being able to weaken the power of Mr. Pitt, when the death of that illustrious statesman gave them full possession of the good things which had so long been the objects of their ambition. His Majesty, indeed, would gladly have sought for confidential servants in any other quarter; but the decided part taken by Lord Grenville left no alternative, and a new cabinet was accordingly formed, under his Lordship's direction. Some difficulties occurred, where clashing interests were to be reconciled, and where the claimants for preferment were both numerous and clamorous. Mr. Sheridan, in particular, set up lofty pretensions on the ground of twenty-five years of service, and he was supported in his demands by a personage of the first distinction. Still there were objections to his occupying any of the first offices which could not easily be got over; and even Mr. Fox himself was unwilling to run any risk by insisting upon an appointment which might eventually, from the known habits of his friend, have injured his colleagues. He advised Mr. Sheridan to accept of a patent place, which would at once have secured him a competency for life, and freed him from fatigue and responsibility. This was good counsel, but it was ill taken; and at length, when the Board of Control was refused, which had been pretty much insisted upon, he thought proper to accept the treasurership of the navy, being sworn of the privy council on the seventh of February, and gazetted on the fifteenth of the same month. Having thus vacated his seat in parliament, he was chosen again for Stafford, without any opposition, which was his last return for that borough, after the long period of twenty-six years.

"It is not a little remarkable that the vigorous spirit of eloquence, which had so often enlivened debate, and astonished the public, now grew languid and vapid, as if there had been something in the atmos-

phere of an official department to depress the force of genius, and to confine its exertions within the restriction of forms and orders. Mr. Sheridan displayed very little of that activity as a senator, after his elevation, which had uniformly distinguished him when he roved at large, annoying ministers, and perplexing their measures. Then his fancy was inexhaustible, and his wit was always amusing; but now he appeared as if his mind laboured under the pressure of restraint, and his occasional attempts at humour disgusted even his admirers. A remarkable instance of this occurred within a few days after his advancement, when the question was agitated respecting the admission of Lord Ellenborough to a seat in the cabinet. This certainly was a subject that called for serious argument; instead of which, Mr. Sheridan gave the whole such an air of ridicule, as contributed very much to lessen both himself and his associates. When he should have exerted his ingenuity or sophistry, in shewing the propriety of allowing the chief-justice of England to examine cases that were to come before him in his judicial capacity, he totally passed over the question, and began to play the droll upon the members of the late administration, observing, how cold they must feel on that side of the house, since they were so few in number, and particularly as one, Lord Castlereagh, has lost his *Indian shawl*, meaning the Board of Control; another, Mr. Canning, had lost his *naval cloak*, the treasurership of the navy; and a third, Mr. Perceval, his *graceful professional robe*, as attorney-general.

“ To such a degree could this man of talent descend in the art of punning upon a matter of grave import, and one that, beyond all doubt, very much affected the rights and liberties of the subject.

“ Mr. Sheridan appeared to much greater advantage, when, on a motion for the repeal of the additional force bill, he took occasion to justify himself and his colleagues from the charge of bearing hostility to the memory of Mr. Pitt, with whom that measure originated. ‘ As for me,’ said Mr. Sheridan, ‘ there were many who flattered that great man more than I, and some who feared him more; but there was no man who had a higher respect for his transcendent talents, his matchless eloquence, and the greatness of his soul; and yet it has often been my fate to oppose his measures. I may have considered that there was somewhat too much of loftiness in his mind, which could not bend to advice, or scarcely bear co-operation. I might have considered, that as a statesman his measures were not adequate to the situation of the country in the present times; but I always thought his purpose and his hope was for the greatness and security of the empire.’

“ This was a liberal declaration: yet if it really expressed the sentiments of the speaker, he had much to explain and answer for in having repeatedly accused the illustrious dead with forming deep and deadly designs against the constitution. It merits observation, also, that while Mr. Sheridan, on various occasions, represented the late minister as deficient in financial knowledge, and as an empiric in political economy, Mr. Fox, on the contrary, paid the highest tribute of praise to his plans; but a still greater eulogium was bestowed upon

the wisdom of Mr. Pitt's administration, in the continuance and extension of his system, by the very persons who had been his constant opponents. Whether they improved upon his basis is a very different thing; but the fact that they never departed from it, to introduce any scheme of their own, reflected more glory upon his memory than credit upon their sincerity. In one respect, a striking difference characterized the new administration; and that was the social spirit of its members, manifested in the splendour and frequency of their entertainments. The town was amused every day by the announcement of festive parties, and the description of those which had taken place. There seemed, indeed, a sort of competition among the ministers, who should give the most sumptuous dinners, and furnish the daily prints with accounts of the most splendid assemblies. Mr. Sheridan had the honour of surpassing all his colleagues by the magnificence of an entertainment which he gave on Sunday the twenty-fifth of May; and a masqued ball the two following days. On each occasion the Prince of Wales honoured him with his presence, and condescended to express his great satisfaction at the treatment which he had experienced.

"The spectacle on Monday, which was perfectly theatrical, began at seven in the evening, with the christening of the infant son of Mr. Thomas Sheridan, and the child of Mrs. Sheridan's sister. The grand music-room then received the company, the principal part of whom did not arrive till ten o'clock; and an hour afterwards the masque commenced; after which was a supper; and then came the dancing, where the Chancellor of England, Lord Erskine, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Henry Petty, particularly distinguished themselves till past eight in the morning.

"Such was the thoughtless extravagance of a person who at that time was loaded with debts, and perpetually dunned by clamorous creditors; and such was the inconsistency of ministers of state in a season of extreme difficulty, when the nation was involved in war with a foe of the most tremendous power, and the people were pressed down by increased taxation." (Vol. ii. p. 335—339.)

After the death of Mr. Fox the administration of his party was of very brief duration; and it seems that whatever were his sentiments on the Catholic question, Mr. Sheridan did not go out with the rest in very good humour. He had, he said, heard of men running their heads against a wall to knock out their brains, but he never before knew men so stupid as to build a wall for that purpose. But his wit, as well as his eloquence, seemed about this time to be fast upon the decline. It must have been painful even to his political adversaries, to witness the expiring efforts of his intellect, while a candidate for the representation of Westminster; and to see the sick lion insulted by the herd of ignoble competitors. Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Paull, Lord Cochrane, and Mr. Cobbett, now ventured to assail him, and though they were unable to disturb the suavity of his temper, no provocation could rekindle the fire of his genius.



"The addresses of Mr. Sheridan, during this last conflict for the honour of representing Westminster, were not such as did credit to his genius or his patriotism. He told the motley crew, that now he came recommended to them in a new character, having been fortunately deprived of the office which on a former occasion was urged as an objection to his pretensions. All that he had gained by his appointment, he said, was the consolation of being twelve hundred pounds poorer than he was before he enjoyed it. After amusing the rabble in this puerile manner, he said that all his life he had preferred short parliaments, and therefore, of course, he could have no reason to complain of their frequency of late, except, that as parliament formerly chose its ministers, now ministers had got the trick of choosing their parliaments.

"Lower than this, it was hardly possible for any man of ordinary intellect to descend; and yet the orator sunk even below this, when he became the panegyrist of his own son, and exclaimed: "May I only be known as the father of Thomas Sheridan!" He acted with much more discernment and dignity, when, in a manly spirit of indignation, he rescued the name of Mr. Fox from the foul aspersions which had been thrown upon that distinguished character by Lord Cochrane. Though his zeal in this instance gave an air of extravagance to the praise which he bestowed, it did honour to his feelings, and was well calculated to make a favourable impression upon his auditors. "When Mr. Fox ceased to live," Mr. Sheridan said, "he was persuaded that the cause of private honour and friendship lost its highest glory; public liberty lost its most undaunted champion, and general humanity its most active and ardent assertor. Perhaps no man," he observed, "had ever lived so eminently distinguished for those qualities both of the head and the heart, which serve to conciliate regard and to command respect. In him was united the most amiable disposition with the most firm and resolute spirit; the mildest manners with the most exalted mind. With regard to that great man, it might indeed be well said, that in him the bravest heart and the most enlarged mind sat enthroned upon the seat of gentleness." (Vol. ii. p. 350, 351.)

On the 24th of February, 1809, Drury Lane Theatre was destroyed by fire, an event which was communicated to Mr. Sheridan while in his place in the House of Commons. Some of the members, it appears, out of respect to him, immediately proposed an adjournment, but to this proposition Mr. Sheridan expressed his dissent, observing, that however unfortunate the event was to himself, he did not think it of importance enough to suspend the proceedings of the legislature. He displayed a becoming fortitude upon the occasion, but from the time of the conflagration to the 6th of February in the following year his name does not occur in the votes of the House of Commons. On the 6th of February he made an unsuccessful motion respecting the standing order of the House excluding strangers from the gallery, and enforced it by a rambling and unimpressive oration. We have next an account of his visits to the Universities of

Oxford and Cambridge at the respective installations of Lord Grenville and the Duke of Gloucester, and of his disappointment, in not having his name enrolled among the Doctors of those seats of learning. The King's second illness, and the establishment of the regency, produced no political advantages to Mr. Sheridan or his party, although it appears that he continued to enjoy a high place in the favour of the Prince, and was consulted on all occasions of pomp and festivity.

The assassination of Mr. Percival which took place on the 11th of May, 1812, and the consequent necessity of settling the administration anew, were events still barren of advantage to Mr. Sheridan. His part in the negotiations involved him in great distrust with his party, and his advice upon this occasion was strongly suspected to be calculated to counteract the general purposes of those with whom he had hitherto been associated. His biographer observes that he made many awkward attempts at exculpation, which only exposed him to pity; and we agree with Dr. Watkins that his error consisted in his not frankly avowing his designs, which probably were nothing more than to effect the introduction of Lord Sidmouth, Mr. Canning, and others into the administration; but his steadiness and courage, as well as the powers of his intellect, were fast on the decline, and the want of an open declaration of his sentiments gave the air of stratagem and deceit to his conduct and speeches. Our own impression is that Mr. Sheridan was, throughout this mean and miserable controversy, very unworthily treated; and that if on this occasion he had stood up with better courage, and renounced his connections with men whose conduct had been selfish, factious, and arbitrary in the extreme,—as haughty towards their Prince as it was, happily, fatal to themselves,—he would have raised himself by some degrees nearer the post of honour for which nature had designed him; and in some measure expiated the follies of his past career.

From this time, says his biographer, Mr. Sheridan declined rapidly in the estimation of the public, and “being considered as a sort of deserter from the squadron of which he had been for more than thirty years one of the most active leaders, his situation in the House presented an appearance so mortifying to human vanity, that he seems to have formed a resolution of retiring from parliament. This session was indeed his last, and he closed his political course on the 25th of July with one of the best speeches he ever delivered, on the subject of the overtures of peace which had recently been made by France.” The context was with Mr. Whitbread, who was of opinion that the proposals ought to be accepted, and were the best that we had a right to expect. Mr. Sheridan's opinion was the reverse of this;

and after well delineating the real character of the usurper he finished his speech, and with it the long chapter of his political labours, with these emphatic words. "But if we fall, and after our ruin, there shall possibly arise an impartial historian, his language will be, 'Britain fell, and with her fell the best securities for the charities of human life, the power, the honour, the fame, the glory, and the liberties, not only of herself but of the whole political world.'" Parliament was soon after dissolved, and Mr. Sheridan, having failed at Stafford, found himself without the means of procuring a seat for any other place.

Thus set the political glory of this eminent man. And in the little twilight that remained to him nothing about him had a tinge of his departed lustre. The morning and the meridian of his life had passed in a perpetual exclusion from the objects of his wishes—from wealth, from dignity, from power; and the evening, alas! brought him no repose. He had lived long to little purpose,—applauded, but not trusted by his own party; feared, but not respected by his opponents. And at the last, ejected from the precincts which the rays of his own eloquence had helped to warm and illumine, he sunk at once, in a manner discarded and disowned, into the shade and frost of penury, neglect, and sorrow. It appears, according to his biographer, that he was continually tormented by the clamorous importunities of creditors, and harassed by the processes of the law. We are told by the same authority, that his resource, amidst these trials and vexations, was continual inebriety; and the effect of this miserable practice was soon visible in his frame, which sunk under a complication of disorders. His digestive powers entirely failed, his extremities began to swell, and the symptoms of approaching dissolution were observed rapidly to increase. In this situation,—thus languishing on the bed of death, an officer, says Dr. Watkins, forced his way into his room to arrest him; and after staying some days in the house was with difficulty induced to relinquish his prey, on being told by the physician that to move the patient from his house, in his then weak and exhausted state, would probably prove fatal, in which case he should feel it his duty to prosecute the officer for murder.

We pass over, as rapidly as possible, this very painful part of the narrative, to come to the period, the last affecting period, of this interesting life. And here he left Mr. Fox far behind him. A worthy writer of that senator's memoirs has said, "that in describing the departing scene of his existence, his memorialist should borrow for him the words of Addison to the young Lord Warwick: 'See how a Christian can die!' and declare that "if the beautiful Scripture expression, 'Lord, let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his,' was ever

more strongly exemplified in one instance than another, it was in the last moments of Mr. Fox." The British Review is a very old-fashioned work, and we profess not to see in the death-bed scene of that eminent person, one tittle more of Christian faith than was evinced in the departure of Hume or Helvetius.

"As far as sympathetic solicitude," says his Biographer, "could administer relief or comfort, Mr. Sheridan received every consolation from the kind attention of a numerous acquaintance and an affectionate family. But there is abundant reason to hope that his last moments were cheered by the more abundant consolation that alone springs from faith and repentance. Some days before his death, the Bishop of London, who is a near relation of Mrs. Sheridan, desired Dr. Baine to ask if it would be agreeable to his patient to have prayers offered up by his bed side. When the commission was imparted to the sick, he assented with such an expression of fervent desire, that the bishop was instantly sent for, who lost no time in attending to the solemn call, and, accompanied by the physician, read several offices of devotion suited to the awful occasion. In these prayers, Mr. Sheridan appeared to join with humility and aspiration, clasping his hands, bending his head, and lifting up his eyes, significant of that penitential frame of mind which becomes every human spirit in its passage out of time into eternity. After this he seemed to possess much internal tranquillity until life ebbed gradually away, and he departed, without any apparent struggle or agony, in the arms of his affectionate consort, on Sunday, at noon, July the seventh, 1816, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. (Vol. ii. p. 387, 388.)

Of such a character as that of Mr. Sheridan it is not easy to put together the incongruous parts. He was a soldier of fortune, and formed only by the loose discipline of worldly tactics. His thoughts, words, and actions, appear to have had no higher scope than to charm the festive hour, to multiply his means of unprofitable pleasure, and to inhale the incense of popular applause. Nature had bestowed upon him the elements of greatness; and capacities, that, under a right cultivation, might have made him the ornament, the boast, and the blessing of these eventful times; but the total absence of every thing systematic, or regular, or restraining, in the first formation of his habits, left him at large the creature of accidental impressions, the pupil of his own passions, and vanities, and wants. Good-nature, a tendency to friendship, and a general kindness of disposition, are among the wild flowers that often grow up in this moral wilderness, and these qualities appear throughout the life of Mr. Sheridan; they shed a fragrance over his character, and still decorate his tomb; but they often covered the path of error and dishonour, and assisted the fascinations of a ruinous example. Even his good qualities stood in each other's way, for want of that order and subordination which can only be the fruit of

Christian government; thus his kindness towards some made him unfair and even malignant towards others; his liberality, by inducing distress, sometimes drove him to meanness; his wit, which was unrivalled, found often an indulgence in malicious sarcasm, and his honour was too high for the duties of simple justice. Something of the generous, the noble, and the lofty, was often visible in his deportment and in his sentiments,—in the matter and in the manner of his procedure; but while the eye regarded it with rapture, and welcomed it as the harbinger of a happy change, the fleeting form relapsed into confusion, like the cloud of a summer-evening, when the parting ray that gilded it is gone.

Of his eloquence it is impossible, with any feeling for the beauties of the art, not to entertain a very high estimation. Considering the little cultivation it could have received in his youth, it was next to miraculous. What renders it the more a subject of astonishment is its peculiarity of character. The property one would have expected to have seen in it most prominent and distinguishing is that voluble and easy flow which is often the mysterious and genuine gift of nature; but Mr. Sheridan's eloquence was any thing rather than natural. It was studied, adorned, and artificial; and often consisted of a string of witticisms, having all the appearance of premeditation and contrivance. It was this character of his eloquence which laid him open to the following observations of Mr. Pitt. "He seldom condescends to favour us with his extraordinary powers of imagination and fancy; but when he does come forward, we are prepared for a grand performance. No subject comes amiss to him, however remote from the question before the house. All that his fancy suggests at the time, or that he has collected from others; all that he can utter in the ebullition of the moment; all that he has slept on or matured, are combined and produced for our entertainment. All his hoarded repartees, all his matured jests, the full contents of his common-place book, all his severe invectives, all his bold and hardy assertions, all that he has been treasuring up for days and months, he collects into one mass, which he kindles into a blaze of eloquence, and out it comes all together, whether it has any relation to the subject or not." Making some allowance for the exaggerations of resentment which undoubtedly dictated some part of this description, it cannot be deemed very far from a true portraiture of the style and manner of Mr. Sheridan.

The speeches, however, of Mr. Sheridan in parliament are, with many defects, undoubtedly worthy to be ranked among the fairest specimens of British oratory: they are pithy, sententious, antithetical, coruscating, neat, popular, ingenious, witty,

playful, and, for the most part, correct and clear. But they are not of that pure, spontaneous, and natural kind which have proceeded from the mouth of Mr. Fox; neither have they his senatorial wisdom: they had less of variety, less of genuine warmth, less of living pathos; were less rich in parallels drawn from history and common life, less logical, and less comprehensive. The deep tones, the solemn swell, the rotundity and continuity of expression, the moral elevation, the sedate utterance, the lofty declamation, the commanding manner, the perspicuity of detail and arrangement, the sober lustre and the mild effulgence of Mr. Pitt, were Mr. Pitt's alone; to him belonged that plenitude of information, that practicable, clear, and solid good sense, which neither habit, education, or genius, had permitted to Mr. Sheridan: still less was he gifted with Mr. Burke's endowments: he was greatly below him in observation, and mellowness of knowledge; below him greatly in profundity of thought, power of generalizing, philosophy of views, and all that goes into the constitution of wisdom. He was also far inferior to that great man in richness, variety, and fecundity of intellect; his inferior also, far his inferior, in compass of expression, control of imagery, and classic elegance; in all that constitutes the faculty of convincing and securing the moral mind greatly inferior indeed to that prince over the provinces of literature and reason.

It was in straining after these attainments that Mr. Sheridan frequently lost himself in the clouds. We confess that many parts of his famous speeches which have been selected as dazzling instances of superb oratory are quite above our understanding. As a specimen of this over-laboured oratory we will produce the picture exhibited of the sufferings of the aged Princesses of Oude, which is often cited with admiration. This picture is greatly aggravated by the introduction of the nearest relative of these high ladies as the instrument, in the hands of the Governor, of their persecution and oppression.

“ ‘*Oh Faith! oh Justice!*’ he exclaimed, ‘I conjure you by your sacred names to depart for a moment from this place, though it be your peculiar residence, nor hear your names profaned by such a sacrilegious combination as that which I am now compelled to repeat, where all the fair forms of nature and art, truth and peace, policy and honour, shrunk back aghast from the deleterious shade—where all existencies, nefarious and vile, had sway—where, amidst the black agents on one side, and Middleton with Impey on the other, the toughest bend, the most unfeeling shrink—the great figure of the piece, characteristic in his place, aloof and independent from the puny profligacy in his train, but far from idle and inactive, turning a malignant eye on all mischief that awaits him—the multiplied apparatus of temporising expedients and intimidating instruments—now cringing on his prey, and fawning on his vengeance—now quickening the limping pace of craft,

and forcing every stand that retiring nature can make in the heart—the attachments and decorums of life—each emotion of tenderness and honour, and all the distinctions of national characteristics, with a long catalogue of crimes and aggravations, beyond the reach of thought for human malignity to perpetrate, or human vengeance to punish—*lower than perdition, blacker than despair!*” (Vol. i. p. 348.)

The following may be taken also as a very characteristic instance of Mr. Sheridan's raised manner.

“ ‘In conclusion,’ observed Mr. Sheridan, ‘although within this rank but infinitely too fruitful wilderness of iniquities, within this dismal and unhallowed labyrinth, it was most natural to cast an eye of indignation and concern over the wide and towering forests of enormities, all rising in the dusky magnificence of guilt, and to fix the dreadfully excited attention upon the huge trunks of revenge, rapine, tyranny, and oppression;—yet it became not less necessary to trace out the poisonous weeds, the baleful brushwood, and all the little, creeping, deadly plants which were, in quantity and extent, if possible, more noxious. The whole range of this far spreading calamity was sown in the hot-bed of corruption, and had risen by rapid and mature growth, into every species of illegal and atrocious violence!’ ” (Vol. i. p. 276.)

Something of this display, this gaudiness, and this artifice, something too nearly approaching the meretricious in style, runs through the literary compositions of Mr. Sheridan. His productions for the closet and the theatre are full of traps to catch applause, an example of which is the famous speech in which Rolla addresses his countrymen on the prospect of an invasion; with respect to which Dr. Watkins observes, that “this animated harangue which was so highly seasonable and impressive on the stage, had been delivered long before by Mr. Sheridan himself in Westminster Hall, on the trial of Mr. Hastings, of which any one may be satisfied who will take the trouble to compare the play with the celebrated speech which he delivered upon that occasion.” If this be so, which our haste prevents us from ascertaining, it affords also an example of the general propriety of Mr. Pitt's observations, above quoted, on the practice of Mr. Sheridan of hoarding his fine thoughts for use and effect as opportunities might occur. Dr. Watkins, who is certainly not prejudiced in favour of the subject of his narrative, relates some particulars respecting the manner in which Mr. Sheridan procured and brought out this piece, which reflects no credit upon the manager's candour and justice. But we really do think that such stories ought to be listened to with much more reluctance than our biographer seems to have felt. It is true he states the reports for and against Mr. Sheridan; but surmises calculated to blacken the memory of a man, whose numerous blemishes we cannot but deplore, but whose great and sometimes beneficial

share in the councils of the nation entitle him at least to the silence of posterity on all unproved attacks upon his honour, are not the proper materials for biography, nor a legitimate method of making up a book.

Dr. Watkins's criticisms on the literary performances of Mr. Sheridan are in general very just, and are indicative of a very moral mind in the writer. We particularly approve of his animadversions on the *School for Scandal*, and the *Monody* on Mr. Garrick. After all, however, candour cannot but admit that Mr. Sheridan's genius has well deserved the fame it has acquired. Whether the general tone and character of his moral conduct merited the distinction of having his pall borne by our metropolitan Bishop we will not decide. As a relation of his wife, and as the last being on earth with whom his immortal spirit held converse, it might be reasonable, edifying, and judicious; but we are sure that the interests of the souls which survive on earth the deaths of our great and illustrious countrymen, in arts, or arms, or councils, urgently require their merits to be duly appreciated, and the great conservative lines of moral distinction to be reverently and religiously regarded.

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ART. XIV.—*Outlines of Geology; being the Substance of a Course of Lectures delivered in the Theatre of the Royal Institution in the year 1816.* By William Thomas Brande, Sec. R. S. F.R.S.E. F.G.S. Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Institution of Great Britain, and to the Apothecaries' Company, &c. 8vo. London, 1817. Murray.

THE term *geology*, as it is understood by the present cultivators of it in Britain means the science which teaches the structure and constituents of the different rocky bodies of which the surface of our globe is composed, and the relative position of these rocks. Unfortunately, the word *geology* is of much older date than the science; having been applied to the successive rhapsodies from Burnet to Hutton and Playfair, which appeared in such numbers under the pompous titles of *Theories of the Earth*. These theories undertook no less a task than to explain *how* the earth was originally created, and by what means it was brought into its present state; or, rather how the authors of the theories would have created it, if they had been in the place of the Almighty. Dr. Hutton and Mr. Playfair went still further: they have been kind enough to inform us, not only by what means the earth has been brought into its present state, but how it is to be renovated from time to time, during the endless ages of eternity.



Attempts were made by some of the soberest and best informed foreign mineralogists, more than fifty years ago, to classify and describe the different rocks. Lehman and Wallerius, and particularly Cronstedt, made some progress in this classification. But it was Werner of Freyberg that brought this necessary and preliminary part of the subject to a state of tolerable accuracy. He invented a descriptive language about the year 1774; drew up a catalogue of all the different species of known rocks, and made detailed descriptions of them. Living in a country where mining had been systematically pursued for ages; where every fact relative to minerals had been recorded as soon as observed, and having access to all the accumulations of his predecessors, he was enabled to generalize the subject, and to sketch out the order in which rocks are usually distributed over the surface of the earth. This generalization and collection of facts constituted a new science, as different from the geology of Burnet, Whiston, Buffon, and Hutton, as the present science of chemistry is from the pursuits of the alchymists; or the astronomy of Newton and Laplace, from the astrology of the Saracens. To this new science he gave the name of *geognosy* in order to distinguish it from the old *theories of the earth*, with which it has nothing whatever in common. Perhaps it would have been better to have adopted the Wernerian term *geognosy* into our language than to have applied the old word *geology* in a new acceptation. Words have a much greater power in influencing opinions than is commonly supposed, or at least admitted. Not a few of our readers, we are persuaded, when they hear the *geology of Hutton* and the *geology of Werner* talked of, are apt to consider both as upon the same level. Yet the first is merely the baseless fabric of a vision, a mass of hypotheses and gratuitous suppositions, piled upon one another without any reference to fact or utility; while the second is the generalization of an immense body of facts, and conveys intelligence of material importance to the miner and agriculturist.

The author of the work, which constitutes the title of this article, talks throughout of the *theory* of Werner and that of Hutton as precisely upon a footing; or rather, indeed, he expresses himself as if Hutton's were possessed of a decided superiority. Who the Werner is to whom our author alludes, or where his *theory* is to be found, we are at a loss to determine. With the labours and opinions of Abraham Gottlob Werner, late professor at Freyberg, who died on the 2d of July 1817, we conceive ourselves to be tolerably well acquainted. But our readers will learn with surprise that he never was the contriver of any peculiar theory respecting the formation of the earth. He entertained particular opinions respecting the formation of

*greenstone* and *basalt*; opinions which he supported by the position of these rocks in certain spots of Germany which he examined, and by inferences drawn from this position. These opinions were rejected by other mineralogists, not because they denied the accuracy of his observations; but because they themselves had made observations of a different kind in other parts of the world from which they considered themselves as entitled to draw opposite conclusions. Werner appears likewise to have adopted the almost universal opinion of preceding mineralogists, that most of the rocks which constitute the external crust of the globe, if not the whole of them, had been deposited while the earth was covered with water—an opinion founded upon the great quantity of shells, corals, and other remains of sea animals, imbedded in many of these rocks. This opinion, which is merely the expression of a fact, constitutes equally the foundation of the Huttonian and of every other theory of the earth. It cannot, therefore, without absurdity be stated as the peculiar theory of Werner, or distinguished by the name of the *Wernerian theory*. Our author, therefore, when he talks of the *Wernerian theory*, either alludes to some person of the name of Werner, with whose opinions we are unacquainted; or he ascribes to Werner of Freyberg a merit to which he is by no means entitled, the merit of being the inventor of a theory of the earth. From any such pretensions Werner himself was at great pains to exclude himself. Indeed, it was to prevent his speculations and collection of facts from being confounded with these self-constituted theories that he applied the term *geognosy* to his own peculiar science.

We are of opinion that Mr. Brande's book contains but a very superficial, and, in many respects, inaccurate outline of the *Wernerian* distribution of rocks. And he must forgive us if we intimate to him that to qualify a critic for the task of determining upon the truth or falsehood, the probability or improbability, of particular doctrines, he ought to be thoroughly master of the details, and to have studied the subject in all its bearings.

We wish the Professor at the Royal Institution to be fully aware of the ground upon which he stands. The science of geology has been studied of late with much assiduity in England. We can boast of a considerable number of well educated geologists, who will not be satisfied with fictitious plans of strata; however well contrived; nor be disposed to substitute, for the true elements of their favourite science, what may seem very ingenious and plausible to the elegant ears of the audience of the Royal Institution. We propose to go a little into the subject, with a view principally of doing that justice to certain men and opinions, which they do not seem to us to have received at the hands of the Professor.

The rocky masses of which the surface of our globe is composed, amount to rather fewer than sixty. Werner first started the idea that every individual rock affects a particular position in every part of the earth—a happy notion, by which he was enabled to classify rocks according to their position, and to point out the situation of ores, coals, slates, and other useful minerals. He founded his arrangement of rocks upon the structure of Germany, which he studied with the persevering industry of a German miner, and with the enlightened eye of a philosopher. And his generalization has been confirmed in the main, though with some exceptions, by the subsequent examination of the structure of South America, by Humboldt; of the Alps, by Von Buch, and Ebel, and Brochant; of Norway, by Von Buch; of Scotland, by Professor Jameson; and of England, by different distinguished members of the Geological Society, to whom the science of *geognosy* lies under peculiar obligations. In Germany, for example, the floetz gypsum formations occupy a conspicuous place, and are of great extent. In Great Britain their existence may be just traced; but they are entirely subordinate to the accompanying sandstone formations. In Germany, and indeed on most other parts of the continent, the transition limestone is of a black colour, and constitutes the species of limestone which Dr. John has distinguished by the name of *lucullite*. But in England, at least in Devonshire and Derbyshire, the transition limestone has a variegated appearance, and differs specifically from lucullite. Werner divides rocks into three grand classes, namely, *primitive*, *transition*, and *floetz*. The primitive are destitute of all petrifications, and seem to have been formed before the earth possessed either animals or vegetables. Petrifications occur in the transition and the floetz formations. Those found in the transition are of the lowest kind, both of animal and vegetable, and consist of species not known at present to exist. The petrifications in the floetz formations are at first shell-fish, then fish, then birds, then quadrupeds; and, last of all, human skeletons have been found in Guadaloupe in a limestone rock, composed of fragments of madrepores, and obviously quite recent. Dr. Paris has observed the formation of a similar rock on the sea shore of Cornwall, from the fragments of shells of which the sand on the beach is entirely composed. This sand is annually agglutinated together in great quantities by some unknown cement, and constitutes a rock which may be seen growing almost under the eye. The primitive rocks were distinguished from the others, called *secondary*, before the time of Werner. But it was Werner that first divided the secondary rocks into *transition* and *floetz*. Several well informed geologists in this country are disposed to reject the distinction, and to revert to

the old division of rocks into *primary* and *secondary*. But we hope they will pause before they attempt to put their opinions in practice. Whoever has been in the habit of examining transition rocks, must have been struck with the very peculiar position which they assume, and the want of conformity between the position and that of the floetz rocks. This is very well seen at the Pentland hills near Edinburgh, where the transition rocks may be observed in a position nearly vertical, while the floetz rocks lie over them in nearly a horizontal direction. The primitive rocks indeed seem to lie in a conformable position with the transition rocks, as may be seen if we walk from Exeter to Plymouth, and so on to the Land's End. The transition limestone and clay-slate of Plymouth insensibly pass into primitive slate and granite. Hence the transition and the primitive rocks might be classed together. But we conceive that the petrifications which occur in the transition rocks, while they are absent from the primitive, constitute a radical and sufficient distinction. It is the opinion of some well informed geologists that the whole peninsula of Cornwall is transition. But there do not seem to be sufficient data to determine the point.

The primitive rocks are conceived to lie lowest in the series. The transition rocks cover them, and the floetz rocks cover the transition. Not that this is always, strictly speaking, the case. The primitive rocks are frequently at the surface of the earth, and constitute indeed the highest mountains with which we are acquainted. Thus the summits of the Alps, the Pyrenees, the Norwegian mountains, the Andes, and the Grampian mountains in Scotland, are all primitive. In these cases the transition and floetz rocks which ought to cover them are wanting; and must have either been gradually washed off by the action of the weather, or never have been deposited at all. The transition rocks are also very often at the surface of the earth. Thus the summits of some of the highest Welch mountains, and of different mountains in the south of Scotland, consist of transition rocks. In such cases the floetz rocks with which these transition formations ought to be covered are wanting.

The order of the primitive formations, according to Werner, is as follows:

1. Granite.
2. Gneiss.
3. Mica-slate.
4. Clay-slate.
5. Porphyry and syenite.

Granite, the first of these rocks, has given occasion to much disputation among geologists, and the discussion is far from being yet at an end. For this rock, which is found in great abundance

upon the surface of the earth, exists in such a variety of positions, that it is no easy task to generalize the subject. At the Land's End in Cornwall, the lowest visible rock is granite. At St. Michael's mount, within ten miles of the same spot, granite may be distinctly perceived alternating with clay-slate, and even covering that rock. In the Highlands of Scotland, the lowest rock which can be traced is granite. Over it lies gneiss, over the gneiss lies mica-slate, and over the mica-slate lies clay-slate. This may be distinctly made out in the Highlands of Perthshire and Dumbartonshire. But the granite of Galloway seems to be immediately in contact with transition rocks, which appear to rest against its sides. In Norway, Von Buch discovered beds of granite, near Christiania, lying over limestone containing petrifications, and of course belonging to the floetz formations. And at Fassneyburn, in East Lothian, a rock very similar to granite is found lying over some of the newest floetz trap rocks. Nothing is more common than to find veins of granite running through gneiss, and clay-slate. These phenomena may be seen on a very magnificent scale on the coast of Aberdeen and Barmshire. The veins of granite in the clay-slate at St. Michael's mount in Cornwall, in Galloway, at the Table Mountain near the Cape of Good Hope, are also well known.

These facts, and hundreds of others that might be easily enumerated, have induced some mineralogists to conclude that granite is one of the newest of rocks. But this supposition seems scarcely compatible with the indisputable fact, that it has been found under every other known rock. Therefore, if position be the criterion of priority of formation, granite, at least in certain cases, must be older than all other rocks. Dr. Hutton hit upon a very ingenious mode of solving the difficulty. According to him all the rocks which constitute the surface of the globe were formed at the bottom of the sea; but they were afterwards hardened and elevated by the operation of the central fire. The granite was melted by the action of this fire, and forced up through the superincumbent beds while in a state of fusion. It of course elevated the mica-slate and clay-slate rocks, and bursting through them here and there constituted veins, or was deposited upon the surface, or between the interstices of the floetz rocks.

It would be ridiculous to attempt a serious answer to this whimsical creature of the imagination. If it be true that rocks are regularly distributed—and the wholescience is founded on the idea; for if there be no regularity, we can derive neither knowledge nor advantage from studying their position;—if any such regularity exists, then we must conclude that there are as many formations of granite as there are positions in which it occurs. The oldest granite formation is the lowest of all. The second granite

formation alternates with gneiss, and is very conspicuous in the peninsula of Scandinavia. The third granite formation alternates with clay-slate. A fourth granite formation occurs in the transition rocks, and a fifth, and probably a sixth, in the floetz rocks. In this respect granite resembles limestone, which occurs in primitive, transition, and floetz formations.

The limestone of the different formations may be distinguished from each other, by several pretty conspicuous characters. Primitive limestone consists of a congeries of small crystals of carbonate of lime, aggregated together without any visible cement. In transition limestone some remains of the crystalline texture may still be perceived, but much less perfect; and transition limestone contains but few petrifications, and these are chiefly corallines: though univalve shells have been observed in the transition limestone of Devonshire and Dumfriesshire. The floetz limestone has an earthy texture and the appearance of being a mechanical deposit, and it abounds in petrified shells of a great variety of species. Werner was of opinion that the different granite formations may be likewise distinguished by characters peculiar to each. But we do not think that the properties which he assigned to each are at all characteristic. He appears in this particular to have generalized too fast, and to have drawn his conclusions from too narrow a field to be correct. The subject has not been studied with sufficient care, and we recommend it to those geologists who are conveniently situated. Thus a correct and minute description of the granite of Christiania would make us acquainted with the characters of floetz granite, and would serve as a term of comparison, when granite is again observed in a similar position. A minute description of the granite of St. Michael's Mount would serve as a type of transition granite. The granite of Sweden would be characteristic of the granite that alternates with gneiss. While the granite in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen would probably serve as an example of the oldest and lowest granite formation.

The relative position of gneiss, mica-slate, and clay-slate, as assigned by Werner, seems very correct. It holds as accurately in Scotland as in Germany. So completely indeed is this the case, that in travelling through the Grampians, a geologist, acquainted with the science, may, in general, predict the composition of the different mountains before he reaches them. Clay-slate occurs not only in primitive formations, but likewise in the transition. Werner was of opinion that transition clay-slate always alternates with greywacke; and he accordingly characterizes transition clay-slate by the name of greywacke-slate. But we are persuaded that this rule does not always hold; or rather we are of opinion, that two distinct species of transition-

slate exist, one to which the name of *transition clay-slate* may be given, and another which may be called *greywacke-slate*. Transition clay-slate occurs at Plymouth, where it alternates with transition limestone. It possesses nearly all the characters of primitive clay-slate; but is distinguished by the petrifications which are occasionally found in it, and by the series of rocks with which it alternates.

Porphyry, which constitutes the last of the primitive formations, is remarkably distinguished from the preceding rocks by its position. It caps the other primitive rocks, and forms the summits of the mountains, as if it had been deposited after them all. Hence when porphyry happens to be deposited in great quantity, it renders it a difficult matter to make out the geological constitution of the country. This difficulty occurs in a remarkable degree in Cumberland among the mountains situated in the district of the lakes. These mountains are almost all capped with porphyry, and no accurate geognostic description of them has yet appeared. Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in Great Britain, has a summit of porphyry, and the same porphyry extends south, and crowns many of the mountains which constitute the singular and dreary valley denominated Glen Co.

The rock called *syenite* bears a strong resemblance to granite, from which it differs merely by containing *hornblende* instead of the *mica*, which constitutes one of the constituents of granite. For granite is composed of felspar, quartz, and mica aggregated together, while syenite consists of felspar, quartz, and hornblende. Werner was of opinion that syenite accompanies porphyry, and of course that it constitutes a very different formation from granite. But this opinion has not been verified by the observations hitherto made on the subject in Great Britain. For all the syenite hitherto found in this country has been in company with granite. The position of the original syenite at Syena, in Egypt, from which this rock derived its name, has not been ascertained in a satisfactory manner. Werner seems to have been of opinion, that in that country it was associated with porphyry. But we are unacquainted with the authority upon which this opinion was founded.

Werner considered serpentine as a rock belonging to the primitive formations, and as frequently associated with porphyry. But we are not sure that the subject has been sufficiently investigated. In Great Britain there are two places where serpentine occurs. It constitutes a great bed in the peninsula of the Lizard, in Cornwall. We have no complete description of this interesting peninsula. From Dr. Thomson's sketch of it in the *Annals of Philosophy*, there is reason to conclude that the whole of it consists of transition rocks; unless that sketch was the result of too

hurried an examination to be much depended on. Mr. Magendie, we have been told, has drawn up a very complete description of this peninsula, the result of a slow and careful survey; and we shall be glad to find this paper in the Memoirs of the Geological Society of Cornwall at present in the press. But it is probable that this paper, though constituting a complete description of the peninsula, will not enable us to determine whether the rocks of which it is composed belong to the primitive or transition class. This can only be done by tracing the position of all the rocky beds from Plymouth to the Lizard—a task which we recommend to the attention of the Geological Society of Cornwall. It would be of great importance; because it would go far to decide whether Cornwall be or be not a transition country, as some have supposed it to be.

The other place where serpentine occurs is Portsoy in Invernessshire. We have no very detailed description of this celebrated spot. But from the facts respecting it that are known, there is reason to suspect that it bears a striking resemblance to the composition of the peninsula of the Lizard. Thus the Lizard serpentine is accompanied by diallage rock. Now the same rock was observed by Professor Jameson to accompany the serpentine at Portsoy.

There are reasons for believing that serpentine occurs occasionally in floetz formations. Thus it was observed by Professor Jameson in the red sand-stone at Bervie on the east coast of Scotland. Here also the serpentine is accompanied by diallage. It has been the opinion of some mineralogists that diallage is merely a variety of serpentine. Though the properties of these two minerals differ too much to allow us to class them together; yet there seems to be a striking connexion between them, as they so frequently occur in the same position and associated with each other.

Besides the rocks already enumerated, there are eight others which occur among the primitive formations; but in much smaller quantity than the preceding rocks. On that account Werner gave them the name of *subordinate primitive formations*. The names of these subordinate rocks are as follow:

- Topaz rock.
- Older porphyry.
- Primitive trap.
- Primitive lime-stone.
- Older serpentine.
- Quartz.
- Gypsum.
- Older flinty-slate.

Topaz rock has been observed only in one place, in Saxony,



where it constitutes a mountain. It seems, therefore, too insignificant to be entitled to figure as a peculiar primitive formation. It seems to have made its way into the system in consequence of the remarkable structure which it displays. Our author takes no notice of this rock; and perhaps he is justified in omitting it, when we consider the rarity of its occurrence. Topaz is found occasionally in granite. Thus it occurs in the granite of which the top of St. Michael's Mount is composed. It is found also in veins in primitive rocks, and probably likewise in transition rocks. Hence it seems improper to characterize a particular formation from the topazes which it contains. We have been for some time suspicious that the topaz rock of Werner ought to be considered merely as a variety of granular quartz.

It seems doubtful, from the late observations, whether the gypsum discovered in the Alps, and considered as primitive, do not in reality occur in transition rocks. It is certain at least that many of the gypsum-beds, formerly considered as primitive, are really transition.

Quartz constitutes a rock, which, in all probability, holds a more conspicuous place among the primitive formations than Werner was disposed to allow it. This, at least, is the case in Scotland, where Dr. Macculloch has shown that it occurs in such abundance as to constitute whole mountains. It is remarkable for the granular appearance which it sometimes assumes, so as to give it to a careless observer the appearance of sand-stone. While in some places sand-stone has been observed to assume the crystalline appearance of quartz. This is remarkably the case at the Licky, a hill in Worcestershire, about nine miles S. W. from Birmingham.

The word *trap* is employed by modern mineralogists to distinguish a class of rocks characterized by the hornblende which they contain. Sometimes they are composed of pure hornblende; sometimes hornblende or augite mixed with compact felspar, when they are distinguished by the name of *green-stone*. These rocks occur both in primitive, transition, and floetz formations. Resembling in this respect granite and lime-stone. Primitive trap occurs very often in mica-slate and clay-slate, constituting beds. Such beds may be observed very well in different parts of the Grampians in Perthshire. In walking from Loch Earn to Loch Tay, we pass over a very large bed of this kind.

Floetz trap rocks occur in two, if not three situations. They form beds in the old red sand-stone. Such beds may be seen very well on the east coast of Scotland about Bamfshire. They cap the floetz rocks as the porphyry does the primitive rocks. These floetz trap rocks are very conspicuous in the counties of

**Fife**, the Lothians, and Stirlingshire, in Scotland. This district is perhaps the best situation on the globe for studying the newest floetz trap rocks. The finest imaginable sections of them are exhibited to view in a hundred different situations: the rocks have been cut through in different places so as to lay the whole of the internal structure open to view. This is the case with the Calton-hill and Salisbury Craigs at Edinburgh, and with the hill on which Stirling Castle stands. It is very much to be wished that some well informed mineralogist of Edinburgh would give us a correct description of these rocks unmixed with any theory; merely describing the different substances of which these hills are composed, and the relative position of each with respect to each other. It would be requisite likewise to give us the fundamental rock upon which each hill is placed, as far as this can be done. Some of the Huttonians have attempted partial descriptions; but they are so mixed with theory that little dependance can be placed upon them, and unfortunately the authors were so imperfectly acquainted with the names of the rocks which they undertook to describe, and so thoroughly ignorant of the true mode of describing them, that the reader is seldom able to guess at the true names of the substances to which they allude. The terms whin-stone, indurations, and fusion, are perpetually occurring. But we do not know whether the substances thus predicated are sand-stone, or green-stone, or basalt, or clay.

The *transition formations* follow next in order after the primitive. A very considerable tract of country in Great Britain consists of these rocks, so that we have an opportunity of studying them here with considerable advantage. The Lammermuir-hills, which rise at St. Abb's-head in Berwickshire, and proceed west through that county, are composed chiefly of transition rocks. The basis of the Pentlands, to the south of Edinburgh, is also transition. They occur abundantly in Roxburghshire, Selkirkshire, and Dumfriesshire. They may be traced in the north-western counties of England; a great portion of Wales is composed of them. They constitute a considerable proportion of Devonshire, and appear likewise in Derbyshire. The most remarkable of the transition rocks is *greywacke*, a rock consisting of fragments of primitive rocks cemented together by a basis of clay-slate, and containing in it visible pieces of clay-slate. It was considered by Werner as a sand-stone. But it is much more probable that it was deposited originally in the very state in which it occurs. This opinion has been suggested to us by a distinguished member of the Geological Society of London; and the more we consider it, the more disposed we feel ourselves to accede to it. Greywacke alternates with beds of a very friable slate, to which Wer-

ner gave the name of *greywacke-slate*. This last mineral contains petrifications, both vegetable and animal. Hence it follows that these rocks must have been formed after the earth was inhabited both by sea animals and vegetables.

Transition lime-stone is usually *black* on the continent of Europe. But we have already observed that this is not the case in Great Britain, either in Derbyshire or at Plymouth, in both of which places transition lime-stone occurs in abundance. We have already observed that *clay-slate* ought to be considered as a transition rock, as well as a primitive. The principal other transition formations are trap and flinty-slate.

The *floetz formations* occur in a flatter country than either the primitive or the transition. They seldom or never constitute mountains, but merely hills of moderate height. Hence they lie in beds that have a certain degree of horizontality, and convey the idea of having been deposited under water. Hence the term *floetz*, by which Werner distinguished them. These rocks can be traced frequently over a great tract of country, and as they contain abundance of petrifications, and as peculiar petrifications characterize the different rocks, it is no difficult matter to trace them a considerable way, and to recognize them when they make their appearance at a great distance. These circumstances led thinking men to conclude that the *floetz formations* are distributed round the whole globe. This was the opinion of Mr. Whitehurst, and it conducted him to the formation of his theory of the earth; a theory founded chiefly on the appearances which occur in Derbyshire, and to which, in our opinion, too little attention has been paid by succeeding geologists. It contains a great number of facts, seemingly well-authenticated, and highly worthy of the study of all who are interested in determining the position of the different rocks which constitute the crust of our globe. It was, probably, the examination of the *floetz formations* which cover so great a portion of Germany, that led Werner to the happy idea of the regular distribution of rocks. The study of the *floetz formations* in England led Mr. Smith to a similar conclusion, and induced him to construct his geological map of England, which is of so much value to British geologists. Mr. Smith's merit, as a geologist, is, in our opinion, uncommonly great. He thought for himself, unhampered by any system. He studied the strata with unwearied industry for nearly twenty years, and he formed a table of the relative position of the *floetz beds* almost the same with that which had been previously constructed by Werner. Had Mr. Smith possessed a liberal, or rather a minerological education, he would probably have formed for himself a geology exactly similar to the geognosy of Werner, or differing only in consequence of certain peculiarities which

distinguish the constitution of our island. As the case stands, his merit is very considerable, and he has brought forward the strongest mass of facts in corroboration of the Wernerian geognosy which has yet appeared. And what adds to the value of these facts, the author himself does not seem to be aware that his own opinions and those of Werner coincide, as far as the distribution of the floetz rocks is concerned.

As a very considerable portion of England is composed of floetz rocks, and as in consequence of canals, mines, &c. it has been explored in every direction, we are very well acquainted with the whole of these rocks, and with the order of their distribution. This order confirms in a remarkable manner the series of floetz formations as given by Werner. At the same time it enables us to introduce some modifications into the Wernerian floetz formations, and to bring the system in this part to a greater degree of perfection than it has attained in Germany. For it is only by comparing together the same series of formations in different countries that we can distinguish the general structure from the local peculiarities. Werner, whose opinions were deduced from the structure of Germany alone, fell into some unavoidable errors, both with respect to the position and the importance of particular formations. Those English writers who have confined their observations to their own country, have been led equally into mistakes, but of a different kind. By a careful comparison of the Wernerian arrangement with the known position of the British floetz rocks, we shall, probably, be able to improve somewhat this very important and interesting part of the system.

The first of the floetz beds, according to Werner, is the *old red sandstone*. This rock may be traced from the county of Mearns in Scotland, to Dumfriesshire, and every where in the exact position assigned it by Werner. But many rocks occur in this great sandstone formation which Werner did not suspect to constitute a part of it. For example, the Ochil hills seem to constitute a congeries of great beds in red sandstone. They consist of beds of amygdaloid, limestone, claystone, clinkstone, greenstone, claystone porphyry, and compact felspar, which is sometimes porphyritic. It is not unlikely, from the observations of professor Jameson, in Dumfriesshire, that the *independent coal formations* of Werner, about the position of which Werner himself was uncertain, constitute in reality only a series of beds in the old red sandstone. At any rate it seems clear that the independent coal formation of this country very frequently lies over the old red sandstone, and sometimes alternates with it. This may be seen very well in the county of Fife, and in Dumfriesshire. What is known in England by the name of mountain lime, is nothing else than the limestone that occurs in beds in the

independent coal formation: A very good example of it occurs in Crossfell, a mountain in Cumberland, composed entirely of the independent coal formation rocks. Nineteen beds of this limestone may be reckoned in this mountain. These beds are familiar to the lead-miners in Northumberland, and distinguished by particular names.

The next floetz formations, according to Werner, are

- First floetz limestone,
- First floetz gypsum,
- Second, or variegated sandstone,
- Second floetz gypsum.

We are of opinion that these four might, with great propriety, be converted into two; namely, *first floetz limestone*, and *second sandstone*. In England the first floetz limestone is usually distinguished by the name of *magnesian limestone*. It may be seen in Durham, Yorkshire, &c. lying immediately over the independent coal. The second sandstone in England has usually a red colour, and is often mixed with red marl. It is in it that the rock salt usually occurs. The gypsum in England is small in quantity, and accompanies the salt. It occupies the very place assigned it by Werner; but is not abundant enough to figure as two distinct formations.

The second floetz limestone of Werner might, perhaps, without impropriety, be subdivided into two distinct formations. The first, or lowest, consists of the limestone, well known in England by the name of *lias*. The second, or uppermost, consists of an *oolite*, called Bathstone, &c. and is very abundant. But as the *lias* in some places becomes oolitic, it is not improbable that these two rocks are too intimately connected with each other to be separated into two distinct formations.

The third sandstone of Werner lies in England immediately below the chalk, and is usually known by the name of *green sand*.

Next come the chalk formations, which are three in number; but concerning which it was not in Werner's power to convey much information, as he had no opportunity of examining them in person. Over the chalk lie the curious series of formations so well described by Cuvier and Brogniart, as occurring in the neighbourhood of Paris. Mr. Webster has shown that they occur likewise in the Isle of Wight, and that the London clay, and the beds of gravel, and curious petrifications in the Isle of Sheppey, &c. are connected with them. Last of all come the newest floetz trap rocks, which cover the floetz rocks precisely as the porphyry does the primitive formations. These rocks may be studied with most advantage in the country which lies on both sides the Frith of Forth, in Scotland.

Such is a short sketch of the distribution of the rocks which

constitute the crust of our globe, so far as it has been made out; and such are the principal difficulties which still remain to be cleared up. We have omitted altogether the consideration of veins, because it would have laid us under the necessity of exceeding our limits. We shall merely observe, with regard to them; that no satisfactory theory respecting their formation has been yet offered to the public. The Wernerian theory is plausible, and applies very well to many veins; but it certainly will not account for all the appearances.

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#### ART. XV.—POLITICAL ECONOMY AND TAXATION.

1. *On the Principles of Political Economy and Taxation.* By David Ricardo, Esq. 8vo. London, 1817. Murray.
2. *Traité d'Economie Politique, ou simple Exposition de la Manière dont se forment, se distribuent, et se consomment les Richesses,* &c. &c. Par Jean Baptiste Say. 8vo. Paris, 1817.

MR. RICARDO is well known to the public as a very ardent and not unsuccessful labourer in certain corners of the wide field of political science. His several treatises on bullion, the currency, and Bank paper, gave proof of a considerable degree of acumen and observation, and thus drew from many who differed with him, even on the leading principles of his system, the highest encomiums for practical good sense and patient industry. The work now before us, however, seems to afford but too strong evidence that his mind is better suited for conducting an argument on an insulated question than for taking extended views of his subject, or for establishing general doctrines—that he is, in short, one of that numerous class of writers, who succeed in a pamphlet and fail in a volume. We do not positively assert that there are no sound principles nor important discussions to be met with in his book. There is; on the contrary, a good deal of both scattered throughout its numerous pages; but, we must add, there is also in it much more of extravagant paradox and learned absurdity than we have encountered in any similar publication since the commencement of our critical career. His reasoning, generally speaking, is seldom found to respect the actual state of things as they appear to the observation of ordinary men who have no theory to maintain, but most commonly turns on a collection of hypothetical cases springing out of his own imagination, and accommodated to his own particular views; on which account it very frequently happens that when we have arrived at the end of a long chain of positions and inferences, most

laboriously concatenated, we have the mortification to discover that his conclusions are totally inapplicable to the real transactions and condition of human life. In perusing Mr. Ricardo's volume we had often recalled to our recollection the speculations of the mathematician, who undertook to determine the rate of a ship's sailing and the period in which she would complete a voyage, from the form of her hull, the length of her masts, and the quantity of canvas stretched out on her yards; without once taking into account the resistance of the medium through which she was to pass, modified as that resistance always is, by a variety of tides and currents. He appears, in fact, to have constructed the model of a political system after his own imagination, to have set it up before his eyes in the solitude of his study, and then to have guided all his calculations, and established all his conclusions, according to the particular movements which his piece of mechanism exhibited.

We shall, at this stage of our remarks, give an example of his enigmatical way of setting forth his notions, and of confounding the intellect of his readers, even in matters of the simplest nature. It is one of his opinions, we may observe, which however we stop not to examine at present, that profit on stock and wages of labour make up the whole price of commodities whether manufactured or agricultural, and that it is only in certain particular cases that rent makes any addition whatever to that price. Connected with this view of exchangeable value, he likewise holds that the rise of wages makes no increase in the market price of goods, and that the fall of wages does not make them sell for less money; the difference of expense in producing the commodities, with high or with low wages, affecting only the profits of the manufacturer on the stock which he has embarked in his trade. We allow all this to pass, satisfied, however, that it is true only in a certain very limited acceptance of language, and a very particular combination of circumstances, and come to his singular maxim that "all commodities, in the production of which fixed capital enters, not only do not rise with a rise of wages, but absolutely fall; fall too, as much as 68 per cent. with a rise of seven per cent. in wages." Now, it must be a matter of extreme curiosity to know what are the conditions of the case in which this remarkable effect is produced; for if these conditions are placed within the ordinary range of human discovery, and are at all reducible to practice, we shall thereby have a most desirable expedient put into our hands for enriching our workmen, and at the same time for lowering the price of manufactured goods. The scheme, alas, is shortly this; the whole work is to be done by machinery, and the machine is to last a hundred years, and the men whose wages were raised are all to be turned

about their business ! It is not without some show of reason accordingly that Mr. Ricardo remarks that " the above statement, which asserts the compatibility of a rise of wages with a fall of prices, has, I know, the disadvantage of novelty, and must trust to its own merits for advocates; whilst it has for its opponents writers of distinguished and deserved reputation." It has, we must say, the additional disadvantage of being nonsense, whilst it is at the same time but too fair and true a specimen of that absurd kind of hypothetical reasoning with which this volume is filled, and which, as we have already remarked, leads us so frequently to conclusions at complete variance with the actual state of things around us. Was it, indeed, to be expected that an author of Mr. Ricardo's good sense would have assumed as a *postulatum* in constructing an argument, relative to the every-day business of life, that a machine was to last a *hundred years* without repairs, and moreover, that the said machine was to make hats or stockings, as might be, without the superintendence of a single human being. That we are not exaggerating or misrepresenting the terms in which the case in question is stated, we may prove by quoting his own words, as to the principal condition at least of that curious case, namely, that "*fixed capital*" (by which he means capital vested in machinery) "*be exclusively employed, and be of the duration of a hundred years.*"

The point which Mr. Ricardo wished to establish is probably similar to that which we are now going to state, and in which a rise of wages might possibly have a tendency to lower the price of manufactured commodities, or at least to check the rise of their money or marketable value. There is certainly a supposable stage in the progress of machinery towards improvement, when the goods manufactured by means of it, making allowance for profit of stock and repairs, cannot be sold any cheaper, than goods of the same kind wholly produced by human labour; in which case it would, of course, be a matter of indifference with master-manufacturers whether they employed men solely in fabricating their commodities, or called in more or less, for that purpose, the use of machinery. If, however, in these circumstances wages rose to any considerable height, the masters, who had till that period employed men only, would naturally have recourse to machinery rather than be at the additional expense for labour, and would thus place themselves on the same footing with their rivals, as to the cheapness and facility of producing their articles for the market, as well as to their profit on the sale of it. If we further suppose that the transference of capital, thus made, from payment of wages to investment in machinery, were to quicken competition on the part of the manufacturers, and cause a greater quantity of goods to be made, the price



would no doubt naturally fall; but, in this latter supposition, it is very clear, we are materially altering the terms of the case, and are taking into our calculation a new element, which completely changes its nature. We have no right to assume that this transference of capital, occasioned by the rise of wages, produces either a warmer competition among the master-manufacturers, or the fabrication of a greater quantity of goods; for we set out by having it understood as a leading fact, that, prior to the rise of wages, the work done by the hand could be made as cheap as that done by the machine, and of course, that the latter afforded no greater profit on the capital employed in it than the former afforded; whence it follows that the employment of machinery, to the extent of both capitals united, would make no change whatever, either in the gains of the manufacturer or in the price of goods, and consequently no change whatever in the quantity brought to market. The only change that would take place in the supposed circumstances is simply this, the machinery would perform the same quantity of work which the men used to perform, and at the same expense at which it used to be done by the men, when they wrought at low wages; whilst these would now be dismissed to find more generous masters, or to seek for other means of earning a livelihood. But Mr. Ricardo somehow imagines that whilst his hundred-year machine is going on making hats, or stockings, or gloves, at a profit of 10 per cent. to its proprietor, the hat-maker, or stocking-maker, or glove-maker, whose men have insisted on higher wages, likewise proceeds in making these wearables, at the low profit of 3 per cent.; and so far from the latter being induced to erect a similar machine in order to carry on his trade with the same advantages as his neighbour, our author represents that neighbour as being determined to lower his prices, so as to draw no more than a profit of 3 per cent. on his capital, and thus, as an affair of choice, to come down to the low scale of profit to which the increased price of labour had reduced the other. In short, it is all a phantom of the imagination; an hypothetical case, which has no relation whatever to the actual dealings of mankind, or to the real state of trade. To suppose that a machine shall last a hundred years, and serve the purposes of manufacturing industry without the aid of human skill and direction, is just as wise as it would be to enter upon a physical inquiry, grounded upon the assumption that mercury rises 100 inches in the barometer, or that air is ten times heavier than water. It is one of Jean Baptiste Say's remarks on political economy, that it is impossible to succeed in acquiring a true knowledge of its principles without drawing general conclusions in relation to it, from a multitude of statistical facts; and he further observes with respect to Adam Smith that "l'ou-

vraie de Smith n'est qu'un assemblage confus des principes les plus sains de l'économie politique, appuyés d'exemples lumineux, et des notions les plus curieuses de la statistique mêlées de réflexions instructives." But in Mr. Ricardo's volume there is no statistical knowledge. His illustrations are almost all drawn from imaginary cases; and to this, perhaps, more than to any other cause, is to be ascribed the vague and unsatisfactory nature of almost all his reasonings.

Leaving, however, this particular case, which we have followed up, perhaps, at too great a length, we have to observe that the object of the English work now before us, as expressed in the preface, is to supply what is deficient in the works of Turgot, Steuart, Smith, Say, Sismondi, and others, on the important subjects of rent, profit, and wages; and to throw in an additional light wherever these distinguished writers may have left any obscurity. The received doctrine, in relation to the first topic in particular, seems to our author to be still involved in much mystery; Dr. Smith, and the other able reasoners just mentioned, "not having viewed correctly the principles of rent, have overlooked many important truths."

There is not, we think, any subject which has been so much darkened by words without knowledge as the said subject of rent has been, by the present race of pamphleteers in the department of political economy; and, we should imagine, at the same time, there are few subjects so extremely simple and easily understood. A plain man, speaking in plain terms about rent, would say that it is a hire paid for the use of any thing, be that thing what it may, whether a sum of money, a piece of land, a four-wheeled waggon, a house, or a steam-engine. In the first and rude states of human society when land was as yet wholly unappropriated, no rent would be paid for land, any more than for air or for water, because every one might have as much of it as he chose, and no one had yet thought of calling himself a landlord. But no sooner would mankind begin to settle in one place, than notions of property in the soil would begin to arise amongst them. The mere circumstance, perhaps, of prior occupancy, or the little exercise of industry displayed in clearing off stones, or in making a fence, would give the primeval agriculturist the right of considering himself as the owner of the plot of ground of which he thus happened to take possession. If, too, in process of time, and after this piece of land had become more productive than the surrounding territory, still supposed to be unoccupied, a second person should wish to have a part of it whereon to raise corn for the use of his family, the first occupant, now regarded as the owner, would naturally make a bargain with this second person, giving him a portion of his ground upon condition of

regarded as making a purchase of that land, or as forming a stock of which he is afterwards to draw the rent or the profit; and not simply as acting the part of a farmer, expending in the course of the year a certain amount of stock, in which he expects to be reimbursed at the close of it.—But, coming to the second query, is it indeed a fact that the price of produce raised upon the land which pays no rent regulates the price of that which is raised upon the land which does pay a rent? We had always thought with the vulgar herd of political economists, that the great regulator of price was the proportion which the supply of any article bore to the demand for it; and not, as Mr. Ricardo seems to think, that the price of commodities in the market is regulated by the cost of their production to those who are least favoured as to the means of producing them. Agreeably to his theory the least fertile field, the least fertile coal-pit, and the least fertile mine, regulates respectively the price of corn, of coals, and of silver! A greater absurdity never entered into the head of any sane man. With the glaring fact before his eyes that poor fields are every day deserted by the agriculturist because the price of produce will not meet the expense of cultivating such land; that coal-mines are not unfrequently abandoned as losing concerns, and that the less productive mines of South America are successively given up because the quantity of silver extracted from them will not pay for labour and the profits of stock, how could he assert that the market price of such articles is regulated by the cost of producing them in the least favourable circumstances!

In all this enigmatical absurdity Mr. Ricardo, no doubt, aims at a certain meaning. He intends, we imagine, to convey, in mystical phraseology, this very common-place truth, that, as the lowest price at which an article can be sold for any length of time is that which is barely sufficient to replace, together with its ordinary profits, the stock which must be employed in bringing it to market, so, by knowing the expense of producing any given commodity in the least favourable circumstances in which it is actually produced without positive loss, we may arrive at a round-about way of ascertaining the price at which that commodity is currently sold. For example, a coal-mine will be continued at work only as long as the coal raised from it proves sufficient, without yielding anything for rent, to pay wages and replace capital with its usual profit; for if it did not produce enough to meet these charges, it is very evident that it would be folly to persevere in working it; now, the thing our author appears so anxious to establish as a first principle is simply this, and nothing more than this, Find out from the coal-master the expense of taking his coal to market, and you find out, at the same time, the price

at which they are usually sold there. But so far is it from being a fact that the produce of such a mine would regulate the general market price of coal, every body knows that, so soon as from any particular cause the money value of that article should sustain a depression, the mine in question would be instantly and totally abandoned. So is it with veins of silver and corn-fields. Whenever the price of silver and corn, owing to the abundant produce of the most fertile mines, and of the most fruitful districts, begins to fall below the average rate, we uniformly find that poor mines and poor fields are immediately deserted, and that the capital employed on them is transferred to some other investment promising a better return. It would be waste of time to state or analyze the argument by which Mr. Ricardo labours to make out his favourite point, that the price of all commodities is regulated by the cost of their production in the most unfavourable circumstances. It is enough to mention that he is fully satisfied of it himself, drawing his reasoning on the subject to a close by observing, "*It appears, then, that it is always the least fertile mine which regulates the price of coal.*" Adam Smith, however, as our author himself candidly remarks, is of a different opinion: he thinks (*Wealth of Nations*, book i. chap. xi.) that "*the most fertile coal-mine regulates the price of coals at all the other mines in the neighbourhood. Both the proprietor and the undertaker of the work find, the one that he can get a greater rent, the other that he can get a greater profit, by somewhat underselling all their neighbours. Their neighbours are soon obliged to sell at the same price, though they cannot so well afford it, and though it always diminishes, and sometimes takes away altogether, both their rent and their profit. Some works are abandoned altogether; others can afford no rent, and can be wrought only by the proprietor.*" Mr. Ricardo, however, once more returns to the charge, and states over again the same foolish position: "*In every case,*" says he, "*the price must be sufficient to pay the expenses and profit of that mine which is worked without being charged with rent. It is therefore the least fertile mine which regulates price.*"

It is not a little surprising, considering the simple nature of the subject, that so many of our modern writers, Mr. Malthus included, have bewildered themselves in examining into the doctrine of rent. Malthus, however, is clearly right in saying that the immediate cause of rent is obviously the excess of price above the cost of production at which raw produce sells in the market; and if we keep by this plain statement we shall never want a clue to guide us through all the intricacies which have lately been raised up around this question. Agricultural produce, we may observe, is a rough species of manufacture, and capital is invested

in land for the purpose of raising its peculiar commodities, upon the very same principle that it is invested in all other manufactories; namely, to derive a profit from the capital so invested, and a remuneration for the skill and industry with which it is directed; and as the rate of profit is regulated by competition, here, as in all other departments of trade and commerce, that rate will not be found to differ very materially from the ordinary and accustomed rate in the country at large. Now, all that the land yields above the expense of labour, including of course a remuneration to the farmer himself, and the ordinary profits of stock, naturally goes for rent; from which it follows that, the smaller the cost of production compared with the quantity of produce obtained, the greater will be the share of that produce, that is, of rent, which will fall to the landlord. Every improvement in machinery, every addition to agricultural science, and every abridgement in agricultural labour, will, according to this view of the subject, by diminishing the cost of production add, to the amount of rent. All the world, indeed, have been of this opinion; landlords themselves act upon it by holding out every encouragement to useful inventions; yet Mr. Ricardo, led away by the deceitfulness of his theoretical notions, maintains that it is "for the interest of the landlord that the cost attending the production of corn should be increased." He doubts, indeed, whether the creation of rent be at all advantageous to a country; but if it be, "*if* the surplus produce which land affords in the form of rent be an advantage, it is desirable that every year the machinery newly constructed should be less efficient than the old, as that would undoubtedly give a greater exchangeable value to the goods manufactured, not only by that machinery, but by all the machinery in the kingdom."—"The interest of the landlord is always opposed to that of the consumer and manufacturer. Corn can be permanently at an advanced price, only because additional labour is necessary to produce it; because its cost of production is increased. The same cause invariably raises rent; it is therefore for the interest of the landlord that the cost attending the production of corn should be increased." To return, however, to Mr. Malthus, upon whose speculations our author spends a whole chapter, we cannot help observing that he embarrasses himself very unnecessarily by undertaking to explain *why* the produce of land should ever yield any thing over and above the expense of raising it; and that when he says, that "the cause of the excess of price of the necessities of life above the cost of production is to be found in their abundance rather than their scarcity," he only gives to his argument, just in itself, the air of a paradox. The sole cause of this excess is certainly what he elsewhere states, the *fertility* of the

ground; and to put a single question more on the subject only manifests that he had partly fallen diseased into that condition of the speculative faculties, in which men will not condescend to look at any truth, but through the medium of a scientific demonstration. In good sooth it must appear a little childish when grown-up persons, in this age of the world, soberly set themselves to find out why people place a value on eatables, and why wheat flour is prized more highly than sea-sand. The fertility of the soil is a gift from Heaven, like the air and water; but being capable of appropriation it does not, like the two latter benefactions, continue, in improved states of society, to be the common birthright of all. It becomes individual property, and must accordingly be paid for by those who wish to use it. Hence the origin of rent.

Some late writers, and among others the learned author now before us, have puzzled themselves hugely to find out whether rent be any thing at all; whether it is value, or riches, or wealth, whether it is one of these or none. An ingenious economist of the north sees reason to consider it as *nil*, as no addition whatever to the national wealth, but merely a transfer of value, advantageous only to the landlords, and proportionably injurious to the consumers. Mr. Ricardo, in his present publication, likewise pronounces his judgment on this obscure point, and declares that, as he understands the word, "rent is a creation of value, but not a creation of wealth." To prove this opinion, and to illustrate the distinction upon which it turns, he proceeds to favour us with one of his hypothetical calculations, which, however much it may amuse the reader, or gratify the ingenuity of the author himself, cannot possibly apply to the case of the landlord in the ordinary circumstances of society.

"If the price of corn, from the difficulty of producing any part of it, should rise from 4*l.* to 5*l.* per quarter, a million of quarters will be of the value of 5,000,000*l.* instead of 4,000,000*l.*, and as this corn will exchange not only for more money, but for more of every other commodity, the possessors will have a greater amount of value; and as no one will in consequence have a less, the society altogether will be possessed of greater value, and in that sense rent is a creation of value. But this value is so far nominal, that it adds nothing to the wealth, that is to say, to the necessities, conveniences, and enjoyments of the society. We should have precisely the same quantity, and no more, of commodities, and the same million quarters of corn as before; but the effect of its being rated at 5*l.* the quarter, instead of 4*l.* would be to transfer a portion of the value of the corn and commodities from their former possessors to the landlords. Rent then is a creation of value, but not a creation of wealth; it adds nothing to the resources of a country; it does not enable it to maintain fleets and armies; for the country would have a greater disposeable fund, if its land were of a

better quality, and it could employ the same capital without *generating a rent.*"

It would not be easy in so short a compass to combine together as much absurdity and looseness of expression as we have presented in the above paragraph. What is meant, we beg leave to ask, by calling rent *a creation of value*: and is it common sense to assure us, if corn were raised 20 per cent. and other things not raised, that, whilst the possessors of corn would have a greater amount of value, no one would in consequence have a less! If a principal necessary of life rose one-fifth in price, and other commodities remained stationary, would not the holders of these commodities find them just so much decreased in value; and on the other hand, if all commodities, including labour, rose at the same rate, the relative prices of things, although thus raised in the scale by one-fifth of their whole amount, would, it is evident, continue unchanged, no person being either richer or poorer. As to rent, again, considered in itself, it is clearly no *creation* at all. The *produce* out of which rent is taken may, if Mr. Ricardo will have it, be called a *creation*; but the division and allocation of that produce, the setting apart a certain share of it for the owner of the land upon which it grew, is no more a creation of either riches or wealth than is the surrender of the vicar's tithe-pig, or the rector's tenth sheaf. The creation does not consist in the mere transference of wheat, and oats, and barley, or of money which represents these articles—from one hand to another; and we require not to be informed that such a *transference* "adds nothing to the resources of a country, does not enable it to maintain fleets and armies." The real rent, the real creation of wealth, exists whether it be transferred or not, and consists in the amount of produce which remains after all the stock has been replaced, and all the labour paid which were employed in raising it. It is a matter of no consequence to the community at large, in whose hands any particular portion of this surplus produce may remain; that is, whether the cultivator of the land be the owner of it, or only the tenant. The rent is made equally available to the wants of the state in both cases. The great point accordingly, which is kept in view by all parties, by the governors of the nation, and by the proprietors of land, is to have the surplus produce as large as possible; for notwithstanding the authority of Mr. Ricardo, and of others whose authority is not so respectable, the world at large are right in thinking that "rent *does* add to the resources of a country, and that it does enable it to maintain fleets and armies." Indeed to have maintained the contrary, for a single moment, only shows how ready men are, in certain circumstances, to sacrifice their good sense to the spirit of theory.

So much for Rent; on the doctrine of which our author had undertaken to rectify the errors of Turgot, Steuart, Smith, Say, Sismondi, who "not having viewed correctly the principles of it, have, it appears to him, overlooked many important truths." There remain Wages and Profit for our consideration; on which, too, Mr. Ricardo informs us these distinguished writers have afforded "very little satisfactory information." Now after such a prologue, it must have required no ordinary degree of assurance to commit to paper and publish the tissue of common-places which compose his chapter upon "wages." We are told, for example, nearly as an echo repeats a sound, that "labour, like all other things which are purchased and sold, and which may be increased or diminished in quantity, has its natural and its market price;"—that, "the natural price of labour is that price which is necessary to enable the labourers, one with another, to subsist and to perpetuate their race, without either increase or diminution;"—that "the power of the labourer to support himself and the family which may be necessary to keep up the number of labourers, does not depend on the quantity of money which he may receive for wages, but on the quantity of food, necessaries, and conveniences which that money will purchase;"—that "the market price of labour is the price that is really paid for it, from the natural operation of the proportion of the supply to the demand: labour is dear when it is scarce, and cheap when it is plentiful;"—that "when the market price of labour is below its natural price, the condition of the labourer is most wretched;"—that "it is only after their privations have reduced their number, or the demand for labour has increased, that the market price of labour will rise to its natural price." This is all vastly original, no doubt, and proves completely that Adam Smith was a mere driveller in such matters, having never been able to arrive at such correct notions, which by the by are all taken from his works; after this, however, we are told with still more formality and precision that "wages are subject to a rise or fall from two causes:

"1st. The supply and demand of labourers."

"2dly. The price of the commodities on which the wages of labour are expended."

Now, upon turning to the *Wealth of Nations* (book i. chap. viii.) we find it set down that "the money price of labour is necessarily neglected by two circumstances; the demand for labour, and the price of the convenience and necessaries of life." Here the only novelty consists in a little variety of expression; and as "the commodities on which the wages of labour are expended," are, of course, "the conveniences and necessaries of life," we are at a loss to discover upon what ground Mr. Ri-



cardo could venture to assert that Dr. Smith has "afforded very little satisfactory information respecting the natural course of wages." There is, however, in this part of his work one attempt at originality which deserves to be mentioned. In the very paragraph in which he mentions the price of commodities as one of the causes from which wages are subject to a rise and fall, he informs us that he is proceeding on the supposition that money is "uniformly of the same value." If money is assumed as a fixed and invariable expression of value, how can wages be said to rise or fall from a variation in the price of commodities, that is, in the conveniences and necessities of life; for Mr. Ricardo himself, almost in the very next page, states what is undeniably true, that "to say that commodities are raised in price is the same thing as to say that money is lowered in relative value."

On "profit" we shall not say much. Indeed, we are not certain that we clearly apprehend his meaning, for he is more than usually abstruse and paradoxical on this particular head. He seems to hold it as a fixed opinion, that in most cases the value of commodities is divided into two portions only, one constituting the profits of stock, the other the wages of labour, and that the first never rises except when the latter has previously fallen. This notion, however, rests upon that part of his theory which assumes as a first principle, that the price of corn is regulated by the produce of the land which pays no rent, and that there is in all countries a great quantity of commodities brought to market, both manufactured and agricultural, the whole expense of which consists in wages and in the profit of stock. The result of his ratiocination is given in the following terms, the precise import of which we do not profess to have altogether made out. "We again arrive at the same conclusion which we have before attempted to establish: that in all countries, and at all times, profits depend on the quantity of labour requisite to provide necessities for the labourers, on that land or with that capital which yields no rent." It is enough in answer to such reasoning to repeat what we formerly said, viz. that there is no description of land which alone regulates the price of corn: and to remind Mr. Ricardo that there is no commodity whatever into the price of which there do not enter several other items besides wages and profit on stock. Moreover, every one knows that, on certain occasions, and in particularly favourable circumstances of trade, wages and profit rise at the very same time; and that in opposite circumstances, both are known to fall together: and our author is the first, we believe, who described them as being like weights in the scales of a balance, each alternately rising and descending, as the other is increased or di-

minished. Clearer heads than ours will, perhaps, be able to do greater justice to Mr. Ricardo on this part of the subject, by finding out a meaning more consistent with ordinary views and with common sense. We however give it up in despair.

We feel it incumbent upon us, amid this freeness of stricture, to observe, that Mr. Ricardo is never absurd, except when he moves in the trammels of his theory. Let loose from his peculiar dogmas, his natural good sense gets room to exert itself, and then he thinks and reasons like a philosopher and a man of business. For instance, we admire his sagacity when acting the part of a critic on the work of Jean Baptiste Say, on which we likewise are now about to make a few remarks; and as his objections to the opening chapter of that treatise express exactly what we ourselves should feel disposed to urge against it, we take pleasure in substituting Mr. Ricardo's language for our own.

"Mr. Say appears to me," he observes," to have been singularly unfortunate in his definition of riches and value in the first chapter of his excellent work: riches, he says, consist only of things which have a value in themselves: riches are great when the sum of which they are composed is great; they are small when the sum of their value is small. Two things having an equal value are riches of equal amount. They are of equal value, when by general consent they are freely exchanged for each other. Now, if mankind attach value to a thing, it is on account of the *uses* to which it is applicable. The faculty which certain things have of satisfying the various wants of mankind; I call utility. To create objects that have a utility of any kind is to create riches; since the utility of things is the first foundation of their value, and it is the value of things which constitutes riches. But we do not create objects; all we can do is to reproduce matter under another form—we give it utility. Production, then, is a creation not of matter but of utility, and it is measured by the value arising from the utility of the object produced. The utility of any object, according to general estimation, is pointed out by the quantity of other commodities for which it will exchange. This valuation, arising from the general estimate formed by society, constitutes what Adam Smith calls value in exchange; what Turgot calls appreciable value; and what we may more briefly designate by the term value.

"Thus far Mr. Say; but in his account of value and riches he has (says Mr. R.) confounded two things which ought always to be kept separate, and which are called by Adam Smith value in use, and value in exchange. If by an improved machine I can, with the same quantity of labour, make two pair of stockings instead of one, I in no way impair the *utility* of one pair of stockings, though I diminish their value. If then I had precisely the same quantity of coats, shoes, stockings, and all other things, as before, I should have precisely the same quantity of useful objects, and should therefore be equally rich, if utility were the measure of riches; but I should have a less amount of value, for my stockings would be of only half their former value. Utility, then,

is not the measure of exchangeable value."—"If we ask Mr. Say in what riches consist, he tells us in the possession of objects having value. If we ask him what he means by value, he tells us that things are valuable in proportion as they possess utility. If again we ask him to explain to us by what means we are to judge of the utility of objects, he answers, by their value. Thus, then, the measure of value is utility, and the measure of utility is value."

The above critique, particularly the latter part of it, is perfectly just, and manifests considerable discrimination combined with the soundest views; affording another proof of the opinion already stated, that Mr. Ricardo never writes nonsense but in deference to the principles of his own hypothesis.

Speaking generally of Say's book we have, in the first place, to express our decided approbation of the liberal and beneficent spirit which it breathes, and of the enlightened doctrines which it teaches. This author is clearly the first foreigner who has fully appreciated the great work of Adam Smith, and who has heartily and intelligibly recommended its principles to the attention of his countrymen. Embracing the extended views set forth in the *Wealth of Nations*, he has ventured to expose the mean and contemptible maxims upon which governments have hitherto so frequently constructed their mercantile policy, proving to them, with a powerful logic, warranted by the best established facts, that, with very few exceptions, a nation does most good to itself when it benefits most all its neighbours; that exclusive systems and monopolies can neither be permanent nor advantageous; that industry in one kingdom can only be promoted by encouraging industry in all the kingdoms around it; that trade is barter, only a little disguised; and that the products of one region must in all cases be purchased with the products of another. After a brief sketch of what had been written in Europe prior to the time of Smith, accompanied with a sensible review of the opinions and systems of the more distinguished authors, Say enters upon a developement of the leading principles of the *Wealth of Nations* itself; the characteristic merits of which he explains with all the talent of a master, and follows up the whole with an eloquent eulogium on the celebrated writer to whom the world owes it.

"Tous ces écrits (alluding to the works of former authors) ne pouvaient conduire à un grand résultat. Comment en effet connaître les causes qui procurent l'opulence aux nations, quand on n'a pas des idées claires sur la nature des richesses elles-mêmes. Il faut connaître le but avant de chercher les moyens. En 1776, *Adam Smith*, sorti de cette école Ecossaise qui a donné tant de litterateurs, d'historiens, de philosophes, et de savans du premier ordre, publia son livre intitulé, *Recherches sur la Nature et les Causes de la Richesse des Nations*. Cherchant ce qui donne aux choses la valeur, il trouve que c'est le travail de l'homme. Il tire de cette demonstration seconde, des consequences

multipliées et importantes sur les causes qui, nuisant au développement des facultés productives du travail, nuisent à la multiplication des richesses ; et comme ce sont des conséquences rigoureuses d'un principe incontestable, elles n'ont été attaquées que par des personnes trop légères pour avoir bien conçu le principe, ou par des esprits naturellement faux, et par conséquent incapables de saisir la liaison et le rapport de deux idées. Lorsqu'on lit Smith, comme il mérite d'être lu, on s'aperçoit qu'il n'y avait pas avant lui d'économie politique. Avant Smith on avait avancé plusieurs fois des principes très vrais : il a montré le premier pourquoi ils étoient vrais. Il a fait plus : il a donné la vraie méthode de signaler les erreurs ; il a appliqué à l'économie politique la nouvelle manière de traiter les sciences, en ne recherchant pas ses principes abstractivement, mais en remontant des faits les plus constamment observés aux causes que découvre le raisonnement rigoureux, et non de simples présomptions. L'ouvrage de Smith est une suite de démonstrations qui ont élevé plusieurs propositions au rang de principes incontestables, et en ont plongé un bien plus grand nombre dans ce gouffre, où les systèmes, les idées vagues, les imaginations extravagantes se débattent, un certain temps, avant de s'engloutir pour toujours.

“ On a dit que Smith avait de grandes obligations à Steuart (Sir James Steuart) qu'il n'a pas cité une seule fois, même pour le combattre. Je ne vois pas en quoi consistent ces obligations. Il a conçu son sujet bien autrement que Steuart ; il plane audessus d'un terrain ou l'autre se traine. Steuart a soutenu un système déjà embrassé par Colbert, adopté par tous les écrivains François qui ont écrit sur le commerce, constamment suivi par la plupart des états Européens, et qui fait dépendre les richesses d'un pays, non du montant de ses productions, mais du montant de ses ventes à l'étranger. S'il n'a pas réfuté Steuart en particulier, c'est que Steuart n'est pas chef d'école, et qu'il s'agissoit de combattre l'opinion générale d'alors, plutôt que celle d'un écrivain, qui n'en avait point qui lui fût propre.

“ Les économistes ont aussi prétendu que Smith leur avoit des obligations. Mais que signifient de telles prétensions ! Un homme de génie a des obligations à tout ce qui l'a entouré, aux erreurs qu'il a détruites, aux ennemis mêmes qui l'ont attaqué, parceque tout contribue à former ses idées ; mais lorsqu'ensuite il se rend propres ses conceptions, qu'elles sont vastes, qu'elles sont utiles à ses contemporains, à la postérité, il faut savoir convenir de ce qu'on lui doit, et non lui reprocher ce qu'il doit aux autres. Smith, au reste, ne faisoit nulle difficulté d'avouer qu'il avait profité dans ses conversations avec les hommes les plus éclairés de France, et dans son commerce d'amitié avec son compatriote Hume, dont les Essais contiennent beaucoup de vues saines sur l'économie politique, comme sur beaucoup d'autres sujets.”

This is excellent ; and we have given it at length, because we have reason to believe that the insinuations to which M. Say alludes, are not confined to France. To prove, however, that his admiration of Smith is not blind and unlimited, he has devoted

a part of his "discours preliminaire" to the exposure of the principal faults which, in his view, attach both to the plan and execution of the *Wealth of Nations*. The numerous digressions, for instance, which pervade that immortal production, seem blemishes to the eye of a foreigner; and, perhaps, strictly speaking, although we should regret their loss, they are both too frequent and too long for a treatise professedly directed to the explanation of principles and the reason of things. On this head we unquestionably agree with Monsieur Say, that the merit of a literary work consists as much in what is left out, as in what it contains; still, when we consider the value of statistical facts in all our researches into the laws of trade and commerce, and how much more confidence we have in calculations founded upon, and illustrated by, such facts, than upon imaginary cases, however ingeniously constructed, we ought not be too hasty to condemn the industry of an author for supplying us with abundant materials for judging. Nor is the French critic himself very severe in administering his strictures. "C'est un magnifique hors-d'œuvre," he exclaims, "que le tableau qu'il donne des progrès des nations d'Europe après la chute de l'empire Romain. On peut dire autant de cette discussion, pleine d'un vrai savoir, de philosophe, et même de finesse, et si prodigieusement instructive, sur l'Instruction publique."

It is not our intention to enter into a minute analysis of this valuable work, which, it must have already appeared, is naturally connected with Mr. Ricardo's. On the contrary, we shall content ourselves with only adverting to two or three of the leading points discussed in it, on which the author differs with Adam Smith, or in which he endeavours to modify the opinions and conclusions of the latter. We have already alluded to his confused notions relative to value, wherein he has failed to distinguish between the *value of use* and the *value of exchange*; that is, between utility, or the worth of a thing, as it respects our more urgent wants, or even caprices, and the worth of a thing as a piece of merchandize, or the money it will bring. Utility and value, it is evident, are not synonymous in the acceptation either of common life or of philosophical accuracy; for as Mr. Ricardo justly remarks, utility may be increased, whilst pecuniary value is diminished. A quarter of wheat, yielding only eighty loaves, may be sold for 5*l.*, while the same quantity of wheat, and equal to a hundred loaves, may be sold for 9*l.* 10*s.* In short, so many are the mistakes that occur in relation to this distinction, that it would perhaps be advisable to give up the phrase, *value in use*, altogether; substituting for it the term *usefulness*, and restricting the word *value* to the money price of every particular commodity in the market.

In considering the various means whereby riches or public wealth are produced in civilized communities, M. Say indulges in a species of criticism directed against Dr. Smith at once extremely minute in itself, and, as we think, utterly without foundation. The latter author, as is well known, ascribes the formation of national wealth to the productive power of human industry, and chiefly to the division of labour, including the numerous inventions in point of machinery to which that division is always found to give rise. On this head, however, it appears to M. Say, that Dr. Smith has made a gross omission in not enumerating among productive agents certain natural causes, as the wind, the sun, the water; and, more particularly, the fructifying powers of the soil. He even demands a place among these "*agens naturels*," for the laws of the physical world; for gravitation, which makes the weights of a clock descend; magnetism, which points the needle of the mariner's compass; the elasticity of steel; heat, which disengages itself during combustion; the vegetative principle in plants; and last, not least, the vital principle in animals, which serves for the developement and growth of all living things, and chiefly of such of them as we have contrived to get into our hands. Thus, he shrewdly observes, a flock of sheep is the result, not only of the cares of the master and of the shepherd, and of the advances which are made for their nourishment, their shelter, and shearing; but it is also the result of the action of the viscera and organs of these animals with which nature has bounteously supplied them.

Now, it is surely superfluous to remark, in relation to the above puerile objections, that when Adam Smith ascribed the production of public wealth to the well directed labour of man, he took it for granted that the human being had soil to work upon, the sun, and air, and water, and vegetable and vital principles, in full operation, to assist and mature his labours. When that judicious and clear-sighted author contrasted the condition of an industrious and frugal peasant in a civilized country, with the accommodation of an African king, the absolute master of the liberties and lives of ten thousand naked savages, and ascribed the superiority of the former to the ingenuity and resources connected with a wise division of labour, did he not tacitly admit, as the very foundation upon which the contrast was raised, that the African king had land, and sun, and wind, and water, as well as the European peasant? The natural agents, called forth and set in order by M. Baptiste Say, are always understood as constituting the subject, or means, for the employment of human industry; and no one thinks of specifying them, in any discourse on trade or agriculture, more than one could think of extolling the use of hands when speaking of spades or ploughs. Besides,

it should be remembered that those natural powers and capabilities, except when directed by the active ingenuity of man, are of no use whatever in creating national affluence. Wind is indeed a natural agent, but a wind-mill is not; steam is a natural agent, but a steam-engine is not; and as all the improvements in productive industry which accident or invention has supplied, have, with very few exceptions, originated in the division of labour, we cannot perceive any reason for even modifying the expressions of Dr. Smith relative to that principal source of public wealth.

When on this subject, we may mention that similar objections have been urged against a casual remark, made by Adam Smith, when stating the comparative advantages of employing capital in land and in manufactures; namely, that whilst in agriculture *nature labours with man; in manufactures, nature does nothing; man does all.* At this stage of the argument, two or three of the minor authors join in opposing themselves to an opinion apparently so heretical. Even Mr. Ricardo, who, in another part of his book, is much more temperate, adds his voice to the general cry, and nearly in the notes of M. Say.

“Does nature nothing for man in manufactures? Are the powers of wind and water which move our machinery and assist navigation nothing? The pressure of the atmosphere, and the elasticity of steam, which enable us to work the most stupendous engines—are they not the gifts of nature? to say nothing of the effects of the matter of heat in softening and melting metals, of the decomposition of the atmosphere in the process of dyeing and fermentation. There is not a manufacture which can be mentioned, in which nature does not give her assistance to man, and give it, too, generously and gratuitously.”

In the strict and literal meaning of the words, it cannot, we grant, be maintained, that nature does nothing to assist the industry of man, except in cultivating the ground. In dyeing wool for clothing, and in fermenting an infusion of malt for beer, we must admit the co-operation of natural agents, just as we admit the necessity of digestive organs, and the process of assimilation, to convert grass or turnip into good mutton. And what were a telescope without eyes to see, and light to reflect distant objects in the spectrum! It is abundantly obvious, however, that this was not the kind of co-operation which Dr. Smith had in view, in comparing the produce of labour when directed to land, and when directed to manufactures. In the latter, the whole value of a commodity represents only the amount of wages and the profit of stock expended in its production; and the difference of price accordingly, between a fleece of wool and the cloth made out of it, will be found to consist in the expense of the labour and the usual return for the capital employed by the several manufacturers, through whose hands it has passed. But labour

employed in agriculture produces more than is barely sufficient to replace stock with its ordinary profits, and to defray the expense of the labourers' wages. Over and above the capital of the farmer and all its profits, agricultural labour produces the rent of the landlord; which rent, as Dr. Smith observes, "may be considered as the produce of those powers of nature, the use of which the landlord lends to the farmer. It is greater or smaller according to the supposed extent of those powers, or, in other words, according to the supposed natural or improved fertility of the land. It (the rent) is the work of nature which remains after deducting or compensating every thing which can be regarded as the work of men. It is seldom less than a fourth, and frequently more than a third of the whole produce. No equal quantity of productive labour employed in manufactures can ever occasion so great a reproduction."

In short, land is itself a great fixed capital—the gift of heaven to the human race; whereas air, and light, and heat, viewed in reference to their use in manufactures and machinery, are mere instruments for abridging or facilitating labour. A little circulating capital expended upon a good soil replaces itself with a great surplus produce; whilst upon those other "agens naturels," heat and air, no sane men would ever think of laying out capital, as themselves subjects of productive labour. After all, M. Say must have seen that he was at most objecting to a matter of mere arrangement in the *Wealth of Nations*; and that what he would call a natural agent, working for men, Smith denominates an invention or a resource of human ingenuity, suggested by the progress of art, in consequence of the division of labour: and, for the reasons above stated, namely, that physical laws, and physical powers, without the intervention of human skill and industry, are of no avail in the production of public wealth, we cannot help thinking that Dr. Smith's classification is decidedly to be preferred to that recommended by the present author. The source of M. Say's erroneous conceptions on this point is to be found in his confused notions relative to value, already so well exposed by Mr. Ricardo. Thus, when Smith maintains that the value of all commodities is derived from the labour of men, he evidently means all *exchangeable* or marketable value, and not the nutritive value of corn, nor the expansive value of steam, nor the fertilizing value of solar heat; whereas Say, confounding the ideas of utility and exchangeable value, insists that all value is not derived from the labour of man. Of so much consequence is a right definition of terms!

We had intended to make a few observations on the distinction between productive and unproductive labour, M. Say having, in common with some writers of our own country, attempted to



invalidate the ground upon which that distinction rests. According to the doctrine of the authors now alluded to, every labourer merits a place in the class of production, whose exertions in the way of their trade or profession satisfy a demand or gratify a desire; and thus the *valet-de-chambre* and the opera-singer are ranked with the Birmingham and Manchester manufacturers, as promoters of national affluence. Nay, a very ingenious political economist, the author of the "Happiness of States," not only maintains that a player contributes as much to the common fund of the nation as an industrious tradesman, but even that the player just contributes so much the more to that fund, in proportion as the salary which he draws from the public is more liberal than usual. It is no doubt extremely difficult to draw a line which shall not place on the one side of it some who in this respect ought to be found on the other; still, we should imagine, there will be few persons disposed to deny that public wealth is most indebted to that species of labour which realizes itself in some useful commodity; adding to that commodity a degree of new value equal to the expense of maintaining the labourer, to the remuneration of him who directed his labour, and to the profit and replacement of the fund or capital, upon which that labour was supported. At all events, it is an undisputed fact, that those nations are found to increase most in riches, in which that kind of labour is most extensively encouraged; whilst the circumstance of there being a great number of individuals who minister to the pleasures and comforts of any particular people, who protect their property, administer their laws, conduct education, or prosecute literature, only proves that that people is already rich, not that they are increasing in wealth; that their mechanics and tradesmen have been productively employed, and that there is a large surplus produce or rent, to feed such as do not labour with their hands. In general, the criterion proposed by Dr. Smith will serve to distinguish productive from unproductive labourers: increase the former, and you become poor; increase the latter, and you become rich. As a man impoverishes himself by increasing the number of his menial servants, but adds to his wealth in proportion as he adds to the number of his industrious manufacturers; so is it with the mightiest empire, a large army and navy, numerous and extensive institutions of a religious nature, such as convents and monastic colleges, the church itself, physicians, lawyers, performers, singers, and dancers: all these orders of men are supported on the rents arising from land, labour, and money capital; that is, ultimately, from labour, which orders could not therefore be increased beyond certain limits, without materially affecting the sources of national power and stability. No country,

however, runs any risk from the increased multitudes which ply their industry in its fields or in its workshops; on the contrary, the more their number augments in consequence of a demand for their labour, the greater will be its physical strength, its internal resources, and its influence in foreign lands.

We conclude with a quotation from the work of M. Say, on what he calls "Débouchés;" that is, demand or outlet for merchantable commodities. At any time would the spirit manifested in this part of his book have given us much satisfaction; but we transcribe the following passage with more pleasure at this particular period, when prejudices so much at variance with the real prosperity of commerce prevail among a large body of our continental neighbours. The leaven of the old system, called among authors the Mercantile System, is still perceptible in the fermentations excited in the Netherlands, and in various parts of Germany, on the recent introduction of British manufactures; the opinion that commercial intercourse is gainful only on one side, instead of being exploded, as it justly deserves, having revived amongst them with all its ancient bigotry.

"Les entrepreneurs des diverses branches d'industrie ont coutume de dire que la difficulté n'est pas de produire, mais de vendre; qu'on produirait toujours assez de marchandize, si l'on pouvait facilement en trouver le débit. Lorsque le placement de leurs produits est lent, pénible, peu avantageux, ils disent que *l'argent est rare*; l'objet de leurs desirs est une consommation active qui multiplie les ventes et soutienne les prix. Mais si on leur demande quelles circonstances, quelles causes sont favorables au placement de leurs produits, on s'aperçoit que le plus grand nombre n'a que des idées confuses sur ces matières, observe mal les faits et les explique plus mal encore, et cherche à obtenir de l'autorité une protection féconde en mauvais résultats.

"L'homme dont l'industrie s'applique à donner de la valeur aux choses, en leur créant un usage quelconque, ne peut espérer que cette valeur sera appréciée et payée que là où d'autres hommes auront les moyens d'en faire l'acquisition. Ces moyens, en quoi consistent-ils? En d'autres valeurs, d'autres produits, fruits de leur industrie, de leurs capitaux, de leurs terres: d'où il résulte, quoiqu'au premier aperçu cela semble un paradoxe, que c'est la production qui ouvre des débouchés aux produits.

"Que si un marchand s'avisait de dire: *ce ne sont pas d'autres produits que je demande en échange des miens, c'est de l'argent*; on lui prouverait aisément que son acheteur n'a pu se procurer de l'argent qu'au moyen des produits qu'il a créés de son côté; qu'il ne les a changés contre de l'argent qu'afin de changer cet argent contre la désirée dont il avoit besoin. Vous voulez vendre vos étoffes à cet agriculteur; il faut qu'il se procure de l'argent; il ne peut s'en procurer qu'au moyen de son blé; c'est donc avec son blé qu'il a acheté vos étoffes.

" Il est bon de remarquer qu'un produit créé offre, dès cet instant, un débouché à d'autres produits pour tout le montant de sa valeur.— Du moment qu'il existe, il cherche un autre produit avec lequel il puisse s'échanger. Je n'en excepte point l'or et l'argent; car à peine le marchand a-t-il vendu qu'il cherche l'emploi du produit de sa vente.

" La première conséquence qu'on peut tirer de cette importante vérité, c'est que, dans tout état, plus les producteurs sont nombreux et les productions multipliées, et plus les débouchés sont faciles, variés, et vastes, par une suite naturelle, plus ils sont lucratifs.

" Une seconde conséquence du même principe, c'est que chacun est intéressé à la prospérité de tous, et que la prospérité d'un genre d'industrie est favorable à la prospérité de tous les autres.—Une nation, par rapport à la nation voisine, est dans le même cas qu'une province par rapport à une autre province, qu'une ville par rapport aux campagnes; elle est intéressée à les voir prospérer, et assurée de profiter de leur opulence.—Il est précieux pour l'humanité qu'une nation (les Etat-Unis) entre tant d'autres se conduise, en chaque circonstance, d'après des principes libéraux. Il sera démontré par les brillants résultats qu'elle en obtiendra, que les vains systèmes, les funestes theories sont les maximes exclusives et jalouses des vieux états de l'Europe, qu'ils decorrent effrontément du nom des *vérités pratiques*, parcequ'ils les mettent malheureusement en pratique.

" Une troisième conséquence de ce principe fécond, c'est qu'on ne nuit pas à la production et à l'industrie des indigènes ou nationaux, quand on achète et qu'on importe les marchandises de l'étranger: car on n'a pu acheter à l'étranger qu'avec des produits indigènes, auxquels ce commerce a par conséquent procuré un débouché. C'est en argent, dira-t-on, que l'achat des marchandises étrangères s'est opéré. Quand cela serait, notre sol ne produit point d'argent; il a fallu acheter cet argent avec des produits de notre industrie; ainsi donc, soit que les achats qu'on fait à l'étranger aient été faits en marchandises ou en argent, ils ont procuré à l'industrie nationale les mêmes débouchés.

" Après avoir compris que la demande des produits en général est d'autant plus vive que la production est plus active, vérité constante malgré sa tournure paradoxale, on doit peu se mettre en peine de savoir vers quelle branche d'industrie il est à désirer que la production se dirige. Les produits créés font naître des demandes diverses, déterminées par les mœurs, les besoins, l'état des capitaux, de l'industrie, des agents naturels du pays: les marchandises demandées présentent, par la concurrence des demandeurs, de plus forts intérêts pour les capitaux qui y sont consacrés, de plus gros profits pour les entrepreneurs, de meilleurs salaires pour les ouvriers; et ces moyens de production, attirés par de tels avantages, affluent naturellement vers ce genre d'industrie."

ALL this is written with the enlightened and philosophical views of a political economist, trained in the school of Adam Smith; and it is expressed, too, in language strikingly similar

to that of the "Wealth of Nations." France cannot fail to profit by the study of such a work; and there are still many, both legislators and others, on this side the channel, whose notions of commercial affairs would be greatly improved by a careful examination into its leading doctrines. This being the case, we cannot say any thing less complimentary to the wisdom and forbearance of the late ruler of the French people than that he prohibited the publication of a second edition of the "*Traité d'Economie Politique*." It contains too many recommendations in favour of a free trade, and of freedom in general: it dissuades too earnestly the officiousness of rulers from interfering with the projects of individual enterprise: it teaches too irresistibly this important truth, that commerce flourishes most when left to the discretion of the merchant, and that private interest has much more knowledge, and calculates much more wisely, than crowned heads or servile courtiers.

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ART. XVI.—*France*. By Lady Morgan. *Four Appendices, on the State of Law, Finance, Medicine, and Political Opinion in France*. By Sir T. Charles Morgan, M. D. 2 vols. 8vo. 2d edit. Colburn. London, 1817.

THIS is a work written against time. The authoress premises "that starting from the post with many abler competitors, her object was, if possible, to distance those by time if she could not rival them in skill." She was bound to her publisher to be ready by April: a very sufficient apology for "inaccuracies of haste." The said publisher, however, did not fulfil his part of the bargain. The sheets were "*composed à trait de plume*," (which we venture to translate in vulgar English *at a dash of the pen*), and sent off chapter by chapter without "comparison," or "the hope of correction from proof sheets:" it was not to be expected that the press would wait upon the chances of wind and tide; and the curiosity of the world of fashion was not to suffer from a cold and formal fastidiousness as to proprieties of language, sentiment, or principle. Wind and tide wafted these leaves of our travelling sibyl across the Straits of Dover:

"So may the *Cyprian Queen* divine,  
And the twin stars, with saving lustre shine."

The precious deposit arrived safe; and still the publisher was not ready! On his shoulders the lady reasonably lays the burthen of blame for a delay equally "injurious to the interest of the work and the reputation of the author." The travelling authors, male and female, whom her ladyship had fairly outstripped by

wheel and sail, by cabriolet and packet, by common-place book and copy for press, had now a chance of coming up; and "the jargon of the court or the cottage, the well-turned period of the duchess, or the *patois* of the peasant," as Lady Morgan caught and took them down in her tablets "*à vive voix*," (that is, we presume, from word of mouth,) might have passed for gleanings at second-hand. But the speed of our authoress was triumphant even with her procrastinating publisher at her back; she is still foremost in the race: even critics come lagging at a distance: the giant capitals of "second edition" stared out upon us in the columns of the *Morning Post*, before we had well nibbled our pens and adjusted our spectacles:

"Reviews behold her spurn their bounded reign,  
And panting *TIME* toils after her in vain."

The author complains in her preface that one of our critical contemporaries, most strangely, it seems, had once accused the writings of Miss Sidney Owenson of "licentiousness, profligacy, irreverence, blasphemy, libertinism, disloyalty, and atheism." The reply to this strange accusation is, we admit, quite satisfactory. Her novels have found readers, and she has found a husband.

But the most victorious refutation will naturally be supplied in the work before us. Whether an apprenticeship in novel-writing be the best possible preparative to a work of this nature, we do not take upon ourselves to determine. That practised familiarity with the charming, the agitating, and the surprising; that artist-like facility in painting sketches, where every cottage is romantic, and all is sentimental down to pigs and poultry; that attention to rounded arms, flushed cheeks, and floating draperies, may possibly give a fine pleasurable seasoning and effect to observations on real incidents and actual characters, places, and things; and to this study of effect, and this tendency to what is so sentimentally termed an "elegant voluptuousness," it is probably owing that our author is enabled to describe with such lively colourings of style the hotels and furniture; the velvet hangings and lace quilts; the confectionary and ices; dressed fish, pastry, and salads, "only found in France:" to delineate so much *con amore* the glowing form and unstudied attitudes of Madame Recamier in her *salle de bain*: and to descant with such spirit on the philosophical and decent libertinism of French wives; on the happy abundance of clean linen and high beds; on the wisdom of coffee served round *pour la digestion*; and on the superlative excellence of *green tea punch*. Voltaire, Rousseau, and Mirabeau, French travellers, Bonapartists, and Irish patriots, supply the rest. It is fit and right that the historian of French society should hate England, and despise the Bible.

The utility of the above-mentioned apprenticeship to the craft of novel-writing is very apparent in matters of style.

"The miserable cross-roads, which usually lead to the gentil-hommerie or château," are described as "buried deep in some sequestered copse, and accessible only by paths, narrow and difficult as those to heaven!"

We are told, and are very glad to hear, that "the finest flowers in France are now to be found in the peasants' gardens: the native *rose de Provence*, the stranger rose of India, entwine their blossoms, and grow together amidst the rich foliage of the vine, which scales the gable, and creeps along the roof of the cottage:" and suddenly we have this Ossianico-Irish flourish of pathetic patriotism: "Oh! when shall I behold, near the peasant's hovel in my own country, other flowers than the bearded thistle, which there waves its "lonely head" and scatters its down upon every passing blast; or the scentless shamrock, the unprofitable blossom of the soil, which creeps to be trodden upon, and is gathered only to be plunged in the inebriating draught, commemorating annually the fatal illusions of the people, and drowning in the same tide of madness their emblems and their wrongs."

"Honey, it seems, is much used in France; and this branch of rural economy is cultivated in the *Orleanois* with a peculiar ingenuity worth recording." (The ingenuity with which it is recorded is, to say the least, fully equal to that of the contrivance itself.) "When" the flowers hang down their heads to die, "and their honied essence has been completely rified by these little *brigands* of nature, the hive is carefully wrapped up in linen-cloths, and the whole busy state is then transported to the confines of the noble forest of Orleans; where the morning sun, and the luxuriant blossoms of the wild heath, peculiarly fine in that district, open a new source of *ways and means* to some noisy bustling little Chancellor of the Exchequer; who, having run through the whole string of usual expediency, avails himself of the *supplies* which others have accidentally presented, and prides himself on results, for which he had made no provision."

The French are the most injured and calumniated people upon the earth; and the most amiable and *charming*. We like to use this epithet, for it is a favourite of the authoress. The peasants all speak with "the intelligence and frankness peculiar to the lower classes of France:" the boys and girls skip along the road-side with that graceful lightness and flexibility of figure and motion peculiar to the French youth:" but if an unfortunate English soldier is met, riding in a *charrette*, we hear directly of "the English physiognomy; with a certain mechanical immobility of the well-drilled countenance;" and this is contrasted with the ever-shifting expression of intelligence in the coun-

tenance of a French waggoner: this intelligence is, indeed, for the sake of candour, said to be distorted into grimace; but still it is intelligence. We have, indeed, a *spruce* corporal opposed to the "cold and solemn-looking *English* serjeant:" the corporal, however, is *Irish*; and he makes himself agreeable to a round-faced black-eyed little demoiselle, who runs over all "the little coquetries" which Lady Morgan seems so well to understand.

This scene in the waggon gives occasion to the philanthropic remark, that "the English soldier no longer tracked his progress in blood, nor carried desolation to the hearth of the French peasant." The author had forgotten the admission of a peasant-soldier, quoted by herself, as to the "great discipline" and "moderation of the English troops." She then proceeds with her favourite tragic interjection: "Oh! why should nations——" we shall not trouble our readers with the sentiment at large.

In a note, we are favoured with an extract from the letter of "a gentleman of considerable talent and experience," telling us, that Mr. Canning, when at Paris, had talked in a numerous circle, in which were many of the military, about England "keeping the French under a rod of fire." The military said nothing; and Madame de Stael undertook of herself to reply to these insults. As Mr. Canning was speaking of victories achieved by the English, she told him that if those gentlemen would only once sever themselves from the Russians, the Prussians, the Germans, and honour us with a tête-à-tête, she could engage that it should not be declined. To the humbled vanity of French men and French women much may be allowed: but what shall be said of a woman, calling herself British, who gives her shameless assent to these Bobadil absurdities? who, to her Parisian friends, confesses the inability of England to meet France "single-handed;" who consents that the plans of Wellington, and the courage and discipline of his followers, which drove the French across the Pyrenees, are due to the allied Spaniards and Portuguese: and that the heat and toil of the day of Waterloo were borne by Blucher and his Prussians?—It is needless for us to say that, in our opinion, Mr. Canning, as an English gentleman and a senator who had a reputation to maintain, never could have exposed himself thus grossly in a French assembly: and the gentleman of "talent and experience" is, therefore, nothing better than a self-betrayed libeller, and retailer of petty spiteful scandal.

The author talks also of "the *equitable* restitution of the pictures" in sneering italics. They were, she says, "the well-earned spoils of France by the law which, from time immemorial, had disposed of empires and of nations, by the law of conquest:"

and she does not perceive that if the law of conquest placed the pictures in the gallery of the Louvre, the same law of conquest might take them back again. But every thing is hallowed by the ruffian touch of a Frenchman.

She also stoops to repeat the lie of Bonaparte's surrendering himself with voluntary trust in the magnanimity of England; and the impudent and exposed falsehoods of his hourly insults and privations; the chance pigeons shot for his breakfast; and his stinted allowance of wine. We cannot stay to trifle with the impertinencies of imbecility, or the chatterings of flippant falsehood.

"The peasantry, it appears, submit with difficulty to the *ennui* of idleness, imposed on them by the new regulations, which enforce the observance of the Sabbath; an observance unknown in most CATHOLIC countries:" and the authoress is edified at finding an old gardener "working in a flower-knot, although it was Sunday." The grandmother, however, "apprend à notre petit bon homme à prier le bon Dieu; and in fact we found *notre petit bon homme*, a fine boy of four years old, on his knees before his ancient grandmother:" who replaced her missal and her beads at the entrance of the party. They who have heard the phrase "le bon Dieu," as used by all orders of people in France, will appreciate the sort of devotion here described. The mutterings of dervises, in their circular dance, have as much meaning and spirituality as the forms of Romish devotion. "Le bon Dieu," in its reverent sense, is laid on the shelf with the beads and the missal: it is a word of incantation, or a bye-word of jest; and after being applied to the ghastly images that crowd up the cells and stare upon the walls of their churches, is bandied about as a risible ejaculation, or used as a bug-bear to frighten children.

We will permit Lady Morgan herself to describe the state of what was called Christianity in France; as it is a passage creditable to her understanding, and as such passages do not frequently occur.

"It is the fashion to declaim against the *decline* of religion in France in the present day; and comparing it to its former state, under the old régime, to lament it has so little influence over the peasantry and lower orders. But what was the religion whose *decline* is thus lamented? what was its influence on a people, buried in the grossest superstition and darkest ignorance? While it permitted its ministers to mingle in the intrigues, and foment the disunions, of all the courts in Europe, and to countenance the vices of the most licentious of its courts; while it induced the King of France to compromise matters with his conscience, by sending away his mistresses in Lent, and by taking them back at Easter!! and enabled him to quiet his death-bed



fears by laying his enormities on the shoulders of his confessor; lending its sanction to any vice rich enough to purchase its indulgences, and forwarding any views that promised to repay the compliance of its ministers, was its influence to be commended, and its corruptions passed over? When the events of the revolution took their reaction upon all the errors of the state which they overturned, it was natural for the disciples of ignorance and superstition to deny principles, when they lost sight of forms: and it belonged to the immediate descendants of those, who declared *God and the Virgin to be one and the same person*, to pronounce in their impious folly that there was *no God to day, and to vote Him into existence to-morrow*. For impiety, thus daring and extravagant, was the natural reaction of superstition thus dark and ludicrous."

So far is well; and we go hand in hand with the author in her exposure of the revived Catholic processions; the blasphemous idolatry of the cushioned and canopied broadened God, with the bareheaded priests and princes bowing the knee in worship, and carrying their lighted tapers; and all those mummeries which for a season are permitted to display their faded pageants before the eyes of men, which they can no longer dazzle nor deceive. We could, however, have dispensed with the fidelity of the writer in recording that a boy of four years old in regimentals, whom she thought at first was meant as a caricature of Bonaparte, was intended as a representation of John the Baptist.

The tone of levity, indeed, with the exception of the passage above quoted, is that which is usually adopted by this writer on subjects of religion. An account of one of these processions, the forced triumph of expiring Catholicism, is followed by an anecdote which *may* be witty: the indelicacy, however, considered as the narrative of a lady, is quite as conspicuous as the wit; and good taste and correct feeling will easily see how much of its vivacity is due to its profaneness.

"In Boulogne-sur-mer orders were given for a procession in honour of the Virgin; whose wrath, it was declared, had caused that abundance of rain which threatened ruin to all the *vignerons* and farmers of France. Some of her festivals had not been duly celebrated, since the restoration of festivals in France, and a well-founded jealousy had discharged itself in torrents of rain, which I had the misfortune to witness during the greater part of my residence in the land of her displeasure. The priests, however, of Boulogne, to their horror, *could not find a single virgin* in that maritime city to carry in procession; and were at last obliged to send a deputation into a neighbouring village, and *request the loan of a virgin* until they could get one of their own. A virgin was at last procured, *a little indeed the worse for wear*; but this was not the moment for fastidiousness. The holy brotherhood assembled, and the *Madonna* was paraded through the streets; but no devote laity followed in her train, and *no rainbow of promise* spoke the

cessation of her wrath. The people would not walk ; the rain would not stop ; the virgin was sent back to pout in her native village : and the miracle expected to be wrought was strictly, according to Voltaire's *heretical* definition of *all* miracles, '*une chose qui n' a jamais arrivée.*'"

A definition which evidently tickles the lady's fancy. She is, however, a right religious lady ; and takes upon her to define what religion is and ought to be :

" To overload religion with forms and ceremonies is always to injure its cause. Truth wants no ornament ; religion is in itself an *abstraction* : ' the evidence of things unseen.' *It is ever to be regretted that the first religious ceremony mentioned in holy writ, caused the first murder in the first and only family then upon earth.*"

It seems, therefore, to be the sage opinion of this fair philosopher that there should be no forms or ceremonies at all ! religion is to be a mental abstraction ; is to have no outward symbol, no bond of domestic or congregational union : and the passover of the Jews, and the Lord's Supper of the Christians, were instituted in utter ignorance of our nature !

" What angels would these be, who thus excell  
In theologies, could they sew as well !"

Observe the striking advantages which those who think thus of these religious forms, and of the Scriptures themselves, possess over weak and credulous minds of a common stamp. Religious forms and Scripture history supply to these beaux-esprits an abundant treasure of allusion, for purposes either of brilliant illustration, or of light raillery, which superstitious church-going people, sacrament-takers, sabbath-keepers, and bigoted English critics, are forbidden to touch by their vain scruples, and vainer terrors.

" They, the French republicans, had long indeed abandoned their earlier Utopian dreams : but they invariably cherished that pure bright spark of patriot fire, *which had been their column in the wilderness* ; which had shone upon the path of their exile ; brightened the shed of their retreat ; and which now, when genius has become suspected and patriotism treasonable, shines over the abode of their voluntary retirement, and *marks the spot where wise men may come and worship !!!*"

Speaking of the bridal dresses of the Duchess de Berry, the author says,

" Here *Queen Sheba* might have died of envy ; here the treasures of the forty thieves, or the ' cave of Baba Abdallah ' were rivalled or surpassed, not only in splendour, but in quantity. The life of the old Countess of Dumond (does the author mean *Desmond* ?) would have been too short, though spent in dressing, to exhaust such a wardrobe

as here presented itself: and if such was the sumptuous provision to be made for the future daughters of France, it may be truly said, that 'Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.'

Of the change of modes introduced by the revolution it is observed,

"Even the highly-prized *petit-souper*, whether as the domestic PASS-OVER of family reunion, or as the *point de rassemblement* of pleasure, wit, and fashion, shared the law of proscription."

Narrow streets are thus illustrated:

"The narrowness of the greater part of the streets is an original sin beyond redemption."

It is matter of agreeable surprise to perceive with what a knack at parody, what purity of taste and easy gaiety of heart, the writer has contrived to associate with something of the ludicrous; passages of Scripture, which feeble imaginations have been accustomed to consider as sad, and solemn, and tender.

"It cannot be said of these two celebrated philosophers, (Rousseau and Voltaire,) that with respect to each other they "were lovely in their lives," though "in death they were not disunited;" for Voltaire would most probably have preferred his "snug lying in the Abbaye" to this close neighbourhood of Rousseau, even in the "Temple of all the Gods."

We admire the ingenuity with which the Chronicles, the books of Samuel, and the Gospel of Matthew, are brought into connexion with the Arabian Nights' Entertainments and Sheridan's comedy of the Rivals! We have here a true exemplification of wit: the discovery of similitude in things dissimilar.

The mention of the *benitier*, or holy-water-sprinkler, in some French cottages, introduces a witty stroke at those "religious forms," which the church of England has adopted, very unphilosophically it must be allowed, to express the baptismal covenant.

"Whatever 'spiritual grace' may exist in the family of a French peasant, will be found exhibited in the 'outward and visible signs' which decorate the bed's head."

"I have known many a little wit," says the *Tatler*, "in the ostentation of his parts, rally the truth of the Scripture, who was not able to read a chapter in it. These poor wretches talk blasphemy for want of discourse, and are rather the objects of scorn or pity than of our indignation." Lady Morgan may comfort herself with the thought that she would have been perfectly safe from the *indignation* of Addison.

On the alleged improvement of domestic morals in France, it is observed,

"The progress of general illumination must always forward the interests of morality."

We certainly ascribe no moral effects to that system of superstition which, "forbidding to marry," established immoral indulgence as a concomitant of the priestly functions: but as the writer has given us no reason to suppose that this corrupt and sophisticated faith has been succeeded in France by gospel truth, and as she drops no word of interest or sympathy respecting the trials and civil hardships of our French Protestant brethren, we surmise that this illumination is imputed by the writer not to the amelioration of religious habits, but to the suspension of them altogether. The improvement of conjugal decency, if it exist, is well as far as it goes: though we are sufficiently bigoted to wish that this, as well as all other virtues in France, may through the grace of God be made one day to stand on the solid basis of genuine Christian principle. We have not much reliance on that virtue which supports itself on capricious feelings of generosity: and we are so antiquated as to prefer the vulgar motive of duty, however frigid it may appear to female philosophers.

The effects of this moral change in the married life of the French seem to us rather equivocal: "wives," we are told, are so coquettish as *occasionally* to love even down to their husbands;" *d'aimer jusqu'à leurs maris*: and by way of palliating the gallantry towards married women, which, it appears, still exists, though, we are assured, in a vastly improved style, Lady Morgan dexterously takes it for granted that the same sort of amiable adultery is recognized as an understood thing in the fashionable circles of London, equally as in those of Paris; only "they manage these things better in France."

"As long as the frailties of a French woman of fashion (a tolerant sweet word this "*frailties*") are '*peccate celate*;' (this is the author's way of spelling: though, unfortunately for her display of Italian, the words are not feminine, but masculine, *peccati celati*;) as long as she lives on good terms with her husband, and does the honours of his house, she has the same latitude, and the same reception in society, as is obtained by women similarly situated in England; where, like the Spartan boy, she is punished, not for her *crime*, but for its *discovery*:" and the latitudinarian morality of the London circles is excused by the ingenious plea that "the high circles of Paris are to the full as indulgent!"

This foolish public *éclat* in an English intriguing wife; this braving of public shame and ruin in the gratification of an illicit attachment, rather than consent to live as the trusted wife of one and the clandestine mistress of another, is certainly a proof how much better these things are managed in France. The *bien-séance* which there prevails, "renders it," says our author, "extremely

difficult to come at any direct proofs of the violation of conjugal fidelity:" and she applauds the "*the good taste*" which "errs by stealth," and "blushes to find it fame."

We learn that "Madame d'Houdetot is a splendid epitome of the French female character, even though her intrinsic excellence is shadowed by the manners of the day in which she lived"—that is, by a little fashionable gallantry. This is described by our author as a "flower-strewn path." Sophia de la Brieche, was, it seems, forced into a marriage with the Comte d'Houdetot, who was only "a good sort of gentleman;" and it was decided by Rousseau, who wished to seduce her, that "his wife could never have loved him; but," observes tenderly our authoress, "the sensible, the susceptible Sophia was destined to love somebody," and she became the rival of Emilie de Châtelet, Voltaire's married mistress, by fixing the "vagrant affections of the gallant, the chivalresque, the poetical St. Lambert," Emilie de Châtelet's husband! The author has slipped into a note a passage from Rousseau, to the effect that "if something is to be indulged to the manners of the age (a nice convenient phrase this) it is, doubtless, an attachment which is purified by its *duration*, and rendered *honourable* by its *effects*:" and this she adopts into the text with the natural deference due to that best teacher of morality, a French philosopher. "The passion of Madame d'Houdetot and St. Lambert became almost *respectable* by its *duration* and constancy!" Will Lady Morgan be so good as to supply us with some scale of reckoning for ascertaining the degrees by which adultery, from ceasing to be sinful, begins to be respectable; and in what ratio perseverance in crime diminishes its guilt; will she give us the quantum of constancy requisite to change vice into virtue; and teach us how long it is before the disease thus becomes its own remedy? one thing is clear, that according to her, "*quæ semel verecundiæ fines transierit, eam bene et naviter oportet esse impudentem.*"

But we have not yet done with Madame d'Houdetot. It should be mentioned for the edification of all churlish English husbands, who think their wives destined only, as our authoress elsewhere hints,

"To suckle fools \* and chronicle small beer,"

that Monsieur d'Houdetot, the "good sort of gentleman" who had the honour to be the husband of Sophie, was frequently the advocate of his wife's lover! At length, observes our authoress, with her characteristic happy talent at liberal allusion, "at length Monsieur d'Houdetot was taken to that *abode of felicity* said to be reserved as a recompense for such forbearing husbands; and

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\* We presume Lady Morgan means the infants of a legitimate connexion.

the death of St. Lambert left this wife and mistress doubly widowed!"

How poetical! how tender!

Madame now felt sadly desolate; for Rousseau, who, filled with the illumination of philosophy, had attempted to supplant his confiding friend St. Lambert, in the good graces of this "susceptible" wife, was "no more:" *La bande noire* had laid low the *hermitage* of the PHILOSOPHER! all was altered by time and circumstances; but the heart, the imagination of Madame d' Houdetot were still the same! There is then something more about "throbs, that had not *slackened* in their *beat*:" and this is preparatory to the starting of another St. Lambert, that is, another gallant, "in the solitudes of Montmorencie!" *Avoir une charme jusqu' à les rides*, our author observes elsewhere, to be charming even in their wrinkles, is not confined to those forms which time has spared, and over whose waning charms love still sheds the reflection of his departed light. (Charming!) Even MIND there (in France, and *in France only*) partakes of the attraction of sex: and the brilliant fancy and *unextinguishable sensibility* of Madame d' Houdetot at *seventy* awakened an admiration as genuine and lively as the personal charms of Ninon de l'Enclos obtained at three-score." What a privileged country! This, to use Lady Morgan's phrase, is, indeed, "to be a queen for life."

This "*force contagieuse de l'amour*"—this "*frémissement délicieux*"—appears to have as many charms for Lady Morgan as for her instructor in morals, Rousseau. Even in the gloomy fortress of Vincennes, which the authoress visits, and where she looks into the *chapelle expiatoire*, consecrated to the memory of the Duke d' Enghien, we have an allusion to Mirabeau, who was imprisoned here, and are told that here he framed "his beautiful letters to the frail and fair Sophie," qualities that really seem to be inseparably linked in the fair authoress's imagination. This filthy debauchee, we are elsewhere assured by our author, was "no more than an *aimable roué*:" an agreeable rake; and his vices belong, of course, to the "manners of his age." That he was an atheist is, we suppose, in Lady Morgan's eyes, no violent offence; as her favourite Diderot was the same; and it is amply compensated by the merit of his keeping a mistress, and writing licentious epistles.

In the neighbourhood of this "terrific fortress," which she has thus contrived to enliven with gallant recollections, our fair traveller visits a country-seat. "The gardens, the plantations; and the green lawns of Plaisance, are in their neatness, taste, and arrangement, all English; but the house, the furniture, the associations, are genuinely French."

They are so indeed. These associations are the amours of that "gallant and accomplished voluptuary, Charles VII. with his mistress, Agnes Sorrel, who was called *la belle des belles*; but whom our authoress, looking on her picture, and being well read, we presume, in "*Le Lavater des Dames*, with *planches*," chooses to new-name *la bonne des bonnes*. We have then some conjectures in the style of historian Godwin: "Here, perhaps, in the very walks through which we were loitering, the brave Dunois may have paid his chivalrous court to the 'gentle Agnes;' Alain Chartier may have sung her praises; and the honest and unfortunate Jacques de Cœur" (a name of happy omen) "may have received her testamentary commands." "Here too, perhaps,"—the authoress warms with her subject—Lotis XV. first "drank delicious poison from the eyes" of Madame de Chateauroux; for it was at an entertainment given at Plaisance by the grand uncle of Madame d' Hossonville (whose fortunate 'historical recollections' had been already noticed) that that monarch first beheld the most beautiful, and apparently the most amiable, of his mistresses." After musing and melting in the bowers where these tender scenes were acted, the authoress returns to the house, and solaces her *battemens de cœur* with a "*liqueur*" and a "*bouillon*."

Under the head of *Paris*, the French people are advantageously compared with our barbarous and immoral islanders. There are no pickpockets in Paris; no swindlers; no house-breakers; "atrocities against nature; parricide; infanticide; are rarely committed;" though they are so common with us: and the wretches called "monsters," of whom one or two in our whole history have appeared, are brought forward by this amiable associate of the respectable *Pillet*, as a *genus* exclusively of English production: and we are assured that the tale of their "stabbing with wanton fury the helpless female exposed to their horrible and unaccountable attacks, excited emotions of horror and disgust in a French society." In an English one this would not have been the case,

But "the street-population of Paris seemed always to me to be characterized with great temperance, mildness,"—and other virtues; "and to be particularly governed by a spirit of innocent, though luxurious, enjoyment." The street-population of Paris, we are again told, have scarcely time to brood and be wicked; they are working, talking, laughing, listening, *recreating*, and enjoying, "from night till morn, from morn till dewy eve: "they may, *perhaps*, be deemed frivolous, but they are *not vicious*."

Can this be the very people who carried hearts and heads upon the point of pikes? Can these be the brutal assassins, the obscene

mutilators, of the *Princesse de Lambelle*? Could these temperate and mild, these laughing and talking and enjoying folks, break into the sanctuary of the prison, and butcher, for their amusement, helpless priests, and women and children? Are these they who jested on the blood that spouted from the decapitated bodies quivering under the axe of the guillotine, and whose gaiety vented itself in the general ejaculation, "Quel joli jet-d'eau?" Are these they, whose very snuff-boxes have secret springs, which reveal pictures affronting to the eye of modesty; whose pocket-novels, that lie on every book-stall, contain prints, of which "atrocities against nature" form the common subject; and which are slid into the hand of the literary foreigner by French *women*! Yes, these are the very people. Nay, we are told that the French are "a *primitive* people!!" and the author is so enamoured of this happy phrase, that she repeats it half a dozen times in as many different places. "The FRENCH A PRIMITIVE people!!" "You are a very simplicity woman! I pray you, peace!"

This eulogium on the comparative moral innocence of the French street-population, is followed up by an elaborate satire on the domestic fire-side of England. This, it seems, "has its peace too often disturbed by little bickerings and mutual thwartings, the result of *abundant bile and saturnine humour*, and of the close and constant contact of persons (husbands with their wives, and children and relatives) who have, nationally, a tendency to tedium and ennui, and who, with the greatest qualities and highest powers," (how obliging!) "have certainly not the art of being very amusing, either to themselves or others." In contemplating, therefore, the English at their fire-side, and the French in their gardens, it *must be allowed*, that if the English are the wisest and greatest nation," (what a pretty ironical stroke!) "the French are *incontestably* the happiest, and the most *amiable*."

We shall not contest a point which a lady declares to be incontestable.

"The new French youth" are "spirited, energetic, frank, and communicative;" and the "young men in their black stocks and shabby hats hurrying from lecture to lecture; hastening to catch the hours of one public library, or to overtake those of another," are contrasted with the youth of England; "neat and trimly dressed," parading their persons and their ennui at stated hours in stated places; who preside over the folds of a neck-cloth, or dictate the varnish which should illustrate a boot."

It is said by Ælian, of the Athenians, that they wore embroidered tunics; powdered their hair with gold grasshoppers; and had boys following them with folding-seats, that they might



rest conveniently where they chose: "yet such as they were," adds this old gleaner of anecdotes, "they conquered in the battle of Marathon." The officers who fought at Waterloo probably understood to a nicety the polish of a boot. The students of Oxford and Cambridge tie their cravats well, and lounge in Bond-street; and they have, moreover, a greater portion of solid literature than any lecture-hunter of Paris can ever pretend to attain, though aided by those infallible symbols of learning, a black stock and a shabby hat.

Literature, it seems, descends in France even to the lower classes; among whom it is remarkable that they who cannot read, can listen (as is, we fancy, the case in most English pot-houses) and we are told this with the author's characteristic witty appropriation of a language usually consecrated to that absurd "religious form" distinguished by the name of prayer. "All who could read, took the book in turn; and those who could not, listened; *marked, learned, and inwardly digested.*"

There is even "a branch of literature" solely designed for the use and benefit of servants; "such as *Le Bon Berger*:" and we are desired to believe that this is "peculiar to France." Probably this lively lady may suppose the tracts of the "Cheap Repository" to be translations from the French of *La Fontaine* or *Marmontel*, and the "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain" to be stolen from "*Le Bon Berger*."

In the department of "eminent and literary characters," we were not at all surprised to meet with "the *sublime* Volney," who discovered in his "*Ruines des Empires*," that religion was the destroyer of nations; and this is called by our author "drawing a political moral from fallen columns, and teaching lessons from stones:" and his "intellect" is said to be "*noble* in its observation;" a phrase which we shall not affect to comprehend; and "*just*, even when *fanciful*, in its inferences;" which we presume to mean, both accurate and chimerical, and to refer to his ingenious refutation of the historian Tacitus, respecting the personal existence of Jesus Christ, by resolving the gospel history into astronomic allegory. We are happy to hear from Lady Morgan that he is about to carry the same spirit of "noble observation" and visionary accuracy into the Old Testament. The astronomical method, which, unfortunately for the originality of the sublime Mr. Volney, had been often employed to explain the heathen mythology, is now found to be the true key to the Mosaic history: Abraham is detected to have been only a brilliant constellation; and Moses, Bacchus; or the sun. That *Bacchus* was *MOSES*, disguised by fabulous tradition, the original Mr. Volney must have heard, though Lady Morgan seems ignorant of the matter. But Mr. Volney's ingenuity consists in

making out *Moses* to be *Bacchus*. The philosophic authoress candidly doubts whether this "new reading" will obtain "a patient hearing from a world, which at the present moment seems but little inclined to countenance innovation." What a pity!

The house of Monsieur Denon is described with a pretty confusion of metaphor, and in something of our author's religious taste, "as the little *Loretto* of the arts, where the high-priest frequently supersedes the divinities at whose altars he presides."

An ingenious idea is started of France "sending out some specimens of her national character into other countries." We believe she has done so before; and the countries have very ungratefully felt eager to return them on her hands. Mr. Denon, however, is proposed as one of the new representatives of France. As a man of science, he would, we hope, meet with a respectful welcome, if our "abundant bile" and "saturnine humour" allowed us to distinguish scientific merit. But it is not for his science that Lady Morgan would send him out to us; it is for his united gaiety and sensibility; whose power "over the shocks of time and accident" is in Mr. Denon so delightfully exhibited: and then follows a passage which we cannot omit, as it illustrates the great advantages of having served an apprenticeship as a novel-writer:

"Oh! where may that blessed charm he sought, which can thus fling over the pensive evening of life the sunny brightness of its morning! which nourishes the heart's young warmth through the successive lustres of passing years!—feeds the unwasted spirits to their last flash, and seems unextinguishable only by that power which stills the vital throb, and quenches the ethereal flame together."

Among the poets, with whom the saturnine people of England have not yet the good fortune to be acquainted, mention is made of *Parny*. Lady Morgan somewhere talks of Mr. Moore being the undisputed first genius among our poets. True—for Mr. Moore wrote *Little's Poems*: and we did hear something of a certain "Philosophy of Pleasure:" a didactic system of "elegant voluptuousness," which some awkward English blushes of compunction deterred the poet from unfolding to the eye of day. Enough, however, has seen the light to justify our fair writer's encomium: for what are the dull epics or musings in verse, the "*Roderics*" or the "*Recluses*," compared with the love-odes and love-ballads of Erin's *Anacreon*?—Now "*Parny* is the French *Little*:" with precisely the shades of difference that might have been expected. In the schemes of laciviousness which under so many various forms of literature are made to suit the taste of that "primitive people," blasphemy is always mixed up with lewdness. *Parny* had not the compunctious blushes of Mr. Moore, and has dashed in the face of the world the filth of his

impurity and the venom of his impiety. We were once startled at hearing a sentimental young lady, who penned stanzas about love and friendship when she should have been "mending her stockings," speak in praise of "*Rochester's Poems*." We did not ask her if she had read them. Will Lady Morgan venture to state that she has *read* the "Poems" of *Parny*? We are acquainted with Miss Owenson's poetical abilities: will Lady Morgan venture to say that she will *translate* *Parny*?

Among the female writers of France, the author particularly selects Madame de Stael, as a writer "from whom she has received infinite pleasure, and as a woman, infinite pride." To the talents of Madame de Stael we have ourselves borne witness: but we fancy she had an additional claim to the admiration of Lady Morgan, as the satirist of English manners, and the author of the infamous *Delphine*. The author, on inquiring for Madame de Genlis, was told that she "*s'est jettée dans la religion*." "*The throwing oneself into religion*," conveys an excellent idea of a French woman's devotion:

"A youth of pleasure, an old age of beads."

For Madame de Genlis, however, we have not a little respect: her talents have been often rendered subservient to purposes of moral utility: but she is still a Frenchwoman; and we are tempted to copy the scene of her religious retirement, which the author describes with evident admiration, and with congenial taste:

"Her apartment (in the convent of the Carmelites) might have answered equally for the *oratory of a saint* or the *boudoir of a coquette*. Her blue silk draperies, her alabaster vases, her fresh-gathered flowers, and elegant Grecian couch, breathed still of this world: but *the large crucifix*, (that image of suffering and humility,) which hung at the foot of that couch; the devotional books that *lay* mingled with *lay* works, and the chaplets and rosaries which hung suspended from a wall where her lute vibrated, and which her paintings adorned, indicated a vocation before which genius *lay* subdued, and the *graces* forgotten. On showing me the *pious relics* which enriched this *pretty cell*, Madame de Genlis pointed out to my admiration a *Christ on the cross*, which hung at the foot of her bed. It was so celebrated for the beauty of its execution, that the Pope had sent for it when he was in Paris, and BLESSED it, ere he returned the sad and holy representation to its distinguished owner; and she *naturally* placed great value on a *beautiful* rosary, which had belonged to Fénelon, and which that ELEGANT SAINT had worn and prayed over till a few days before his death."

We can supply a comment on the edifying *retraite* of Madame de Genlis, in the intelligence that this *elegant* recluse has since

"thrown herself" back into the world, and is no longer employed in "copying all the plants mentioned in the Bible."

We cannot stuff our pages with gossip, or aid this airy lady's vanity by trumpeting her intimacies with people whom *she* thinks great persons: and we are willing to spare *her* the mortification, and ourselves the drudgery, of hunting her through her odd blunders of historic dates, and stripping her pretensions bare by the exposure of her school-girl ignorance of names. The best part of the book (for we would be "candid where we can") is the chapter on the French drama: and we do not think the worse of her judgment of *Racine*, because it offends against the canon of continental taste. But even here—on a subject where she certainly shows a degree of taste and cleverness, she cannot help being now and then superficial and absurd: and talks dogmatically of "comedy being founded on the truth of nature, and tragedy on her violation and extravagance:" and this is the same person who really appears to have some feeling of Shakspeare's excellencies in poetic imagery and sentiment, and the philosophy of human passion. How Lady Morgan came to appreciate Shakspeare we are excessively at a loss to understand; and we almost entertain a hope that she may at last be brought to read the lamentation of David over Jonathan and Saul, with other purpose than that of ribaldrous and unfeeling parody. "This admirable author," says the excellent Addison of Shakspeare, "as well as the best and wisest men of all ages and all nations, seems to have had his mind thoroughly seasoned with *religion*: as appears from many passages in his plays that would not be suffered by a modern audience." Can Lady Morgan suffer them?

Such is "France;" a work prefaced by indignant complaints of imputations cast upon the excellent author's character, as a writer of "licentiousness, profligacy, irreverence, blasphemy, libertinism, disloyalty, and atheism." We have no appetite for the doctor's Appendices.

The habit of scribbling and publishing is wonderfully favourable to confidence. Lady Morgan had scribbled and published some showy novels, into which she sometimes contrived to throw a certain interest of plot and grotesque wildness of character: but which were full of mincing affectations in language, and of sentiments and descriptions which were sometimes, to speak soberly, a little, or *not* a little, meretricious. Intoxicated with the increase of her own petty woman's vanity, and fluttering in every nerve with the ambition of blazing forth in print as a philosophical tourist, she posts to France with her tablets in her hand, under an engagement to make a book in the shortest possible time; and casting a giddy eye around her, imagines

that she has thoroughly read the character of a foreign nation, and acquired a right to vilify and asperse the manners and institutions of her own. Her flippant and frivolous loquacity, and the conceited jargon of her style, would not alone have led us to contribute towards lifting her into consequence: but she has dared to pollute with the drivellings of her folly that venerable book, whose words that "breathe and burn" have never impressed her imagination, and whose inner sense has failed to awaken her heart. She has written for the meridian of that country, where to be ashamed of the name of Christ would be a natural passport to fashionable and scientific society; and she has deserved its approbation. She has fallen down before the feet of the French BAAL: and renounced the faith and feelings, the lovely national predilections, the amiable prejudice and graceful patriotism, of a British woman. Fashion and busy idleness, and the fondness for gossiping anecdote and calumnious jest, have given her book a momentary reputation: but it has nothing in common with the literary habits, the tastes, and the principles of that domestic circle whose privacy she has profaned, and whose national and chastened enjoyments she has covered with unseemly ridicule. Therefore it is—that we have held her book up to the disgust of the modest, the horror of the pious, and the ridicule of the wise.

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#### ART. XVII.—ON THE POOR LAWS.

1. *Report of the Lords' Committees, on the Poor Laws; with Minutes of Evidence.* Ordered to be printed 10th July, 1817.
2. *Report from the Select Committee on the Poor Laws: with the Minutes of Evidence taken before the Committee; and an Appendix.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed 4th July, 1817.
3. *Dissertation on the Poor Laws.* By the late Rev. Jos. Townsend. Republished, 1817.

THE general distress of the last two years, which perhaps never was equalled in a country civilized like ours, and spared by Providence from the devastations of war, has naturally turned all eyes upon the causes, moral or political, which appear to have contributed towards it; and the result has been a very general conviction that the Poor Laws, as now administered, are

the main source and root of the mischief. "At the present moment every one feels how much they aggravate the other difficulties of the country. But great as it is, this evil is not the greatest which these laws produce. They are still more pernicious in their moral than in their financial operation. They have already done much to vitiate the habits, disposition, and character, of a very large portion of our people; and they have disordered the frame of society itself, by weakening among its different parts the mutual relations and feelings of benevolence and attachment." (Preface to Townshend's Dissert. p. vi.)

Partaking strongly of these sentiments, which we have expressed on former occasions; and trusting that the time now approaches, when, owing to the revival of trade and confidence, and the decreasing price of the necessaries of life, some remedy may be safely applied to the radical and growing disease; we shall make no apology for entering somewhat fully upon the subject, and availing ourselves of those lights which the wisdom of parliament, by publishing the Minutes of the Evidence laid before them, has held up for the use of the community.

We do not however agree with those writers who disapprove in toto of all legal provision for the impotent or destitute poor. In a simple state of society, or in a thinly peopled country, the primitive custom of voluntary contributions at the church-door might suffice for the relief of its indigent members. But, as we find observed by the Committee of the General Assembly in Scotland (where this custom is still laudably maintained), it is clear that in extensive parishes and crowded towns, in which the accommodation provided for the inhabitants in the parish-church bears no proportion to the population, a legal assessment seems to be inevitable, as long as, in defiance of repeated calls from the public, and in neglect of the best interests of the people entrusted to their direction, government allows this state of things to continue unredressed. Neither does it appear to us that either principle, or experience, would lead to the belief that the evils which we now feel and lament, and attribute to the operation of the poor laws, arise actually, or must arise necessarily, from the continuance of a legal and compulsory assessment in favour of the infirm, or aged, or orphan poor. In all populous countries we must be prepared to expect a large amount of distress, disease, and indigence: some the consequence of unavoidable misfortunes, and much more the consequence of vices, upon which the general laws of Providence infallibly inflict a temporal as well as a future chastisement. Without stopping then to argue, whether it is best that this distress should be entitled to legal relief, or be left to exercise the virtue of

voluntary and individual charity, we are content to take that part of our laws as we find it established, and interwoven with the habits of the community. In fact, we are of opinion, though a strong case might be easily made out on the other side, that, before the commencement of the revolutionary war, the evils and advantages of the poor-rates were pretty equally balanced; that the objections against them were very much the consequence of mismanagement of one sort or other; and that if nearly the same attention had been employed upon the subject which their subsequent increase and present magnitude have rendered indispensable, and no alteration had taken place in the general mode of administering relief, most of the existing evils would have been obviated, and there would have been no just foundation for complaints like those we now hear, no pressure like that which now threatens to involve the richest country of the world in universal pauperism.

Until the period to which we have alluded, the parish workhouse was a resource for the aged, and impotent, and destitute; was a place of confinement for the disorderly and idle: and an object of terror to the able and industrious. The out-door relief was confined to occasional assistance during temporary illness, or the woman's confinement; to the payment perhaps of a third or half the rent of the cottage in cases of large families; and to a small weekly allowance to a few infirm persons of good character, who made up the rest of their support by such trifling works of industry as they were able to perform. Some encroachments no doubt were made from time to time, and in peculiar situations, on these general principles of public relief: but no man in health and work ever thought of applying for regular parochial pay; and no artificial encouragements having disturbed in any material degree the general adaptation of the supply to the demand for labour, want of work was not a common case. Thinking people, it is true, even then foresaw that the principle of the poor laws was fundamentally wrong, and had a tendency to create the distress it professed to remove; and particularly, they argued that the idea of providing employ at the public expense was contrary to the soundest rules of justice and policy. But in fact this part of the act of Elizabeth had not then been called into extensive operation, and went little further than the wholesome purpose of keeping those collected in the workhouse employed; while the discipline, the disgrace, and we may add the misery of the workhouse itself, acted the useful part of stimulating industry, and encouraging independence, as long as the alternative of entering it, or of providing self-support, was left by the legislature, enforced by the parish, and required by the magistrate. The principle of the poor laws, no

doubt, has the radical fault of assuming, or establishing, the right of the poor, that is, as it may turn out, of the whole community, to employment and support at the expense of the community, which is evidently absurd; still, however, five-and-twenty years ago this principle had not practically produced the effect which it is calculated to produce, though it had been considered as law above 200 years; and had not prevented the state of society in England from exhibiting the most flattering appearances at the commencement of the revolutionary war.

The very great price of the necessaries of life, but more particularly of bread-corn, during the whole of the year 1795, produced a general and extraordinary demand for parochial assistance; which was granted at that time, not only to the infirm and impotent, but to the able-bodied and industrious, who had few of them ever applied to the parish for relief, and that only during temporary illness and disability. It was at this season of acknowledged difficulty that the county magistrates, first in Berkshire, and afterwards in other parts of the middle and south of England, agreed to relieve the poor according to a general and uniform scale, regulated by the price of bread;\* and issued a table, which professed to show, at one view, what *should be* the weekly income of the industrious poor; which it fixed in a certain ratio, according to the price of bread, and the size of the family. Whatever the man's labour produced less than this imperious table, was made up by the parish; and an act to enforce compliance was subsequently passed by the legislature, empowering the justices, under certain conditions, to order relief out of the workhouse: 36 Geo. 3. c. 23.

The magistrates with whom this plan originated were, no doubt, actuated by feelings of humanity. The evil they had to contend with was pressing: the price of food was rapidly rising, and the wages of labour bore no proportion to that rise; so that a man's weekly pay was clearly insufficient to support his family. The crisis, too, was a formidable one: discontent and insubordination existed very widely: and it was justly thought that if real were added to imaginary evil, and hunger sharpened the exacerbations of previous ill temper, the peace of the community would be seriously endangered. The people had been often taught that revolution would make their condition better; and if it became clear, that nothing could make it worse, no slight additional force would be given to the arguments of the evil-disposed and discontented. In these difficult circumstances two modes of administering relief lay before them; one was a compulsory augmentation of the wages of labour, to meet the existing case,

\* See Sir Frederick Eden, vol. i. p. 579, &c.



which they were empowered to raise by a statute 5 Eliz. c. 4. since (we believe) repealed: the other was the enlargement of parochial aid, in the way we have described. Of two plans, both radically bad, it would be hazardous to decide which might have been followed with less permanent evil to society. "What had been, is unknown: what is, appears." From the publication and general adoption of this mode of legal relief, we confidently date the deterioration of our lower classes, the increase of our public burdens, and the derangement of supply and demand in all the numerous departments of industry. First, what shall we think of the principle of a scheme, which undertakes to declare what *should be* the income of a labourer: without reference either to the work he does, or the work he is able to do, or the work which is wanted by the community? which, moreover, determines that income by the price of the gallon loaf of standard wheaten bread; and which, therefore, supposes in itself the power of compelling the production of an equal quantity of wheaten bread in all seasons, if only a higher money price be paid for it. Next, consider the neglect of justice. Labourers are avowedly to be supported by the public: therefore, to set the public interests on fair grounds, their whole earnings ought to be thrown into a general fund, that the overplus of one man's wages might be applied to the wants of another:—no such thing: the single man, or the good workman, earns 5 or 10 shillings more than he is supposed by the table to want, while the same sum is given to the man with a family from the public, in order to make up what *should be* his income. We shall not be supposed to recommend a general fund, in making this remark: but it is clear that nothing else could render the system equitable; and, in point of fact, the plan now acted upon is calculated to reduce all wages to the lowest sum necessary for the support of a single man; and will effect this ere long, if generally extended and persisted in.

The custom, thus fatally introduced about the year 1795, has, by degrees, established itself in the agricultural districts of half the kingdom, and is rapidly spreading. That its nature may be fully understood, we will explain to our readers its actual operation. In a district of Hampshire, with which we have local acquaintance, the practice is as follows:

Every labourer is presumed to require a gallon loaf, per head, for each member of his family, plus 1: i. e. 6 loaves for 5 persons. A. B. has a wife and 3 children. He requires 6 gallon loaves, costing, at the average price of last winter, 15s. But his wages are but 10s.; therefore, the parish supplies him with 5s. weekly. C. D. has a wife and 6 children. He requires 9 gallon loaves, or an income of 1*l.* 2s. 6*d.*; therefore his allowance from the parish is 12s. 6*d.* weekly. E. F. is so idle and dis-

honest that no one will employ him. But he has a wife and 5 children, and requires 8 gallon loaves for their support. His allowance, then, is 10s. in lieu of the wages which he ought to earn, and 10s. to make up the deficiency of these wages. He receives 1*l*. Twelve shilling rates in 7 months, in order to support this expenditure, have reduced the farmers to their last farthing, and no money remains in the overseer's hands. What is to be done? Distrain the farmer's stock.

Corollary 1. The man in the parish who is best off, is the worst and most useless character. The man who is next best provided, is the man with the largest family. Both are at their maximum of comfort when bread is at the highest price. The only man who feels the pressure is the industrious farmer who employs the labourer. "He rises early, and it is late before he can retire to his rest: he works hard and fares hard; yet, with all his labour and care, he can scarce provide subsistence for his numerous family. He could feed them better, but the prodigal must *first* be fed. He would purchase warmer clothing for them, but the children of the prostitute must *first* be cloathed." (Townshend, p. 9.)

Corollary 2. In this parish there is not a single labourer independent of parochial relief.

It must not, however, be imagined that this is a remarkable or single case. It is universal in the agricultural countries, with such trifling variations as the discretion of some magistrates, or the indiscretion of others, may have locally introduced. Mr. Bennett, a landed proprietor and magistrate in Wilts, declares, in evidence, that such has been the allowance, without any discrimination as to age or character, for 21 years past; and gives in a scale, which he had regulated himself, on a better principle, which he believes will be adopted throughout the west of Wiltshire. The system is essentially the same; it assesses the weekly income of the labourer, in an exact ratio, according to the size of his family. (Commons' Report, p. 89.)

This, then, is the sort of machinery which is going on, not in a single parish, or a single district, but throughout half the country, as will be heard, we doubt not, with surprise by very many of those who may cast their eyes upon this article: its effect is to render those who belong to it as dull and careless, and as far from voluntary agents, as the wheels in an engine: and thus it is, that a sort of slavery has been silently introduced into a land where slavery was hitherto unknown: and the tendency of the prevailing system, to bring all into a state of bondage, is so far understood, that those who are independent of parochial allowance, are distinguished as *freemen*; of which class, with shame and alarm we speak, in many parishes there is no remaining specimen.

I. We shall now advert to the consequences of this administration of the poor-rates. The first is, its expensiveness. When the plan was originally introduced, in 1795, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, being sensible of the extravagant ratio of relief awarded by the table, called several individuals together, and requested them (this was during the highest price of bread) to state their actual wants, according to their utmost desires, saying that he would satisfy them. The allowance demanded by the labourers themselves, in five recorded cases, amounted together to 21*l.* 16*s.* 2*d.* The allowance awarded by the justices, according to the size of the families, amounted together to 37*l.* 4*s.* 3*d.* Here, therefore, the parish at large, had the justices' regulations taken place, according to the directions laid down in the table, would have paid to its labourers 15*l.* 8*s.* 1*d.* per annum, not only beyond their necessities, but even beyond their desires.

Again, it is the system of the magistrates not to take any account of the woman's and children's earnings. This appears from many of the witnesses in the reports. We extract an instance. Mr. Williams, overseer of Burnham, in Bucks, is asked,

"Do you think that in any cases the wife and children earn as much as the husband? Very frequently.—And that is never taken into consideration? No, it is not.—A pauper, with 3 children, on going to a magistrate, would immediately have an order for the sum of sixpence a head weekly on the five persons; even if you were to make an inquiry yourself, and to state, that you thought it was more than he ought to have, the magistrates constantly order according to this rate? Yes.—Have you ever objected before the magistrates to that system, and desired them to inquire into the earnings of the wife and children? Repeatedly.—When one of those children comes to earn any thing, for instance, a boy driving a plough; do you continue to allow the half crown per week? If he is under 10 years of age.—Is this relief given without an order from the magistrates? Always with an order." (Lords' Reports, p. 36.)

We should have felt inclined to add one more question. Is it in the forest of Dean, or among the wilds of Stane-moor, that this system is pursued? No: in the most civilized part of England; and within 20 miles of the metropolis.

The fact is, that any system professing to interfere with wages and expenses, must be in the highest degree wasteful. The only possible way in which it could be carried on without ruin to the community, would be that of personal inquiry in every instance. The nature of the case puts this out of the question; therefore the magistrates of a district agree to adopt a certain scale, according to some or other of the calculations we have quoted; and this general rule leads to extravagance of this sort, of which we quote an instance from personal knowledge. A man

appears before the bench, and demands an order for relief, having no employ. He is ordered 10s., it being *the rule* of the bench to allow this sum to all unemployed men. This man, with a wife and 2 children has an income of 1l. 6s., his wife gaining 10s. weekly, and one of his children 6s.; he himself receiving 10s. more from the public as a premium on idleness; it being *the rule* of the district not to "take the earnings of the wife and children into consideration."

Once more, on this important head of expensiveness. The family, it was seen in the Hampshire scale, was supposed to require a gallon loaf a-piece weekly, plus one. For a grown up family of working persons, this would be a low calculation. But when the family consists of many small children, what is given as bread-money will not be expended in bread, but will place a larger sum of money at the command of the father for the purposes of dissipation; and however proper it may be that a man who gains his living by the sweat of his brow should have the privilege of dissipating his earnings as he pleases, we never yet heard it recommended that the *public* money ought to be expended on private vice and extravagance; as at the best, only a part of it will come back to the treasury through the medium of the excise.

According to the scale, too, it seems agreed that a man with 3 children cannot be supported when the gallon loaf is at 2s. 6d. under 15s. per week. Mr. Wilshire, speaking of the same period, says that he had computed that such a family might be supported on the lowest rate of labour in his parish, which was 9s. per week, or 9d. per day for each individual. Being asked in what manner he would lay it out, he justly answers, "I think they would lay it out much better than I can." But having ascertained by inquiry and personal examination that in many cases a man, his wife, and from 3 to 5 children were supported upon his earnings of 10, 11, or 12s. per week without assistance from the parish, he laid it down as a rule not to order for a family in health more than would make up 1s. 9d. weekly for every one of the family; feeling it his duty to provide that parochial allowance should not exceed the lowest rate at which a *free man* could support himself and his children. Whereas we have heard of other magistrates, who were inclined to *lay out*, as well as to award the money of the public, gravely calculating the necessary expenditure of a single man, article by article, including soap and tobacco; and ending in 17s. 4d. per week as the *minimum*.

The last instance of expensiveness which we mean to add, though by no means the only one unnoticed, is that of taking the ratio of support from the highest price of wheaten bread. Viewed as a matter of political economy this is the worst of evils, as well as the greatest absurdity; because it goes upon the sup-

position that a quarter, or a third, or any degree of deficiency below the average crops need make no difference in the consumption. But that is not our present concern. When the poor are suffered to manage for themselves, the poor like the rest of mankind diminish their consumption of the article which is dear, and thus contribute unawares to the general arrangement of things which equalizes the supply and the demand: therefore when wheat is dear, i. e. scarce, they substitute other food in lieu of it. This, according to the reigning system, they have no inducement to do; and therefore the parish supports them at double the price at which they would support themselves, and has no other return than the satisfaction of paying at least a fourth more for its own bread, than would be the current price if things were allowed to take their natural channel.

II. We come now to the injustice of this system. To say nothing of the advantage it gives to the impudent and daring over the humble and unobtrusive character, and to shameless beggary over industrious independence, and often to imposture over honesty; we may be easily aware, that it varies the circumstances of men who were born in the same class according to the district in which they may happen to reside; according as the magistrates of that district agree to act; according to the table they may have adopted; according to the personal inquiry they may choose to make, before they issue an order for relief; in short, according to the views they may take of their own duty and of public expediency. For example, even out of the little evidence which we have already quoted, it appears that a man has only to bring 3 or 4 children up to lace-making, by which they may gain 2s. a week each, and to send his wife to field labour, at which she may earn 5s., and then to disencumber himself of his employer by idleness or impertinence, in order to spend a guinea a week at his ease, if he happens to live within the district of those convenient magistrates to whom Mr. Williams, as he states, has "repeatedly" appealed in vain. But should this family be removed into another district, within the sphere of personal inquiry, they would find themselves in a very different situation; where the magistrate is only "in the habit of ordering relief, in addition to the wages, to a person with a large family, very cautiously and sparingly, and not till he is convinced that they have not the means of subsistence without." The jealousies and discontents which arise when these different habits exist in the neighbourhood of each other, may be easily conceived. A man readily reconciles himself to the circumstances incident to the condition in which he was born, and common to others in the same condition.

" Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,  
He sees his little lot the lot of all: "

But as soon as this feeling of equality is removed, the necessity which before acted as a reconciler seems to be withdrawn, and murmurings and repinings take the place of every better principle. We have known many parishes in which complaints were multiplied an hundred-fold merely by the introduction of this novel system of bread-money.

On a larger scale, and in a much heavier degree, this injustice acts against the manufacturer in favour of the agricultural labourer; against the grazing in favour of the arable farmer; and against the inhabitant of the town in favour of the villager. Manufacturers are necessarily collected into towns. But it would be positively impracticable that this system of relief, according to the size of families and the price of bread, should be extended to them; because it would be impossible to collect the necessary sums. In some county parishes last winter many families received from 15s. to 1*l.* 5s. per week. But the largest sum allowed in Spitalfields and other parishes in London was 5s.; even though the overseers acknowledge that this pittance was wholly insufficient for the support of a family, they plead the irresistible argument, the impossibility of collecting more. In Manchester, Mr. Evans states that in ordering relief, he limited himself to half a crown a head. But on going a little further into the evidence it appears that the limit was set much lower in practice. Mr. Welsby, the overseer, mentions that he had visited, a few days before, a family 13 in number, whose whole income was not above 21s. per week. "What had they from the parish? 12s." In the country, as we have seen, they would have received double. So also as to Birmingham: in reply to the question: "What is the usual allowance for each person in family? A widow is allowed about 2s., latterly they have not allowed more than 1s. 6*d.*; but in some families it has not been more this winter than 1s. a head; in some cases, in large families, it has been less than that." (Lords' Report, p. 136.)

In every respect therefore the existing system is hard upon the manufacturer. The redundant population, which it creates in the villages, crowds into the neighbouring town, and diminishes his just rate of wages by competition for employ; and when this competition has sunk wages below the support of a family, the multitude who have occasioned the evil prevent its being effectually relieved. Whereas the average ratio of wages is of no more consequence to the *married* labourer in many country parishes, than its rate in Hindostan. He is independent of the price of labour; he is independent, as we saw before, of the price of food; and never could it be exclaimed more justly,

O! fortunati nimium, sua si bona norint,  
Agricolæ!

But alas! there has been a limit to the duration of every golden age, and we shall show by and by that this must also come to its period.

The injustice of the system is still more striking in the case of the contributors to this compulsory charity. The feelings of our nature in general beat strongly in unison with the Divine remark, "it is more blessed to give than to receive;" and, without doubt, the tendency of Scripture goes to encourage this feeling; and enjoins its disciples, while they are not above voluntary assistance in their *occasional* distress, to be *regularly* dependent on Providence alone. All this, however, is reversed by the system we are acting upon. Those who are constantly supported on parish pay are infinitely better off than a large proportion of those who contribute; they are certain of receiving, as long as there is any capital stock on which a distress can be levied; but the power of paying in the others depends upon their customers, and on many contingent circumstances: the pauper also is secure in the possession of his effects; those of the contributor are daily liable to be seized. The pauper too can afford to live better, and to spend more on his family or *himself* throughout the year, than the petty tradesman, or small annuitant, or the renter of a little land, or many others in that humble but useful class immediately above the common labourer. How few families in that rank can afford to expend a guinea per week in the necessities of life! Therefore it is upon them that a scarcity falls heavy; they are the persons who must diminish their consumption; they are the persons who feel the revulsions of trade and the increase of taxes; their families must commute bread for potatoes, while their *pauper* neighbours, are living in comparative plenty. To share your own loaf with him who is without one, is the utmost demand of Christian charity; to pinch your own family that others may feel no necessity of contracting their expenditure, is the condition in which the administration of the poor-rates places a considerable part of the community. This is put in a very just light by the evidence of a most considerate magistrate before the House of Lords.

"In cases, where a man, though an able-bodied man, cannot find employment, and you are satisfied that he cannot, or that he has such a number of children, that he cannot support them by the labour of his body, you relieve him? I have always recommended the parish officers to find some work, and to pay them lower wages than were usually paid to other men.—You do not in such cases compel the poor man to sell his furniture before you relieve him? No; certainly not.—In no instance that ever occurred in your experience do you ever say, 'Before I relieve you I will make you sell your furniture and effects?' Never.—But if a man has to contribute to the relief of the poor, and

from loss of trade, or from the pressure of children, he is not able to pay his rates, you sell his furniture and effects? I have been compelled to sign a warrant of distress.—So that when a man from the want of employment, which he used to have before, or from the pressure of children, is not able to pay his rate, you sell his property to relieve the man who keeps his furniture and effects? It is so.—Then, is not the pauper that is relieved in a much better condition than the pauper who contributes? He is so far in a better condition, that what he possesses is more secure to him.—In consequence of many, who are put upon the rates not being able to pay, the rates are increased for those who are able to pay? That would follow, but the bulk of the rates in the districts, in which I act, are upon farms, and it is not often that the rates on farms have been lost. You know that there are various instances of the rates being raised very high from arrears uncollected? Yes, I do know instances, in which the farmer has run away, and left the rate to be paid by those who remained.—Then those who continue to be able to pay, though perhaps with great distress, are obliged to pay, not only for those paupers who are relieved, but for those paupers who cannot pay? They are: in some parts of Cambridgeshire I believe the pressure has been very great in consequence of the failure of tenants, and their farms remaining unoccupied.” (Lord’s Com. p. 25.)

So in the evidence from Bermondsey.—“Does the parish enforce payment, by distress, wherever there are effects to be found? Yes, we do.” (P. 12.)

We shall not, of course, be understood to wish that the pauper’s effects should be also seized; our only object is to show the extreme injustice to which the system naturally leads; and not in an accidental or single instance only, but in the ordinary and every-day operation of the existing laws.

III. We shall next advert to the impolicy of a system which strikes at the root of national industry and frugality. Whatever may be thought by believers in human perfection, men will work, not as they ought to work for the interest of society, but as they must work for their own interest; they may be easily reconciled to the necessity of labour, but they will only labour according to their necessity. There are a few distinguished, though very wearisome situations which ambition may keep filled; there are some other occupations interesting in themselves, which on that very account will be remunerated at lower rate, than those of a different nature; but the great proportion of the business of society will only be done, because it must be done. The splendour of high office may keep a minister in the treasury, a chancellor on the woolsack, or a chief justice at his tribunal; but the clerk at his desk, and the attorney in his office will labour five hours in the day or ten, exactly according as he is paid for five



or ten hours. So the amusement belonging to rural improvements, and the cheerfulness attending moderate occupation, may turn the owner into the occupier of the land, and make the landed proprietor his own bailiff; but the labourer under him must have a different and a stronger stimulus, or the spade and the flail will stand still.

Now the immediate effect of parochial provision is to remove this stimulus, and to diminish the quantity of work performed in exact proportion. A labourer, in the natural course of things, and before the system introduced of late years, when his family increases or the price of provisions is raised, meets the difficulty by additional labour. In the higher walks of life this is indispensable: take the clergy for instance, who, because the average income of the church is absolutely inadequate to the support of the labourers in the church, have been obliged more and more to maintain themselves by adding the business of education to their professional avocations. In other countries too this is indispensable. It appeared by a former Report of evidence before the House of Lords, that prudent persons in Scotland were in the habit of postponing such improvements as were not of immediate necessity to a *dear year*; when the labourers being forced to work over hours, labour was of course to be had at a lower rate, owing to the increased competition. In places where the payment of bread-money has not yet been generally established, this is still indispensable. Such is Bushy, as appears by the Reports, under the excellent management of Mr. Vivian. About 18s. he states, is the average of weekly earnings.

“Is that competent to the maintenance of a family? No; a man with a family hardly ever is a day labourer unless he gets a good place; he does task-work.—What do you suppose an individual with task-work gets? Frequently a guinea—Is the increased work done by that individual in proportion to the increased amount he receives? I suppose so; or the employer would not employ him.” (Minutes of Evidence, House of Commons, p. 79, 82.)

On the other hand, it seems that the Justice's Table was introduced at Chertsey, about four months before the evidence was given. Mr. Lacoste was asked,

“Was application made to the parish committee, in consequence of that scale being fixed? Yes.—Had you an increased number of applicants, in consequence of that scale? Yes, we think we had.—Can you state at all the effect it had? No: I know an instance myself where a man was at work and earned 18s. a week, and another man who lived next door to him was at work, and had 12s.; and after the scale was settled by the magistrates, the man did not go to work in the usual way, but worked easier, and the money was made up by the parish.—Then the effect that it had was making men less industrious?

We think so.—Has it actually had that effect? Yes." (Minutes, House of Commons, p. 110.)

These are merely confirmations from experience of what every body knew before from the nature of mankind.

Any system, moreover, is in the highest sense impolitic, which tends to diminish frugality. When Hume wrote, it was true, "that all prospect of success in life, or even of tolerable subsistence, must fail, where a reasonable frugality is wanting. The heap instead of increasing, diminishes daily, and leaves its possessor so much more unhappy, as not having been able to confine his expenses to a large revenue, he will still less be able to live contentedly on a small one."\* But this natural order of things is subverted, when the "tolerable subsistence" of the labourer ceases to bear any relation to his frugality. As our system allows him to be as idle as he pleases, so it also allows him to be as improvident and extravagant as he pleases, without feeling the appointed punishment of either. We have on former occasions expressed ourselves strongly, as to this effect of the poor laws on the moral habits, and now that we are pressed by so much other matter, we shall only quote a few striking corroborations of that opinion.

"Is there any difference in the amount of labour, which the married and single men are willing to do in consequence of this system? We find that the married men are very idle; in consequence they leave the parish to protect them.—Has the parish endeavoured to make any distinction between the industrious and the idle among those to whom they afford relief? We have applied to the magistrates of the district to that effect, but they always insist on the advance being made." (Lords' Committee, p. 35.) "I went down with some of the larger renters of the parish, and made an alteration, adding to some and reducing others; but the magistrates ordered they should have so much per head, whether they worked or not." (Ibid. p. 111.) "Is not the difficulty of investigation productive of habits of idleness among the lower classes? I apprehend it is, to a considerable extent: in the course of the last year frauds and misrepresentations have been discovered in not less than one hundred cases." This is in Manchester. (Ibid. p. 109.) "Do you consider this mode of relief as tending to the encouragement of early marriages? I think most unquestionably so: applications for relief are frequently made by a young couple not much above twenty, having a single child." (Ibid. p. 109.)

IV. We have reserved for the last point of consideration, the most serious evil of all, that universal pauperism towards which the present system is quickly leading, and in which, unless a timely stop is put to it, it cannot fail to end. The natural relation between supply and demand, in regard to population, cannot be

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\* *Essays*, vol. ii. p. 285.

deranged, without bringing the whole fabric of society into danger. The time is over when we can be told that riches and populousness go hand in hand: it is true, a thinly-peopled society cannot be positively rich; but we have seen and felt that an over-peopled society may be comparatively much poorer: the mass of its labourers will suffer more from distress and want; whenever the people increase faster than the funds for employing labour. This is the description of an over-peopled country, without any reference to the actual numbers: it may be as applicable to a state containing a million, as to ten or a hundred millions of inhabitants. In the language of political economy, labour is subsistence, because subsistence is the price of labour. Indeed the popular language implies the same. You meet a man who tells you (the occurrence is but too frequent) that he has left home, in search of employ, a fortnight, or a month, or two months; and has done but one, or two, or half a dozen days' work since; this is only another way of saying, that all the rest of that time he has had no other than casual support; he understands the expression so himself, and he means you so to understand him. A man who is without employ is virtually without support; and to increase faster than the demand for labour, is to increase faster than subsistence. Whether the subsistence might be procured from the soil or not, is no matter; the funds to procure it are at present wanting: and a multitude of willing hands may starve in the mean time.

In the natural order of things the case of a society increasing too fast cannot occur. Some part of the community will be pushed to distress and indigence in all countries; but this happens from the misfortunes to which mankind are subject, and the vicious conduct in which they indulge; and may exist to a considerable extent, whilst it could not be argued that the country was over-peopled. This state can only arise from some subversion of the natural course, either by external hostility or domestic administration. Because the natural arrangement is, that a man and his family should depend upon himself; should be supported by his own personal exertions; and knowing this, he considers before he marries, whether the ordinary wages of labour, in his peculiar vocation, will support the probable expenses of a family; and if otherwise, he forbears to marry till he can either get more work, or has laid by some nest egg to assist his weekly earnings. Therefore the labourers, and the demand for labour, keep pace together, by a gentle and equable arrangement, which acts wherever mankind are so far civilised as to know the use of reason, and so prudently governed, as to be allowed to exercise it.

But as matters are now disposed in England, the question is not whether the parent can support his probable family, but

whether the parish will ; and the parish pledges itself, by allowed custom, to perform the parental duty, when it allots a regular addition to the wages of labour, in proportion to the number of children. Children are a treasure in America, because such is the demand for labour, that they can in very early life do more than maintain themselves ; and they are a treasure in many parishes in England, because, according to the *lex Julia*, established by the magistrates, they place more money at the disposal of the father.

It may be said, perhaps, that this is a very delightful state of things, and seems to realize the golden age : why should it not continue ?—To say nothing of the mistake of supposing that either happiness or virtue are thus promoted ;—for this plain reason, that it cannot continue ; it must destroy itself and the community which establishes or persists in maintaining it. Under all circumstances (we ought perhaps to except some countries very peculiarly situated) but certainly in all advanced societies, and under all such circumstances as we can be practically concerned in, it is the nature of population to increase beyond the funds destined for its support : the parish funds, however, or any other funds the state could employ, though not exactly defined, are necessarily limited by the ability of the payers : population therefore being unlimited, except by funds which are limited, must ultimately surpass those funds.

In these propositions the only one that admits of debate is that which asserts the tendency of population to surpass the funds by which it must be supported. But without entering deeply into the subject, this fact must appear plain to all who reflect on what they see around them, that there is no species of employ by which man can be supported which does not find claimants beyond the amount of the support it can furnish ; however unhealthy, or laborious, or degrading, or disagreeable, or precarious. Chimney-sweeping, scavenging, coal-heaving, mining, thieving, and begging, are all pursued beyond the possibility of maintenance ; all starve some of their followers. It appeared in evidence before the Committee on Mendicity, that the lowest class of beggars lived on the superfluous scraps disposed of by the higher.

But the experiment of supporting all who may demand eleemosynary maintenance has been too often made to render it necessary to resort to analogy. Catholic countries, in which the nature of benevolence is equally misunderstood as to its effect upon the giver and the receiver, afford, as might be supposed, the most striking proofs, that wherever gratuitous supplies of provision are furnished, the demands soon rise above the level of the supply, and if that is unlimited, increase in proportion. A sensible French traveller in Italy observes that there is scarcely

a day on which soup is not distributed at the gate of the principal convents at Rome to all who come to demand it: and that the facility of getting bread and soup and other alms at these religious houses has had the effect of making Rome the resort of idleness and mendicity. Still the traveller is offended by the multitude of beggars in every street, here as well as at Naples.\*

The famous Foundling Hospital at Paris is generally known. All children were received there, without limit or inquiry. Before the Revolution the number was annually 7 or 8000, or about half the children born in Paris, and was continually increasing. And how were the funds enabled to meet this growing expenditure? Only by the dreadful mortality of the hospital, which swallowed up nine-tenths of those entrusted within its walls.

The late Mr. Townshend's Travels in Spain abound with cases in point. Of Salamanca, he observes that, as the city has numerous convents, it might be expected that beggars would be numerous in proportion: and that though there is an hospicio, or general workhouse, for their reception, it is insufficient, because the funds are limited to 1,600*l.* per ann., and will only support about 450 paupers. At Oviedo, he describes an hospicio, the revenues of which were 4,000*l.* sterling; which also served as a foundling hospital: besides which refuge for the poor and their children, the bishop ordered 70 reals to be distributed at his gates every morning to all comers, and weekly pensions both to widows and orphans. In addition to all this, the canons scattered alms plentifully as they walked the street; and six convents administered bread and broth at noon, and a commodious hospital was ready to receive the sick and infirm. All these resources were too little, even among so small a population as 7,500 souls. "Notwithstanding all that has been done, (and what more in the way of charity can be devised?) beggars, clothed with rags, and covered with vermin, swarm in every street." We might multiply quotations without end from these valuable travels; but it must suffice to say that the same story is repeated at Malaga, Granada, Valencia, and Cadiz: and the same fact established, that indiscriminate alms only multiply misery.

The plan of a house of industry has been tried, even within our own neighbourhood, at Dublin, in which relief is given to all who apply, and the expense is not less than 50,000*l.* a year: and yet it is well known that there is no city in which mendicity or misery prevail in a greater degree than in the Irish capital.

But why should we cross the sea for proofs which may be found too readily nearer home? The increased and increasing burthen

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\* Lalande, *Voyage en Italie.*

of our own rates, to which we owe the labours of the Committee, and the Reports now under consideration, are a striking exemplification of the truth for which we contend. Notwithstanding the degradation of dependance; the liability to vexatious and often painful removals; the confinement of workhouses, and the murmurs of the reluctant dispensers of compulsory alms, to which an English pauper must submit, experience has made it very evident that as long as any public support can be relied on, the claimants for it will increase in number and importunity; and that if any limit is to be set to the demand, it must be sought for somewhere else than in the forbearance of the people or the decrease of dependant poverty.

Already has the claim, in very many instances, exceeded the available funds: and melancholy representations to this effect were the primary cause of the sittings of the Committees. In numerous and extensive districts it has proved impossible for the contributor to furnish the quota which the necessities of those without labour, and therefore without support, demanded. In large towns admission into the work and alms-houses, once dreaded as the last resource of hopeless indigence, has been courted as a boon and accepted as a favour; as a favour which it was impossible to extend to all by whom it was earnestly entreated.

The sum total, certainly, of increase in the rates, as it appears by the tables appended to the Reports, is less considerable than may seem to justify these apprehensions. The annual expenditure on account of the poor alone, exclusive of county and other rates, was in the year ending Easter, 1803, 4,267,965*l.*—for England and Wales: at the corresponding period, 1815, 5,072,028*l.* But it must be remembered that the 12 intervening years were years of unexampled demand for men and every kind of labour: and also that owing to the heavy increasing burthen during the scarcities of 1800 and 1801, a remarkable improvement had taken place in the collection and disbursement of the parochial funds, to so great a degree that any future diminution cannot well be expected in the management, and can only arise from a change of system. Under these circumstances the annual expenditure ought to have become less and less, instead of increasing by a fifth of the whole amount.

But it was on the change which followed after the spring of 1815 that the effect of the system was clearly seen. Owing to an extraordinary demand, the population had been literally forced to meet the market; and like other forced plants proved weak and sickly, and unable to withstand the first unfavourable season. But though it is of little consequence what becomes of a few exotics raised for the purpose of luxury or amusement, population ought to be so firmly rooted as to bear a severe win-

ter as well as a mild one; scarcities and revulsions of trade will happen in all countries, and will not materially affect a nation like ours, unless artificial arrangements have impaired its natural strength. The farmer apportions his stock to the average produce of his land, and not to the extraordinary growth of an unusual season, which should be laid up, he knows, to meet the probable pressure of succeeding years.

The consequence of a less provident system is experienced, as we were just now observing, in the absolute failure of the ordinary resources in many districts, both manufacturing and agricultural. In Manchester, the relief given to the *out-door* poor increased within 10 years from 1805 to 14,000 instead of 8,000 per annum: and the whole expenditure, from 16,000 to 27,000, in the most moderate years; in dear seasons one-third more. The result is, 6,712 premises left empty; and above one-third of the whole assessment in 1816 given up as "not collectable," owing to the poverty of the occupiers.

In Birmingham, the increase in 10 years was one-third, being 20,000 in 1806, 30,000 in 1816. The extent of the funds has been since surpassed; there being at Easter, 1817, a weekly deficiency of 300*l*. "A higher rate in the pound, or more frequent collection, had been attempted, but it had not been equally productive." The annual value of the property assessed to the poor rates had been estimated by a regular surveyor at 114,665*l*. and the present rate of expenditure is 66,700*l*. (Minutes, p. 132; also Commons, p. 103, 105.)

The evidence from Coventry is to the same purpose:

"It will be impossible," the witness asserts, "to farm the lands in the parishes of Coventry with profit, if the present rates are to continue. I have been myself offered only 40*s*. an acre for land lying within a quarter of a mile of the town, which 3 years ago I could have let as high as 3*l*. 10*s*. Have you any means of increasing your assessment? No—I am assured there would be a total failure of means if they were rated higher than they are now. I beg to state to the committee that unless some relief be afforded by considering the poor as the poor of the county, and supported out of one common fund, or by enlarging the districts for the maintenance of the poor, the city of Coventry will be unable much longer to maintain its poor." (Minutes, p. 142, 150, 157.)

Of the neighbourhood of Dudley, Dr. Booker states, that in one parish several instances have come to his knowledge "where the proprietors have offered to surrender land to any person who would become tenant of it, provided he would pay the poor rates." (Lords' Report, p. 161.)

Of Bermondsey, Mr. Gaitskell says that he has "frequently attended to assist the officers in getting the rates, and summon-

ing up persons to answer why they did not pay them; and for the last three months had been very much distressed, by seeing persons who had paid for 20 or 30 years past, who could not pay, and were distressed beyond measure." (Minutes, p. 15.)

These, however, it may be thought, are solely manufacturing districts, and cannot furnish a just criterion for the kingdom at large. Neither is it possible that there should be so much distress universally as is concentrated in the towns of Birmingham or Manchester, during the season of a stoppage in trade. But it is our object to point out not a local or temporary case of difficulty, but the natural tendency of the system; and therefore it has been seen that we have not admitted the last year of extraordinary distress into our calculations. The necessary effect then of the system itself is by no means confined to manufacturing districts; but is already visible in the agricultural also, and in many of these, as in the towns we have hitherto considered, the poor's fund has reached its ultimatum.

That intelligent magistrate, Mr. Wilshire, says,

"Perhaps, if I am not going beyond what I ought to say, I should state that any system under which a man is to be entitled to claim relief, because he has not the means of supporting himself, must occasion an intolerable burden, and cannot very long go on.—What is your reason for thinking that it cannot very long go on? Because I think that the claims upon the public will be greater than can be answered; I think the population will increase, till there will not be the means of support.—You think that the population will increase faster than the means of support? Yes. I think the population will increase more rapidly than the means of support can be increased.—Do you mean beyond the means of support according to the present system of taxation upon lands and occupiers only? Beyond the means of support upon the present system sooner, but beyond any means of support ultimately." (Ibid. p. 27.)

Out of the very few cases which could possibly be brought before the Committees of the two Houses, we have several instances which verify the opinion thus formed by Mr. Wilshire, formed even in a district where his prudent management had essentially checked the progress of the evil he apprehends. In the moderate parish of Maidstone, the rates have increased since 1806 from 5s. to 8s. in the pound in 1815, and "those of the last year were not sufficient to cover the expenditure by at least 1,000*l.*" (P. 80.) In the parish of Midhurst, "the poor rates collected last year were at the rate of 25s. in the pound, and amounted to 2000*l.*" In the year 1803, they amounted to 776*l.* This great increase, under the present diminished means of the inhabitants, is full as much as the parish can bear: and indeed from the numerous defalcations in the payment of the last book



in March, the sum already exceeds the power of the parish to pay. More attention is now paid to these matters than formerly ; " this confirms what we before observed ; " but there is little prospect of any diminution in the expenses of maintaining the poor ; their numbers increase, whilst the resources of the inhabitants lessen. The parishes of Ibing, Farnhurst, and Lynchmore, are in as impoverished a state as this parish. In the two latter the rate is at 24s. in the pound, which has reduced the whole nearly to a state of insolvency." (P. 102.)

In the parish of Bocking, the charge amounts to 5000*l.* on 4000 acres of land, the general value of which is from 25s. to 30s. per acre. The witness is asked, " Have you any difficulty in levying your rate ? We have a great deal of difficulty in raising it, for many people find it extremely inconvenient to pay ; and the overseer told me last week that the difficulties were very great." (Minutes of the House of Commons, p. 106.)

The neighbouring parish of Halsted is in the same state. The witness is asked, " Does it appear to you that without some extraneous assistance your parish will be unequal to the support of the poor ? It does appear to me, that a very little increase will render the land productive of no rent at all.—In that case probably, a considerable part would be thrown out of cultivation ? Yes, it must of course be abandoned in that case." (Ibid. 126.)

Our readers will learn from these quotations, that the excess of the demand above the funds prepared to answer it is not merely a possible, or an imaginary, or a distant danger, but one which some districts have already experienced, and to which all districts are more or less rapidly approaching. There is scarcely a parish in a county where distraining for rates is not taking place ; and every distraining is an encroachment upon the national resources, and a conversion of capital into income. When a farmer is unable to pay his monthly assessment, and his stock is seized, what is this but to trench upon the principal for part of the annual expenditure ? We see and plainly understand what is likely to be the result when an individual does this ; and if a nation is but an aggregate of individuals, individual ruin must terminate in national ruin.

How near or how distant we may be from this wretched crisis, it is impossible to predict. Whenever the charge upon land for the maintenance of those who are not sufficiently *productive* labourers, i. e. who do not add enough to the annual produce of the country to support themselves, which charge is now gradually increasing every year, is so great that the land can no longer be cultivated with a profit, then of course it will be thrown up, as it has been already in some parts of Huntingdonshire and Cambridgeshire, and in the neighbourhood of Dudley, and as houses have been declared *empty* in the great manufacturing

towns. It evidently follows that in proportion as less land is cultivated, corn will be dearer, and the rates will become heavier on those who continue to pay; till by degrees the contributors will be annually contracted into a narrower and narrower circle, each step bringing some upon the rates for support who had before assisted to pay them, till the whole cement of society gives way, and the natural gradation of ranks and fortunes, on which its prosperity depends, is sunk and lost in national pauperism.

It would not have been thought that this crisis was the coinage of our own brain, after the positive evidence which was adduced of its approach, even if its danger could not receive the confirmation which we proceed to give from the deliberate Report of the Select Committee.

“ Whether the assessment be confined to land and houses, or other denominations of property be made practically liable to the same charge, your Committee feel it their imperious duty to state to the House their opinion that, unless some efficacious check be interposed, there is every reason to think that the amount of the assessment will continue, as it has done, to increase, till at a period more or less remote, according to the progress the evil has already made in different places, it shall have absorbed the profits of the property on which the rate may have been assessed; producing thereby the neglect and ruin of the land, and the waste or removal of other property, to the utter subversion of that happy order of society so long upheld in these kingdoms.

“ The gradual increase which has taken place both in the number of paupers, and in the assessments for their support, can hardly fail to have arisen from causes inherent in the system itself, as it does not appear to have depended entirely upon any temporary or local circumstance. Scarcity of provisions, and a diminished demand for particular manufactures, have occasioned, from time to time, an increased pressure in particular parishes, and at no former time in so great a degree as during the early part of the present year. But by comparing the assessments in the two countries in this kingdom, in which the largest portion of the population is employed in agriculture, namely Bedfordshire and Herefordshire, it will be seen that there has been the same progressive augmentation in the amount of the assessments, as may be observed to have taken place in the manufacturing counties.

County of	Money expended on Paupers, in the Year ending Easter 1776.			Medium average of Annual Expenditure on account of Paupers, in Years ending Easter 1783, 1784, 1785.			Expenditure on Paupers, in Year ending Easter 1803.			Expenditure on Paupers, in Year ending March 25, 1815.		
	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
HEREFORD ..	10,593	7	2	16,727	18	2	48,067	8	10	59,253	19	0
BEDFORD....	16,662	17	1	20,977	0	11	38,070	3	8	50,370	10	11

" What number of years, under the existing laws and management, would probably elapse, and to what amount the assessments might possibly be augmented, before the utmost limitation would be reached, cannot be accurately ascertained; but with regard to the first, your committee think it their duty to point out, that many circumstances which, in the early periods of the system, rendered its progress slow, are now unfortunately changed. The independent spirit of mind which induced individuals in the labouring classes to exert themselves to the utmost, before they submitted to become paupers, is much impaired; this order of persons therefore are every day becoming less and less unwilling to add themselves to the list of paupers. The workhouse system, though enacted with other views, yet for a long time acted very powerfully in deterring persons from throwing themselves on their parishes for relief; there were many who would struggle through their difficulties, rather than undergo the discipline of a workhouse; this effect however is no longer produced in the same degree, as by two modern statutes the justices have power under certain conditions to order relief to be given out of the workhouses, and the number of persons to whom relief is actually given being now far more than any workhouses would contain, the system itself is from necessity, as well as by law, materially relaxed.

" In addition to these important considerations, it is also apparent, that in whatever degree the addition to the number of paupers depends upon their increase by birth, that addition will probably be greater than in past times, in the proportion in which the present number of paupers exceeds that which formerly existed; and it is almost needless to point out, that when the public undertakes to maintain all who may be born, without charge to the parents, the number born will probably be greater than in the natural state. On these grounds, therefore, your Committee are led to apprehend, that the rate at which the increase would take place under the existing laws, would be greater than it has heretofore been; but at whatever rate the increase might take place, it could not fail materially to depend on the general state of the country, whether it was in an improving, a stationary, or in a declining state, and it would also be affected by the recurrence of plentiful or deficient harvests.

" With regard to the second point, namely, the probable amount beyond which the assessments cannot be augmented, your Committee have again to lament, that the returns collected in 1816 are not yet before them in detail, and there are no means of ascertaining with sufficient accuracy, either the amount of the rates now assessed, or the gross rental of the property on which they are levied. Whatever indeed that may be, it appears to be certain that the land-owners and the farmers would cease to have an adequate interest in continuing the cultivation of the land, long before the gross amount of the present rental could be transferred to the poor-rate; for it is obvious, that a number of charges must be provided for out of the gross rental of land, without an adequate provision for which the land cannot be occupied; the general expenses of management, the construction and repairs of buildings, drains, and other expensive works, to which the tenant's

capital cannot reach, constitute the principal part of these charges, and the portion of the gross rent which is applied to these purposes, can never be applied to the augmentation of the poor-rate.

"Even if it can be thought possible that any landlord could suffer his land to be occupied and cultivated, or that he would continue to give to it the general superintendence of an owner, when the whole of the nett rental was transferred to the poor, it is perfectly clear that no tenant could hold a farm upon the condition of maintaining all the poor who might under any circumstances want relief; it would be as much impossible for a tenant to do so as to undertake to pay any rent which the wants of his landlord might induce him to desire, which condition could never be complied with. The apprehension however of being placed in such a situation as this, could not fail to deter persons from holding land long before they paid to the poor-rate as much as they would otherwise pay in rent; and as under these circumstances, the land-owner would still remain entitled to the soil, the paupers could not enter and cultivate for themselves; nor could it be occupied for any beneficial purpose, as whatever stock might be found on the land would be liable to distress for poor-rate.

"The consequences which are likely to result from this state of things, are clearly set forth in the petition from the parish of Wombridge in Salop, which is fast approaching to this state: the petitioners state, 'that the annual value of land, mines, and houses in this parish, is not sufficient to maintain the numerous and increasing poor, even if the same were to be set free of rent, and that these circumstances will inevitably compel the occupiers of lands and mines to relinquish them, and the poor will be without relief or any known mode of obtaining it, unless some assistance be speedily afforded them.' And your Committee apprehend, from the petitions before them, that this is one only of many parishes that are fast approaching to a state of dereliction.

"By following the dictates of their own interests, land-owners and farmers become, in the natural order of things, the best trustees and guardians for the public; when that order of things is destroyed, and a compulsory maintenance established for all who require it, the consequences cannot fail in the end to be equally ruinous to both parties." (Commons' Report, p. 8—10.)

To the strength of the foregoing passage we can add nothing, except by throwing out a hazardous conjecture as to "the number of years which, under the existing laws and management, might probably elapse before the utmost limitation would be reached." The charge on the rates in 1815 was double its amount in 1796; though in 1815 corn was almost as cheap as before the French revolution. What, then, except a change in the existing laws and management, is to hinder their doubling again in 20 more years? and can any one suppose that land, which now in many cases pays 10s. and 20s. and 30s. in the pound, can afford to double that charge, and be still cultivated with a profit? Half the land in the kingdom would be thrown upon the hands

of the proprietors, if such were the regular assessments it was subject to: and it must always be remembered that the consequent increase in the money price of corn would give little assistance to the remaining cultivators, because it would tell against the farmer as well as for him; the market price of wheat affords the ratio according to which the pauper is relieved.

Such is our view of the present system of our domestic economy: and not ours alone, but that of a committee which had a vast body of evidence before them, and were locally acquainted of course with a variety of districts which enabled them to judge of the correctness of that evidence, and of its agreement with the real state of the country at large. We feel ourselves now called upon to allude to some of the measures which have been recommended in order to stop the progress of the evil. That the system itself cannot be persisted in, is the decided opinion of the committee of the Commons, but not so avowedly, we apprehend, of that of the House of Lords. To ourselves, the evidence brings it home with demonstrative force. When the sea is found to encroach upon a house, which was originally built half a mile from the shore, at the rate of forty or fifty yards a year, and in ten years is seen to be a quarter of a mile nearer to it than before, the owner has pretty strong grounds for supposing that he cannot presume upon more than ten years' longer occupancy; and if he can neither dam out the sea, nor remove the house, the value of his property may be easily estimated. In our parallel case, the attempt must be to dam out the encroaching flood which threatens to sweep all before it; and the best practicable mode of doing this is the problem proposed to Parliament in the approaching session.

Before the year 1795, as we set out by observing, the evil cannot be considered as positively great in itself, nor as more than commensurate to the advantages with which it was accompanied. The objections too were of a very remediable nature, arising chiefly from neglect and mismanagement; and would have disappeared before a small share of that care and attention which is now, to the credit of our country, bestowed upon the poor and their interests, and of which the Minutes of Evidence afford a most gratifying testimony. We have no wish to reduce our labouring classes to the situation of those in Ireland, and abandon them to casual relief: we cannot consent to forego the satisfaction of knowing that every individual of our countrymen, if reduced to helpless indigence, has "a local habitation" and a home; that the aged, and the infirm, and the orphan, have a sure provision. Relief going thus far, and no farther, can hardly create its objects. It does not disable a man from work, it does not accelerate his grey hairs, it does not afflict him with

disease, to know that, when he is disabled through weakness or age, he has a claim for support from those who have been hitherto benefited by his labour: and though men may often become improvident, and parents may sometimes be induced to abandon their children, from a conviction that they will not be allowed to starve, the evil is not practically burthensome enough to warrant a departure from our ancient laws on that head alone.

But we earnestly hope that it was to this extent alone that the committee of the Lords alluded, when they declared their "decided opinion, that the general system of those laws, interwoven as it is with the habits of the people, ought, in the consideration of any measures to be adopted for their melioration and improvement, to be essentially maintained." Unfortunately the last twenty years have interwoven it with the habits of the people, that every able-bodied man should expect parochial support: and any plan for the improvement of the people themselves, or for the alleviation of the national burthen, must begin, we are convinced, by the abrogation of that principle. There exist great doubts whether the statute of Elizabeth, which has led to such unforeseen results, ever was intended to establish such a rule; but at all events it cannot seriously be maintained that we are bound to sit by and await a national bankruptcy in all humble patience, because our ancestors passed a law 250 years ago which subsequent experience has proved to be impolitic or impracticable. In days, not only of comparative, but of absolute ignorance as to political economy, suppose it was enacted that the public should find work for every able-bodied man; and that a trial of this principle, carried as it has lately been for the first time to its full extent, has proved it to be impossible in execution; are we to consent to be ruined by their ignorance, or to correct and supersede their ignorance by our superior information?

The course, therefore, which our legislature will adopt, if they act upon the evidence which they have laboriously collected, will be to rescind the two modern statutes which empower the justices, under certain conditions, to order relief out of the workhouses, and to restore matters to the situation in which they were previous to the difficulties of 1795. The present system is not a continuance of the ancient laws, but a departure from them: and the plan we recommend will not only relieve the agricultural districts from an immense burthen, but exonerate the magistrates from a very unpleasant responsibility. We entirely agree with the witness from Chertsey, who expresses his full satisfaction that "they have acted from the best of motives:" we are well aware of the benefits which our country owes to this active and disinterested body of men, to whom, under Provi-

dence, we are indebted for much more of the general tranquillity and comfort we enjoy, than is commonly imagined: as any one may satisfy himself, who has witnessed the difference which an intelligent magistrate often effects in his neighbourhood; or who remembers that the want of such a body is the greatest evil experienced in Ireland. But still the business of legislating for the whole country, on some of the most difficult and perplexing questions of political economy, cannot be safely left to a few individuals, till that study has made a deeper impression upon the public mind than we find at present, and till its results are more universally diffused. The table published by the Berkshire magistrates had its foundation in pure humanity; but it has had the effect of changing the habits of the poor, together with the mode of relieving them, throughout the whole kingdom. This is a power, we hesitate not to say, which can only be safely entrusted to the collected wisdom of the legislature.

Whilst the present laws remain in force, entitling every able workman to claim relief on the first pressure, it is vain to expect that saving banks, benefit societies, or any other useful institutions, can gain ground among the labouring classes. A man who has been long in the habit of leaning upon his neighbour's arm will not put himself to charges for a staff, till his customary support fail; though he may then do it from necessity, and afterwards rejoice in his independence. The lower orders will not save, lest it should be suspected that they can do without the parish. The overseer of Burnham gives the key to this conduct in the most characteristic language; when, being asked why his parishioners did not contribute to the saving bank, notwithstanding the great pains which had been employed to convince them of its advantage, he replies, "they *mistrust* it will benefit the parish." This is the prevalent feeling throughout a great part of England: and is it, we must ask, a feeling to be encouraged? A few years ago it was thought a just censure against Mr. Malthus, that he supposed the case of the poor marrying with the parish workhouse at the end of their vista; but experience has proved that he knew human nature better than his critic: this is now a daily occurrence, with this difference alone, that the workhouse is sought at the first step, instead of being seen at the end of the avenue. The grand consideration is, to become domiciliated in a *good parish*; this leads to cheats and impostures without end: the next is, to obtain as much as possible from it; which the single men effect by threatening to bring a wife and family upon the parish funds, if they are not relieved to their satisfaction; and the married men by actually doing so. A system which encourages these feelings and habits has been called a humane, a wise, an economical system: and

justly, if it is humanity to support profligacy at the expense of the industrious: if it is wise to diffuse habits of improvidence, vice, and perfidy throughout the land; if it is economical to sink capital in order to furnish income to the extravagant.

If the correction of these evils shall appear to others as essential as we confess it has appeared to us on the most dispassionate consideration we are able to bestow, the approaching season seems to promise a favourable opportunity for effecting such an alteration, when, through the bounty of Providence, the necessities of life are more nearly equalized with the wages of labour, and when the capital of the country has found new channels for employment. A little pains on the part of those whose business it is to direct and inform the people, might be sufficient to convince them that they are more essentially interested than any other portion of the community, in altering a system which has an inevitable tendency to bring down the market price of labour below its natural price, and to render them dependant on the bounty of the public for that maintenance which, in the regular course of things, would be theirs as the just reward of their daily labour. In fact, the present plan, with all its other faults, is also universally unpopular: sometimes it is spoken of as a combination of the employers of labour to depress wages; and indeed we fear that instances are not wanting where this idea has operated to introduce the table of bread-money, an union of cruelty and impolicy which quickly generates its own punishment. Sometimes, again, it is alleged as a proof of the complete bondage in which the poorer classes are held by their superiors; and Mr. Gourlay, a strenuous advocate for the people's rights, evidently considers it in the light of an oppression. Indeed the system of *roundsmen*, to which it naturally leads, is the most compendious mode possible of converting a useful labourer into a dangerous subject. Both the Committees condemn this practice, against which a very spirited petition from the magistrates of Suffolk is printed in the Appendix. "In the case referred to, as stated in the evidence, the effect of the system of roundsmen has been to throw upon the general rates of parishes in which the system has prevailed, in the most direct and obvious manner, a very considerable proportion of the wages of that labour, the charge of which ought to have been defrayed by the individuals for whom it has been performed." (Lords' Report, p. 8.) "The practice of paying part of the wages of labour, by the overseers, out of the rate, has been subject to such abuse, as to have rendered this mode of setting persons to work highly objectionable; for the occupiers of land are supposed in many instances to get their work thus performed and paid for, in a great part out of the parish fund." (Commons' Report, p. 20.)



These objections are unanswerable; but it ought to be observed, that if the present "system of the poor laws is essentially maintained," (Lords' Report, p. 7,) the necessity of employing roundsmen must continue and diffuse itself, till it embraces every labourer in the kingdom. The system, while it encourages the increase of the number of workmen beyond the demand for their work, obliges the parish to maintain and employ these supernumeraries at its own expense. But no one wants their labour, otherwise they would not be unemployed; still they must be supported; what resource is there, except to maintain them in idleness, or to parcel them out in the district which contributes to the rate? We abominate the plan, which is nothing else than a state of mitigated servitude; but we really do not see how it can be justly censured, as things stand at present, because we do not see how it can be avoided, unless the men are to be unemployed altogether.

Another reason for believing that an alteration in the system would not create discontent, is that those parishes where it has happily been checked, are in all respects the best satisfied, because the most comfortable. Such is Bushy, to which we before alluded; where the custom of employing labourers by task-work has enabled them to support their families without application to the parish: and yet it appears incidentally that this parish is so great a favourite, that false oaths and other fraudulent means are frequently taken to get into it. Mr. Vivian was repeatedly asked as to the content of the people under this deviation from the usual plan. "In point of fact, has any appeal ever been made to a magistrate from an allowance made by your parish? Not for 16 or 17 years.—In no instance? In no instance for that time; at first they used to threaten appeals, but now they are very contented.—Has it ever happened to you that the labourers who have complained that their earnings did not enable them to maintain their families have gone to the magistrates upon your refusing them? Never for nearly 20 years.—In short, the magistrates have not interfered with the practice in your parish? Not at all." (Commons' Report, p. 80, 82.) *O si sic omnia!*

Two or three other instances of similar discreet management are given in the evidence, and lead to the same result. Mr. Sabine, who has had the direction of the poor of North Mimms for some years, states that "there has not been a single able man, however large his family, who for the last 15 years has received relief except on account of sickness, or to enable him to put out some of his children to service by giving them clothes: we have not a single instance of a labourer with a family ever getting any relief for his family or himself when in health.—When you began this reform, did you find the poor apply to the magis-

trates? No. I do not think we have had three cases of applications to magistrates in the last 15 years.—They readily acquiesced? Yes. When they found we would not relieve them, they did not apply.—When, in consequence of your interference, the paupers found a difficulty in obtaining money, did you observe they exerted themselves more to support themselves? They exerted themselves, and they went on well.—Do you believe, if they had received the relief for which they applied, they would not so have exerted themselves? They would have spent the money given them in relief, in addition to their earnings.—They would not have been a bit better off, nor so well, as when they relied upon their own earnings? Not better, but more idle.” (Commons’ Report, p. 70, 71.)

It appears from these and other examples that we do not argue from theory but from experience, in asserting that the labouring classes will go on more satisfactorily to themselves, as well as more advantageously to the community, when left, in ordinary cases, to their own exertions. Is it not in human nature, that the man who looks to assistance or support from another as his right, is never contented with the degree in which it is awarded him? We trust therefore that the House will follow up by a legislative enactment the opinion expressed by their committee: “They apprehend an order for relief to be invalid, which does not adjudge the party to be ‘impotent’ as well as ‘poor.’”

The committee likewise point out a mode in which this alteration of the prevailing system might be effected humanely and gradually. They submit to the consideration of the House whether, when the demand for labour may have revived, “it may not safely be provided that, from and after a certain time, no relief shall be extended to any child whose father being living is under — years of age; a principle which, by altering the age from time to time, might, if it should be thought desirable, be carried still further into operation. It may also be provided with a similar view, that from and after a specified time no relief shall be provided for any child whose father being living has not above — children under — years of age.” (Commons’ Report, p. 16.) The Report proceeds, after some excellent and unanswerable observations on the error of appointing by law “what it is not in the power of any law to fulfil,” viz. that work should be provided for all who may require it; by suggesting that it might be hereafter “enacted that no person should be provided with work by the parish other than those who are already so provided, and who might be permitted to continue till they could provide for themselves; but if the change by this provision might be thought too rapid, limitations might still be introduced, the effect of which would render it more gradual;

as, by enacting that none shall be provided with employment who are between the ages of 18 and 30; and then, after a certain lapse of time, that none between 16 and 35, 40, and so on, until the object shall be gradually effected."

We are cheered with these glimpses of happier and better times; and in the anticipation of a season when improvidence and vice, and all the sensualities of low dissipation, shall have no encouragement in legal sanctions, and when industry and foresight and virtuous self-command shall meet with their due reward, we are almost tempted to overlook the prejudices and scruples and groundless apprehensions which these politic innovations will be sure to encounter. We should be glad to find ourselves mistaken; but are confidently of opinion that if the present laws continue in operation, and are locally administered by the justices as they have been since 1795, a period of 20 or 30 more years will involve us in domestic troubles and calamities, compared with which the combined hostility of all Europe would be nothing in the scale.

From the practical as well as theoretical knowledge which the Report of the Commons displays, we are convinced that the recommendation given, p. 10, to limit the amount of the assessment to the average sum raised in each parish for the last ten years, is only intended in conjunction with the provisions we have already quoted. "With the view of providing such a check as may lay the foundation of a better system," this plan might be admissible; and, certainly, after the perversions we have witnessed of the purposes of the poor laws, it is desirable, in the language of Mr. Burke, "to limit the quantity of the power that might be so abused." But, as a single provision, it would be manifestly inadequate to its object. If the fixed sum were liable to alteration at the discretion of the magistrates, on every enhancement of the price of corn, as in the local acts in which the principle has been already established, we do not see what is gained by the provision equal to the disadvantage of blinding the eyes of the public to the existing evil: and if the sum were limited unalterably, if, although "the distresses of the poor were to be aggravated tenfold, either by the increase of numbers, or the recurrence of a scarcity, the same sum were to be invariably appropriated to their relief, we should add to the cruelty of starving the poor, the injustice of still *professing* to relieve them."\* But, *in conjunction with* enactments tending gradually to undermine the whole of the system, such limitation would be useful; because it would amount to an ac-

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\* Malthus, vol. iii, Appendix; where this plan is considered in opposition to Mr. A. Young. It was also recommended by Sir W. Eden, vol. i. p. 484.

knowledge of the indisputable truth that the legislature had hitherto taken more upon itself than it was able to accomplish; that the funds for the relief of the distressed, as well as for the employment of labour, really are limited, though the practice of the country supposes them inexhaustible; and that in point of fact they have already reached the bounds beyond which it is either not possible or not safe to proceed. This would gradually open the eyes of the poor to a truth which cannot be long concealed, and induce them to depend upon themselves. Besides, it would furnish an argument, which, strange to say, is now wanting to those who, following the recommendation of the committee, attempt to restore in the poor "a feeling of reliance on their own industry." As matters stand at present, all recommendations of Saving Banks, all enforcements of the necessity of foresight, are cut short by reference to the parish. You may be out of work: the parish must find it for me. You may be overburdened with a young family: the parish must allow me accordingly. You may grow infirm or old: I can but come to the parish. But, if a positive limit were set to the parochial assessment, what is theoretically absurd might be practically useful; because there would be opportunity of rejoinder to these conclusive reasonings, from the inadequacy of the parish allowances; and a whole meal, from former savings, might appear better than the half loaf which public charity would procure. But, in the mean time, "the encouragement of frugal habits" is proved to be a visionary hope among the lower classes of the community; and the declaration of the Lords' committee, however undeniable, will remain a dead letter as to practical effect: "parochial relief, under the best and most considerate administration of it, can never be so satisfactory to the person who is the object of it, or so consistent with those honourable feelings of pride and independence which are implanted in the heart of man, as that resource which is the result of his own industry and the produce of his own exertions."

The only plausible objection to the plan, which we confidently hope to see carried into execution, of confining legal relief to the *impotent* poor, arises from the variations in the price of corn, which seem likely to recur periodically in the present state of our agriculture and population. During the last year, for instance, the market rate of wages would not generally support a family: neither is it in the nature of things that the wages of labour should rise with the price of corn, when that increase of price is occasioned by a deficiency in the supply. To raise them arbitrarily, which some persons have ventured to recommend, would only be to relieve one evil in the body politic by the introduction of another; and, though no remedy could easily be worse than

the present disease, it is wiser, at all events, "to bear the ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of."

In reply, however, to this objection, it may be remarked, that the natural price of labour would be more nearly approached by the market price, in proportion as parochial payments were done away; and the employer would still be a gainer, because his assessment would become comparatively trifling: and population and production keeping more even pace together, when released from the disturbing influences which prevail at present, the prices of corn would be subject to less variation. In the case, however, of any unusual disparity between the market price of labour and of corn, or of any local pressure, from a difficulty of procuring employment, the principal inhabitants ought to agree together on the most practicable mode of assisting the largest families, and enabling their poorer neighbours to meet the exigency of the season. The recent period of distress has produced, we delight to reflect, numerous examples of this real and effectual benevolence: how different from the legal alms which is paid as a tax, and received as a claim? Let no one suppose that we are so unmindful of the duties enjoined upon Christians, as to exclude charity from our domestic economy: our object is not to destroy, but to restore charity to that proper place in which it is profitable both to the giver and receiver. This is strictly the case when the bounty is bestowed upon a known and visible object, instead of being thrown into a fund, for a share of which all scramble, and from which those who scramble most shamelessly get the largest share. Nor would it appear a difficult task to persuade the employer of labour, that he would better consult his own interest by maintaining a supernumerary hand, through the winter, from whose work he would receive a certain, though perhaps inadequate, return, than by the continuance of a system which imposes so heavy a burden, as that now borne by cultivation.

Many suggestions of great prudence, and utility, occur in the Reports. Mr. Neville, of Llanelly, who is the director of extensive copper-works and collieries, has been in the habit, "for 11 years, of retaining from each man's wages two-pence per week; by which he is enabled to allow every man in his employ a weekly stipend, during illness, of 7s.: and during the whole period no individual has become chargeable to the parish, or ever had occasion to require relief from it." (Lords' Report, p. 77.) Mr. Selby, at Easter last, adopted the plan of digging some ground instead of ploughing it; "which, at 21s. per acre, the price he would have paid for a team, satisfied himself and the men also." He suggests the idea, when there are supernumerary labourers, "to those small farmers who now hire teams

for ploughing; and, of course, when the soil is suitable." (P. 102.) The extension of the plan of benefit societies, to assist large families, or temporary distress, as well as absolute sickness, under the control of the principal inhabitants of a parish, and assisted by their contributions, is recommended, and has been usefully practised in Somersetshire and elsewhere. (P. 124.) To which we may add, that the custom of receiving weekly contributions from the poor during summer, to be repaid in coals and provisions during the winter months, has been experimentally found a most useful and acceptable mode of charity; and may be managed with less trouble than would be commonly supposed, by simplifying the plan of the institution at Dorking. Those who had reaped the benefits of such foresight were so sensible of the advantages conferred upon them, as to bring their contributions, at the expense of great immediate privation, during the high price of bread, throughout last summer.

But one thing we must impress upon the public; that these and other improvements in the condition of the poor will never have more than a partial and very limited effect, till a radical alteration has been made in the administration of the present laws. The contributions of the higher ranks are often essential to the success of such schemes; but these are withheld by the pressure of the existing tax, as well as by a sort of general conviction, that what is called, though falsely called, the charity of the country, has increased the distress it professes to relieve. The co-operation of prudential foresight and restraint, on the part of the poor, is absolutely requisite; but the sluggish dependance on parochial aid, and the mean apprehension that any plan proposed for their benefit is intended to *favour the parish*, too often frustrates the endeavour, and disgusts those through whose means it was to be carried into execution. The schemes we have alluded to;—saving banks;—religious and moral education;—improvements in the law of settlement;—the establishment of standing-overseers;—all promise advantage: but they will all be insufficient and inefficacious, as long as the unsound root, which we have exposed, remains beneath: till the seat of the disorder is reached and removed, strengthening medicines can be of no avail.

Indeed, when we consider the degree of labour, and attention, and intelligence, and activity, employed upon the concerns of the poor, in late years, and disclosed by the evidence before us, we may justly affirm that, if it had been possible for things to go on well upon a bad system, and to succeed on a wrong principle, they must have succeeded, and the poor must have prospered in England:

—Si Pergama dextrâ  
Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.

Painful on every other ground, in this respect alone the study of these valuable reports has been gratifying to our minds: and we gladly look forward to a time when the interest taken by the landed proprietors in the welfare of their peasantry, by the manufacturers in the prosperity of their workmen, by the magistrates in the complaints of the distressed, and by the clergy in the general melioration of the temporal and spiritual condition of their flocks, will be less opposed and frustrated by laws which give additional force to all the depraved corruptions of our nature; which offer an incentive to vice, an encouragement to improvidence, and a bounty to pauperism.

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#### ART. XVIII.—LORD SELKIRK'S COLONY, AND THE NORTH-WEST COMPANY.

1. *A Sketch of the British Fur Trade in North America, with Observations relative to the North-west Company of Montreal.* By the Earl of Selkirk. London, 1816.
2. *A Narrative of Occurrences in the Indian Countries of North America, since the Connection of the Right Honourable the Earl of Selkirk with the Hudson's Bay Company, and his Attempt to establish a Colony on the Red River: with a detailed Account of his Lordship's Military Expedition to, and subsequent Transactions at, Fort William, in Upper Canada.* London, 1817.
3. *Statement respecting the Earl of Selkirk's Settlement upon the Red River, in North America: its destruction in 1815 and 1816; and the Massacre of Governor Semple and his Party. With Observations upon a recent Publication, entitled "A Narrative of Occurrences in the Indian Countries, &c."* London, 1817.

THE name of Lord Selkirk is closely connected with the history of emigration from these kingdoms to North America; and whilst his zeal in this cause has been put to his credit on the one hand, as patriotism and humanity, it has, on the other, been set down against him as a proof either of disordered intellects, or of a calculating and heartless selfishness. For our part, we see no reason for inquiring very deeply into secret motives, or for pronouncing on the general character of the leading persons who have lately been so active in promoting or opposing this or the other plan of colonization; but, in relation to the case now more immediately under our consideration, and after a fair and patient reading of all the documents at this moment before the public, connected with the origin and most unfortunate issue of the attempt to form a colony on the Red River, we have no difficulty whatever in stating, as a well-warranted inference from all the facts

and arguments with which we are thus furnished, that the destruction of that colony was all along a favourite object with the North-west Company; and also, that the accomplishment of that object is, in a great measure, if not solely, to be ascribed to the exertions of their resident agents and dependants, in the Indian countries. This, at least, is the impression made upon our minds from a repeated and candid perusal of the publications placed at the head of this article. Our business, however, is not with opinions: we, therefore, proceed to lay before our readers the principal circumstances of the case which we have just announced, leaving it entirely to them to draw their own conclusions.

It is known to all who have paid any attention to the affairs of the British settlements in North America, that a charter was granted by Charles II. to the Governor and Company of Hudson's Bay, by which these persons were vested with the "sole trade and commerce of all those seas, straits, bays, rivers, lakes, creeks, and sounds, in whatever latitude they may be, that lie within the entrance of the straits, commonly called Hudson's Straits, together with the lands and territories upon the coasts, bays, &c.;" and by which, likewise, it was granted to the said Company "to have, to use, and enjoy, not only the whole, entire, and only liberty of trade and traffic; and the whole, entire, and only liberty, use, and privilege, of trading and traffic, to and from the territories, limits, and places aforesaid, but also the whole and entire trade and traffic to and from all havens, bays, creeks, rivers, lakes, and seas, into which they may find entrance or passage, by water or land, out of the territories, limits, and places, aforesaid; and to and with all the natives and people, inhabitants, or which shall inhabit within the territories, limits, and places, aforesaid." In virtue of this charter, which conferred property and privileges so extensive, the Hudson's Bay Company granted, on certain terms, to Lord Selkirk, who had already become a principal holder of their stock, a portion of land, supposed to be within the limits of their territory, amounting to about 116,000 square miles. The grant in fee-simple of so much ground, exceeding in extent the kingdom of England, must, indeed, have appeared a little extravagant and whimsical, exciting doubts both as to the right on the part of the Company to make over such a bequest, and as to the validity of the tenure upon which it was to be held by the noble Lord. The opinions of counsel were accordingly taken by his Lordship; and, as we are informed by the author of the "Statement," both "the right to the soil, as vested in the Company, and the legality of the grant, were fully supported by the opinions of the most eminent counsel in England,—of Sir Samuel Romilly, Mr. (now



Mr. Justice) Holroyd, Mr. Cruise, Mr. Scarlett, and Mr. Bell." As the propriety of the conduct afterwards pursued by Lord Selkirk's agents in establishing the infant colony on the Red River, as well, indeed, as that of the general views entertained by his Lordship himself, and of the measures which he subsequently adopted towards the North-west traders, depends a good deal upon the admission or denial of his claims, as territorial proprietor and lord of the manor, we shall give at length the legal opinions to which we have just now alluded.

"We are of opinion that the grant of the soil contained in the charter is good; and that it will include all the country, the waters of which run into Hudson's Bay, as ascertained by geographical observations.—We are of opinion that an individual, holding from the Hudson's Bay Company a lease, or grant in fee simple, of any portion of their territory, will be entitled to all the ordinary rights of landed property as in England; and will be entitled to prevent other persons from occupying any part of the lands, from cutting down timber, and fishing in the adjoining waters (being such as a private right of fishing may subsist in), and may (if he can peaceably, or otherwise, by due course of law) dispossess them of any buildings which they have recently erected within the limits of his property. We are of opinion that the grant of the civil and criminal jurisdiction is valid; but it is not granted to the Company, but to the governor and council at their respective establishments; but we cannot recommend it to be exercised so as to affect the lives or limbs of criminals. It is to be exercised by the governor and council as judges, who are to proceed according to the laws of England. The Company may appoint a sheriff to execute judgment, and to do his duty as in England. We are of opinion, that the sheriff, in case of resistance to his authority, may call out the population to his assistance, and may put arms into the hands of their servants, for defence against attack, and to assist in enforcing the judgments of the court; but such powers cannot be exercised with too much circumspection. We are of opinion, that all persons will be subject to the jurisdiction of the court who reside or are found within the territories over which it extends. We do not think the act (43 Geo. III. c. 138, commonly called the Canada Jurisdiction Act) gives jurisdiction within the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company, the same being within the jurisdiction of their governors and council. We are of opinion, that the governor (in Hudson's Bay) might, under the authority of the Company, appoint constables and other officers for the preservation of the peace; and that the officers so appointed would have the same duties and privileges as similar officers in England, so far as these duties and privileges may be applicable to their situations in the territories of the Company."

Proceeding on the warrant supplied by this high authority, Lord Selkirk dispatched Mr. Miles Macdonell with a small party of settlers, who arrived on the Red River in the autumn of 1812. This person, whose name is mentioned in almost every

page of the pamphlets now before us, had been appointed by the Hudson's Bay Company Governor of Ossiniboia, in which district the proposed colony was to be founded; and to the influence connected with this important office he was enabled to add the more effective authority of a magistrate, as well as that of the commander of the small militia corps into which the settlers had just formed themselves. An accession to the strength and number of these settlers took place about the beginning of 1813, and two fresh arrivals of emigrants in June and September, 1814, raised the total amount of colonists and labourers to little less than two hundred. Houses were already erected, gardens were enclosed, and fields were covered with corn in the remote settlement of Kildonan; a name which the fond recollections of their native parish in Sutherland naturally suggested to the Celtic exiles who peopled it.

The difficulties in some degree unavoidable in the commencement of an establishment of that nature were happily got over. The heads of families, as they arrived, were put in possession of regular lots of land, which they immediately begun to cultivate; a mill was erected; sheep and cattle were sent up to the settlement, and all practicable means were taken to further the agricultural purposes of the colony. The spot which had been selected was ascertained to be of the highest fertility, and of the most easy cultivation. Though woods abounded in the neighbourhood of the plains adjoining the Red River, containing a variety of the finest timber, yet no trees were required to be cut down, or roots to be cleared away from the lands that were appropriated to husbandry. The expensive and tedious operation of cutting down and clearing away heavy woods, before the ground can be tilled, was wholly unnecessary upon the banks of the Red River: the plough, from the first, met with no obstruction; and the soil proved in the highest degree rich and productive. The climate had long been ascertained to be equal to that of any part of Canada, and with less snow in the winter. The river abounded with fish, the extensive plains with buffalo, and the woods with elk, deer, and game. The neighbouring tribes of Indians appeared from the first to be friendly and well disposed; and all things, within and without the settlement, were in the most promising condition, when the jealousy and dislike subsisting between this branch of the Hudson's Bay Company, for so we may describe it, and the Fur-trading Company of Montreal, to whom we have already made an allusion, began to operate so powerfully in the breasts of both parties, as not only to disturb the repose which the Company had hitherto enjoyed but even to originate a series of attacks and insults, which terminated in its total ruin. Even so early as the spring of 1813,

certain symptoms of misunderstanding and of mutual hostility began to appear among the leading individuals on both sides. Lord Selkirk's friends assure us that, at the period in question; the clerks and interpreters of the North-west Company were found instigating the Indians against the settlers, telling them, in particular, that it was intended to deprive them of their hunting grounds; and that, if the establishment at the Red River once obtained a firm footing, they would be reduced to a state of slavery by the colonists. We are informed, on the other hand, by the Representatives of the North-west Company, the authors of the "Narrative," that Mr. Miles Macdonell had already commenced his plan of operations against the independence of their trade in the four countries, telling the Indians that, as the Earl of Selkirk was proprietor of the territory, they must carry all the skins and provisions, which they had to dispose of, to his settlement, and discontinue their sales to every other person; a doctrine, it is remarked, which was ridiculed by the natives, but which was of a nature to rouse all the apprehensions of the Canadians (the North-west Company), whose existence, not only on the Red River, but in a great part of the country, depended upon the provisions procured at their posts within Lord Selkirk's grant.

We ought, perhaps, to have mentioned, that the fur traders of Canada had, during a long series of years, maintained an intercourse with the Indians on the Red River, and with the natives of the countries which stretch far to the north and west of that district; that they had established posts for conducting their traffic and collecting provisions; and, moreover, that they usually had a number of subordinate agents, clerks, and interpreters, constantly resident among the several tribes of hunters, from whom they were in the habit of purchasing peltries. It is not, therefore, surprising, that the traders should have viewed with jealousy and alarm the formation of a colony, connected so intimately with the rival company at Hudson's Bay, and placed too in the very line of communication with their most valuable posts; and, considering these circumstances, it is not a little to be regretted that Mr. Miles Macdonell should have thought it necessary to exercise his official power, at so early a period, and in a way so directly calculated to rouse the suspicions of the North-west agents. We allude to a proclamation which he issued in due form, and accompanied with the usual denouncement of pains and penalties, prohibiting the removal of provisions out of the province of Ossiniboia, except in specified quantities, and under the warrant of a license; thus openly infringing upon the liberty of transit and freedom of trade, which the Canadian fur-dealers had theretofore enjoyed without let or hindrance.

The words of the said deed run as follows:—"It is hereby ordered, that no person trading in furs, or provisions, within the territory of the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company, the North-west Company, or any individual, or unconnected traders or persons whatever, shall take out any provisions, either of flesh, dried meat, grain, or vegetables, procured or raised within the said territory, by water or land carriage, for one twelvemonth from the date hereof, save and except what may be judged necessary for the trading parties at this present within the territory, to carry them to their respective destinations, and who may, on due application to me, obtain a license for the same." This precaution on the part of Governor Macdonell may, indeed, have been dictated by necessity; but there can be no doubt that to the measures immediately arising out of it, may be ascribed the first dispersion of the Kildonan colonists. It was, in fact, a declaration of war; for the traders, as was to be expected, not paying much attention to the above formal notice, respecting provisions, retained the usual quantity in one of their principal stores at no great distance from the Red River settlement; upon learning which, the Governor, determined to enforce obedience to his proclamation, lost no time in issuing a warrant to seize and carry off the whole stock. He committed the execution of the warrant to Mr. John Spencer, who had been some time before invested with the office of sheriff; and this gentleman, it should seem, performed his part with very great decision, forcing his way into the store, and carrying off about 600 packages of "dried meat and fat." This proceeding, we are told, gave rise to considerable discussion between Mr. Macdonell and the principal resident agent, and other members, of the North-west Company; and an arrangement seems to have been entered into, according to which the former was to deliver up to the latter whatever quantity should be wanted in the mean time for the traders, upon the promise of having an equal quantity returned to him in the winter, if found necessary for the subsistence of the colonists. This agreement, however, not being sanctioned by a general meeting of the North-west partners, and the seizure of provisions, above mentioned, being regarded as an act of felony, a warrant was, some time after, issued by Mr. Norman McLeod, one of the said partners, and, at the same time, a magistrate for the Indian territory, to apprehend Mr. Miles Macdonell, on a charge of burglary and robbery; Spencer having been already apprehended on the same ground.

Matters were now fast hastening to a crisis. The North-west Company appear, about this time, to have formed a resolution to protect what they conceived to be their rights, in relation to trade and residence in the Indian countries; and for this purpose,

they assigned the charge of the principal wintering stations for the year ending 1814, and beginning 1815, to Mr. Duncan Cameron, and Mr. Alexander Macdonell, two of their most determined characters. To show with what spirit and intentions these gentlemen entered upon their mission, it will only be necessary to transcribe a part of a letter written by Macdonell, whilst on his journey to the Red River, and addressed to a friend, one of the North-west partners, who lived at Montreal. "You see myself and our mutual friend, Mr. Cameron, so far on our way to commence open hostilities against the enemy in Red River.—Much is expected from us, if we believe some—perhaps too much. One thing is certain, that we will do our best to defend what we *consider* our rights in the interior. Something serious will *undoubtedly* take place. Nothing but the complete downfall of the colony will satisfy some by fair or foul means—a most desirable object if it can be accomplished.—So here is at them with all my heart and energy."

In the course of the winter, and indeed immediately upon their arrival on the Red River, Mr. Cameron and his colleague commenced their operations for the "downfall of the colony," by a judicious application in the first instance of their "fair means." The former, in particular, we are told, by rendering himself agreeable to the settlers; and being able to converse with them in their native Gaelic, he, by degrees, gained the confidence and good opinion of the Highlanders. He frequently invited them to his house; entertained them at his table; and treated them and their families in a manner far superior to what they were accustomed to in their own habitation. The influence which he thus gradually acquired over many of these simple people was artfully employed by him to make them discontented with their situation and prospect, and to render them dissatisfied with their superiors. He alarmed them, too, with constant reports, which he pretended to have received from the interior, that the Indians, from a distance, were coming in the spring to attack them; and that unless they placed themselves under the protection of the North-west Company, and accepted his offers to take them to Canada, they would never be able to escape from the country, nor avoid the dangers which surrounded them. In order, likewise, to give himself an air of authority, he assumed a military uniform, and granted commissions to his friend Alexander Macdonell, and to one of the clerks, as lieutenant and ensign respectively, in a corps, which had not been in existence for more than two years. This imposture inducing the settlers to conclude that he was in some measure authorized by government, these credulous people naturally put more confidence, and relied more on his promises than they otherwise would have

done. These promises, too, he dealt out in great profusion. To each of the settlers he engaged to give a free passage to Canada (generally to Montreal), twelve months' provisions, *gratis*, for themselves and families, an allotment to each of 200 acres of land, and every other encouragement which they could possibly hope for. To many of them pecuniary bribes were likewise held out, as an inducement to desertion. One of the principal settlers, for example, was offered several hundred pounds, if he would abandon the settlement with his family: which, however, he persisted in refusing. Some of them actually received considerable sums on this ground; and one of the number, George Campbell, who was the first to desert the colony, and afterwards proved most active in its destruction, received 100*l.* as a reward for his treachery. The labourers and contracted servants, who were generally under an engagement for three years, were also seduced by similar means, with the additional lure of high wages, and great encouragement in the Canadas; and many of these persons, accordingly, were prevailed upon to desert, and to carry with them their implements of husbandry and working-tools, which were afterwards purchased of them by the North-west Company.

We have extracted the above details relative to Cameron's "fair means" from the statement published by the friends of Lord Selkirk; and it is therefore but justice to remark that the authors of the narrative, the representatives of the North-west Company, give a somewhat different account of these proceedings. They say that the colonists, dissatisfied and despondent, applied to Mr. Cameron for protection, and for the means of transporting themselves into the Canadian territory. There are, however, many obvious reasons for inducing us to doubt the accuracy of their statement on this point. In the first place, we have the affidavits of several persons among the settlers to whom bribes, both in money and land, were actually offered; and secondly, we have the letters of Cameron himself addressed to the leading colonists, containing promises to the same effect; and there is, moreover, the important circumstance, which will be more particularly mentioned hereafter, that, after the dispersion of the settlers had been accomplished, a considerable number returned of their own accord to resume the possession of their cottages and fields. The threatenings, too, expressed in Alexander Macdonell's letter, and the general views of the North-west Company relative to colonization, give but too much probability to the allegations of Lord Selkirk's friends.

As the spring advanced, however, Mr. Cameron prepared his adherents, the Half-breeds, or illegitimate progeny of the traders and native women, for much bolder measures. He now medi-

tated an attack, upon the principal post of the Red River Colony, with the view, among other things, of carrying off a few field-pieces and some small arms, which had been granted by government for its protection. An assault was accordingly made, after a regular summons had been tendered to deliver up the artillery; and the people employed, having broken into the store-house, possessed themselves of the said field-pieces, swivels, and howitzers, and transferred them all, nine in number, to an adjoining fort belonging to the North-west Company; where they were heartily congratulated, and plentifully regaled, by their victorious leaders.

These events accelerated the destruction of Lord Selkirk's Colony in 1815. Exposed to repeated attacks, and deprived of their leader, Mr. Miles Macdonell, the settlers who had continued firm against all the seduction of the traders resolved to relinquish their fields, and remove from the neighbourhood of their inveterate enemies. The Indians, who had been all along friendly to these unfortunate men, now interceded for them with the North-west people, requesting that they might be allowed to remain in peace; and upon failing in their petition, and finding themselves unable to protect them in the face of an overwhelming force, they recommended an immediate departure, offering an escort for themselves and their property, down the river, to Lake Winipie. This offer was accepted; and accordingly, towards the end of June, the colonists, amounting to about sixty individuals, quitted the settlement; and on the following day, a party of the North-west Company's servants and clerks proceeded to the spot, and, setting fire to the houses, the mill, and the other buildings, burnt them to the ground.

Early in the same year Lord Selkirk had received information in England that it was apprehended the Indians would make an attack on the Red River Settlement in the course of the season; and we accordingly find him, before the close of it, in America, whither he had gone to support the colonists by his personal exertions. On his arrival at New York on his way to Canada, he received the distressing intelligence that the colony was broken up and the settlers dispersed; but on proceeding to Montreal, he learned that the Indians had had no share whatever in that catastrophe. On the contrary, he found that his people had been seduced, and were then scattered in considerable numbers in both provinces; and accordingly, upon a fit application, numerous affidavits were taken before different magistrates in Upper and Lower Canada, with the view of ascertaining the real state of facts connected with the destruction of his settlements.

Whilst occupied in these investigations the Earl received information that the refugees who had gone down to Lake Winipie,

escorted by the Indians, as has been mentioned above, had returned to the Red River, and re-established the colony. On the receipt of this unexpected intelligence, his Lordship immediately despatched a messenger into the interior, to give notice at once of his arrival in America, and of his intention of joining them at the settlement as soon as the navigation should be open, furnished with every means he could obtain to secure their comfort and future safety. His anxiety and attention on this head were however altogether fruitless; for the messenger he had sent, whose name was Lagimoniere, was way-laid and robbed. An order, as was afterwards discovered, had been issued for this purpose by Mr. Norman M'Leod, the magistrate and North-west partner already particularized; and as this document affords a striking specimen of the manner in which the magisterial power is exercised in the Indian territory, we shall give our readers a single paragraph of it.

"The object of this express," says this righteous functionary, to his correspondent at Fond du Lac," is to tell you that Lagimoniere is again to pass through your department on his way with letters to Red River. As a precautionary measure he must absolutely be prevented proceeding or forwarding any letters. He, and the men along with him, and an Indian guide he has, must all be sent with their budget to this place, here to await the result of future proceedings. It was a matter of astonishment to many how he could have made his way, last fall, through Fond du Lac department. This, no doubt, you will be able satisfactorily to explain."

Before Lord Selkirk set out to visit his settlers on the Red River, an opportunity occurred of making a considerable addition to the strength and number of his party. The regiments of De Meuron, Watteville, and Glengary Fencibles, in consequence of the peace with the United States, had just been reduced; when about eighty privates of the first mentioned corps, with four officers, twenty of the second, and a few of the Glengary Fencibles, engaged with his Lordship to accompany him to his settlements where such of them as chose were to have lands assigned them, whilst such as might prefer to return either to Europe or to Montreal, were to have a free passage at his Lordship's expense. He had not however proceeded farther than the Falls of St. Mary, between Lakes Huron and Superior, when a party of his people, who had been forwarded in light canoes, fell back, carrying the lamentable intelligence that the colony was again destroyed, and that Mr. Semple, the Governor of the Hudson's Bay territories, with about twenty others, had been cruelly massacred. It was also asserted that several of the settlers had been brought down from the Red River as prisoners, by the North-West Company, and were then detained in custody, at their trading post of Fort William.



The short account which we are about to give of the melancholy event now alluded to is founded upon regular affidavits taken by several different magistrates, both at Fort William and Montreal, and delivered by persons who had been eye-witnesses of the whole transaction. From these documents it appears that Mr. Semple, appointed Governor of the territories belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, had, in the spring of last year (1816), arrived at the Red River, in order to visit the several stations in those districts attached to the trading establishment of that company. Whilst at that post he despatched Mr. Pambrun, one of his attendants, to a station considerably farther to the west, on the river *Qui Appelle*; with orders to convey to the former place a quantity of furs and provisions, the latter being intended chiefly for the use of the settlers until they could reap the crops that were then on the ground. Pambrun, accordingly, with five loaded boats and twenty-two men, was proceeding, about the middle of May, to rejoin Mr. Semple on the Red River, when a party of the servants of the North-west Company, amounting to fifty individuals, under the command of certain clerks and interpreters of that Company, attacked the convoy, seized upon the provisions and other property, and made prisoners of the whole party who had them in charge. Possessed of this booty, Mr. Alexander Macdonell embarked, towards the end of May, on the *Qui Appelle*, with the intention, it should seem, of directing an attack on Lord Selkirk's colony; for which purpose he was accompanied by a great number of the *Bois-brûlés* or Half-breeds, who escorted him on horseback along the banks of the river. Having arrived near the Hudson's Bay Company's trading post, at Brandon House, Cuthbert Grant, one of the Half-breed clerks who acted under Macdonell, was sent with twenty-five men to take that post; and these heroes, it is said, were so obedient to their chief, that they not only pillaged the establishment of all the provisions and furs belonging to the Company, but even carried off all the private property they could find, not excepting that of the very lowest servants. Shortly after this, Macdonell landed all his effects, and constructed a species of fortified camp at no great distance from the Red River, whilst Grant was despatched with about seventy men to attack the ill-fated settlers, then under the immediate protection of Governor Semple. It appears, indeed that this gentleman was on the point of returning to York Fort, in Hudson's Bay, on the business of his constituents, when the reports, which had been for some time in circulation, of intended hostility against the settlement, began to increase from every quarter. On the 17th of June, two Cree Indians who had escaped from the party of Canadians and *Brûlés*, under Macdonell, came to Mr. Semple, and told him that he would certainly be attacked in two days, by

the Half-breeds under Cuthbert Grant, who were determined to take the fort; and moreover, that if any resistance was made, neither man, woman, nor child, would escape. Two chiefs of the Santoux Indians, likewise, hearing of the meditated attack, came and held a council with Governor Semple, telling him in a speech, "that they were come to take their father's advice, and wished to know from him how they were to act; that they were certain he would be attacked; and that, if their father wanted their assistance, they and their young men would be ready to defend him." Some of the free Canadians also offered to join him; but he declined their services, saying, that he did not wish them to fight against their countrymen.

What follows we choose to give in the words of Mr. Pritchard, who had lived long on the Red River, and who, on the occasion of which we are now speaking, narrowly escaped from falling a victim to the ferocity of those mongrel savages who fought under the banners of Grant and of Mr. Alexander Macdonell.

"On the afternoon of the 19th of June a man in the watch-house called out that the Half-breeds were coming. The governor, some other gentlemen, and myself, looked through spy-glasses, and I distinctly saw some armed people on horseback passing along the plains. A man then called out, 'They (meaning the Half-breeds) are making for the settlers;' on which the Governor said, 'We must go out and meet those people; let twenty men follow me.' He proceeded by the old road leading down the settlement. As we were going along we met many of the settlers running to the fort, crying, 'The Half-breeds! the Half-breeds!' When we were advanced about three quarters of a mile along the settlement, we saw some people on horseback behind a point of woods. On our nearer approach the party seemed more numerous; on which the Governor made a halt, and sent for a field-piece, which delaying to arrive, he ordered us to advance. We had not proceeded far, before the Half-breeds on horseback, with their faces painted in the most hideous manner, and in the dresses of Indian warriors, came forward, and surrounded us in the form of a half-moon. We then extended our line, and moved more into the open plain; and as they advanced, we retreated a few steps backwards, and then saw a Canadian named Boucher, ride up to us waving his hand, and calling out, 'What do you want?' The Governor replied, 'What do *you* want?' To which Boucher answered, 'We want our fort.' The Governor said, 'Go to your fort.' They were, by this time, near each other, and spoke too low for me to hear. Being at some little distance to the right of the Governor, I saw him take hold of Boucher's gun, and almost immediately a general discharge of fire-arms took place; but whether it began on our side or that of the enemy, it was impossible to distinguish; my attention was then directed to my personal defence. In a few minutes, almost all our people were either killed or wounded. Captain Rogers having fallen rose up again, and came towards me; when, not seeing one of our party who was not either killed or disabled, I called out to him,

'For God's sake give yourself up.' He ran towards the enemy for that purpose, myself following him. He raised up his hands, and in English and broken French, called out for mercy. A Half-breed (son of Colonel William M'Kay) shot him through the head, and another cut open his belly with a knife, uttering the most horrid imprecations. Fortunately for me, a Canadian, named Savigne, joining his entreaties to mine, saved me, though with the greatest difficulty, from sharing the fate of my friend at that moment. With the exception of myself, no quarter was given to any of us. The knife, axe, or ball, put a period to the existence of the wounded; and on the bodies of the dead were practised all those horrible barbarities which characterize the inhuman heart of the savage. The amiable and mild Mr. Semple, lying on his side (his thigh having been broken) and supporting his head upon his hand, addressed the chief commander of our enemies by inquiring if he was Mr. Grant, and being answered in the affirmative, 'I am not mortally wounded,' said Mr. Semple; 'and if you could get me removed to the fort I think I should live.' Grant promised he would do so; and immediately left him in the care of a Canadian, who afterwards told me that an Indian of their party came up, and shot Mr. Semple in the breast. I entreated Grant to procure me the watch, or even the seals, of Mr. Semple, for the purpose of transmitting them to his friends, but I did not succeed. Our force amounted to twenty-eight persons, of whom twenty-one were killed, and one wounded. The enemy, I am told, were sixty-two persons, the greater part of whom were the contracted servants and clerks of the North-west Company; they had one killed, and one wounded. The chiefs who headed the party of our enemy were Messrs. Grant, Frazer, Antoine Horle, and Bourrassa; the two former clerks, and the two latter interpreters, in the service of the North-west Company."

This account by Pritchard of the above horrible transaction is fully confirmed by the deposition of Michael Heden, who stood close by Governor Semple, and consequently heard some particulars of the conversation between him and Boucher, which escaped Pritchard. It appears from his affidavit that the latter advanced in front of his party and in an insolent tone demanded to know what Mr. Semple was about. Mr. Semple, in reply, desired to know what he and his party wanted. Boucher said, he wanted his fort. The governor desired him to go to his fort; upon which Boucher said to him, "Why did you destroy our fort, you damned rascal." Mr. Semple then laid hold of the bridle of Boucher's horse, saying, "Scoundrel, do you tell me so." Upon this Boucher jumped from his horse, and a shot was fired by one of Grant's horsemen, which killed Mr. Holt, who was standing near Mr. Semple. Boucher then ran to his party, and another shot was fired by which Mr. Semple was wounded. The Governor immediately cried out to his men, "Do what you can to take care of yourselves;" but instead of this, his party appear to have crowded about him, to ascertain what injury he

had met with; and while they were thus collected, the Brûlés, who had formed a circle round them, fired a general volley upon them, by which the greater part were killed or wounded. Those who were still standing took off their hats, and called for mercy. This appeal to humanity was, however, made in vain; the horsemen galloped forward, and butchered them without mercy.

Pritchard, whose life was saved, as has been already related, by the interposition of Savigne, the Canadian, was carried a prisoner to the head-quarters of Cuthbert Grant, who informed him that an attack would be made that night upon the fort; and that if the settlers fired a single shot, a general massacre would ensue. "You see," he observed, "the little quarter we have shown you; and now, if any further resistance is made, neither man, woman, nor child, shall be spared." In this alarming predicament, Mr. Pritchard eagerly listened to a suggestion thrown out by Grant, that if the settlers would deliver up all public property, they should be allowed to withdraw from the colony in peace, and be protected until they should have passed the North-west Company's track in Lake Winipie. These terms being acceded to by the person at the head of the settlement, the unfortunate colonists, amounting with their labourers and families to nearly two hundred persons, embarked in their boats, with the intention of pursuing their voyage to Hudson's Bay. Their sufferings at the hands of the North-west agents were not, however, yet brought to a close. The second day after their embarkation they were met by a strong party of canoes, under the command of Mr. Norman M'Leod, the active magistrate whose exertions we have already had occasion to notice, himself also a leading partner and a principal agent of the North-west Company. By this gentleman the unhappy fugitives were most tyrannically detained several days; and Mr. Pritchard, Mr. Bourke, Patrick Corcoran, Michael Heden, and D. M'Kay, after being subjected to a rigorous examination as to the occurrences at the Red River, were taken into custody, and placed under a guard of armed men.

"The rest of the settlers, and their families," says the writer of the 'Statement,' "were permitted to proceed on their dreary voyage, after having been thus unnecessarily detained for several days, consuming the scanty stock of provisions they had with them; which, as Heden states in his deposition, was not sufficient to last them one quarter of their journey to the coast. No proposals were now held out, as in the year before, of free conveyance to Canada. No gratuitous offer of lands in the Upper or Lower Province. No high wages; no flattering encouragement; none of those aids and comforts which were last year to be derived from the boasted 'compassion of the North-west Company.' Insulted, plundered, robbed; deprived of the pro-

section of their nearest and dearest relations; some, by the fury of a merciless banditti; and others by the callous and cold-blooded persecution of a magistrate, they set out on their long and dismal voyage to Hudson's Bay. Of these people no certain intelligence has since been received in this country; and those who have the best means of forming an opinion upon the subject look for the accounts of what they have since suffered, with the most serious apprehension."

When the news of this catastrophe reached Lord Selkirk, he had proceeded, as the reader will recollect, as far as the Falls of St. Mary, on his way to join the colonists on the Red River, and had even given directions that boats and provisions should be forwarded from the colony to meet him and his new settlers. Upon hearing, however, that his settlement was again broken up, and that several of the principal members of it were actually in custody, as prisoners, at Fort William, he determined to repair thither without delay, that he might demand the release of his people, or at least ascertain the cause of their detention. It deserves to be mentioned, as we go along, that previous to the receipt of this intelligence, his Lordship appears to have had no intention whatever to go to that place. So far from it, indeed, the route which he had fixed on lay in quite a different direction, namely, by the west, or upper end of Lake Superior; whilst the boats which he had already dispatched, were ordered to proceed along the south side of the same lake, so as to avoid all collision with the North-west Company's establishments.

Upon his arrival at Fort William, Lord Selkirk sent to the partners of the North-west Company, who were assembled at that station, to know by what authority, and on what grounds, his principal settlers on the Red River had been seized and thrown into prison. Mr. Pritchard and his associates being upon this demand immediately set at liberty, gave the Earl such information relative to the destruction of his colony, as induced him to issue warrants for the apprehension of the North-west partners then in the Fort. This being accomplished without more than a show of resistance, their examinations being completed, and declarations made out and signed, warrants of commitment were issued against all who had been apprehended: which individuals were shortly thereafter sent off to the Attorney General of Upper Canada; thence again conveyed to Montreal in Lower Canada, where they were all in due course of law admitted to bail. No intelligence of a public nature has yet reached this country, upon which we can venture to detail more minutely than we have done, the proceedings which took place at Fort William, subsequent to the occupation of it by Lord Selkirk; and as the whole is likely to become the subject of legal investigation, we feel no desire to supply the deficiency from

private sources. We may, however, state in this place, for the information of such as have not read the several pamphlets published on this lamentable occasion, that Sir John Sherbrooke, the Governor of the Canadas, has dispatched two commissioners to examine into all the occurrences which have come to pass connected with this affair, whether in the Indian countries, or in the remote parts of Upper Canada.

1st. In reviewing the various facts connected with Lord Selkirk's attempt to found a colony in the circumstances above stated, one cannot help regretting that he had not ascertained before he actually embarked in the undertaking, whether he was likely to be seriously opposed by the natives, or rather perhaps, by those Half-breeds and Canadian residents, who may be regarded, in some degree, as the natural occupants of the soil. A mere formal grant, although completely valid and unchallengeable, goes but a very little way to secure the quiet possession of a country overrun with savages, and the children of savages; and we have no doubt that, had the charter, upon which his Lordship grounded his claims, emanated directly from the authority of King, Lords, and Commons, the respect shown by the Brulés to his title as *landlord*, would not have been materially different from what it was. Judging even from the temper and wishes of the gentlemen in this country, engaged in the concerns of the North-west Fur-trade, his Lordship might have anticipated a formidable opposition on the part of their dependants in the Indian countries; for it appears to be a standing maxim with them in Europe, as well as in America, that colonization in those regions must always be hurtful to their interests as traders. In all other respects, however, we cannot perceive that his plan for forming a settlement on the Red River was either impracticable or extravagant. The distance, indeed, from Canada, by the usual track of lakes and rivers, is so very great, that all communication with the British provinces, in that part of the world, must have been extremely difficult, and very infrequent; but, by the entrance of Hudson's Bay, the line of approach actually fixed on by Lord Selkirk, the journey by land and water united does not appear to exceed 750 miles. As to the fertility of the soil, again, and its susceptibility of cultivation, all difference of opinion must be set at rest by the report on this subject drawn up by Mr. Pritchard, who had lived thirteen years on the Red River, and who, in answer to certain queries by Mr. Colin Robertson, states the following particulars.

"From experience I can take upon myself to say that the climate is much the same as in Upper Canada; that is, the winters are of a shorter duration, and much milder than those experienced at Quebec. Last summer I had water-melons sown in the open ground on the

4th of June, which were ripe early in September; the largest weighing 13 lb. The musk-melons and cucumbers were as large and as well-flavoured as I ever met with at a fruitshop in London. Turnips sown the 25th of June were ready for the table about the middle of August. One bushel of potatoes will produce from forty to fifty bushels. Wheat, barley, and rye, I have only seen in small quantities; but I am of opinion that no country will produce a more abundant crop, or with so little trouble, as on the Red River. I need not mention the immense flocks of buffaloes that graze on the plains, or the number of elk and moose deer that inhabit the woods. A line with sixty hooks, set across any part of the river, will give you from sixty to a hundred cat-fish per day, each weighing from 9 to 25 lb.; besides, sturgeon, and many other fish peculiar to North America, may be taken in great abundance with nets. But the real value of the country is the fertility of the soil, and the facility that nature offers to the industrious of obtaining the reward of his labour. Here a luxuriant soil only asks the labour of the ploughman: not a root or stump requires to be taken up. The lands are already cleared. The plains present you with a pasturage many hundred miles in extent; and your horses and cows, except those of the latter, which require to be milked, may be left out all the winter. In truth, I know of no country that offers so many advantages; an exceeding wholesome climate; a fertile soil; fish, flesh, and fowls in abundance; and sugar and salt for the trouble making of them. In fact all the necessaries, and all the luxuries of life, that are useful to mankind, are to be found here. Society only is wanting."

We mention these circumstances solely from a wish to do justice to Lord Selkirk, on a point wherein his conduct has been rather injuriously represented; as having, in short, conducted a few ignorant people into a distant land, where they had only the alternative of starving, or of being themselves eaten up by wild Indians. All things considered, and particularly the immense distance of Red River from civilized life, and, of course, from a regular market for their surplus produce; we should hesitate in pronouncing the domain, selected by his Lordship, to be the very fittest under the British crown, for the establishment of a colony of agriculturists; still, we can see no ground for the charge so wantonly preferred against him, as to deficiency of the means for subsisting, and even for maintaining in comfort, a much larger body of settlers than he could ever have any chance of inducing to emigrate.

2dly. On estimating candidly all the circumstances brought to light in the publications of both parties, and coupling them with the known views and wishes of one of these bodies of men, there can be little doubt that the destruction of Selkirk's colony was "a consummation devoutly to be wished" by the Canadian traders; and moreover, that Cameron, in the year 1815, exerted an undue influence to bring about that end, by inducing

the settlers, their labourers, and servants, to desert, and place themselves under the protection of the North-west Company. A great variety of circumstances combine to strengthen this suspicion. We have already alluded to the letters by Cameron addressed to the settlers, at the period in question, and to the positive cases wherein bribes were offered, in money and land, to gain over some of the leading settlers: we have now to mention that a document was found at Fort William, which completely proved that the deserters, and particularly those of them whose treachery was found most useful to the North-west Company, were well rewarded for their services. Subjoined to their accounts, which were regularly entered in a book, are to be seen, in the hand-writing of Cameron and Macdonell, short abstracts of the services which these deserters respectively performed. For example, honourable mention is made of one of them (in the hand-writing of Cameron) in the following terms: "This man joined our people in February, was a great partisan, and very useful to us ever since, and deserves something from the North-west Company—say five or six pounds." Of another it is said nearly in the same words: "This man was also a great partisan of ours, and made himself very useful to us: he lost his three years' earning with the H. B. (Hudson's Bay) for joining us, and he deserves at least about twenty pounds." Another is praised by Mr. Alexander Macdonell thus: "An active smart fellow—left the H. B. Company in April last—a true partisan, steady, and brave—took a most active part in the campaign of this spring, and deserves from fifteen to twenty pounds." But the truest of *all true partisans*, says the author of the "Statement," appears to have been George Campbell: this man was therefore conspicuously honoured, as well as rewarded, by the North-west Company. He was placed at table, in their Common Hall at Fort William, next to the partners, and above the clerks of the Company. But this distinction, enviable as it might be, was not sufficiently solid for Mr. Campbell. By the direction of the partnership he received a reward of 100*l.*, which was paid to him by one of the Company's clerks. Subjoined to his account with the Company is the following most honourable testimony to his merits, under the hand-writing and signature of his friend and patron Mr. Duncan Cameron: "This is a very decent man, and a great partisan, who has often exposed his life for the N. W. Co. He has been of very essential service in the transactions of Red River, and deserves at least 100*l.* Halifax; and every other service that can be rendered him by the North-west Company. Rather than his merit and services should go unrewarded, I would give him 100*l.* myself, although I have



already been a good deal out of pocket, by my campaign to Red River."

Now, when it is recollected that the services for which these partisans, particularly Campbell, were rewarded, consisted in desertion from Lord Selkirk's colony, and in bearing arms against the settlers who remained firm to their engagement, it is extremely difficult not to yield to the impression which such facts are calculated to make on an unprejudiced mind, that the great object of Cameron's residence on the Red River, in 1815, was to seduce and divide, and thus, ultimately, to ruin his Lordship's settlement. On this head, therefore, we are inclined to agree with the writer of the pamphlet quoted above, that, from the statements and documents brought forward in his narrative, "no impartial reader, unless he thinks these documents are forged, can hesitate in drawing this conclusion—that from the first knowledge of the Earl of Selkirk's intention to establish a colony at the Red River, the North-west Company of Montreal determined to prevent it; that, in pursuance of this determination, they adopted, both in this country and abroad, such measures as appeared to them best calculated to carry their resolution into effect; that in doing so, they did not scruple as to the means which were to be employed; that their hostile operations increased in proportion as the probable success of the settlement became more apparent; and that, at length, they thought fit to instigate those measures of violent aggression against it, which ended in robbery and bloodshed."

8dly. Again, we are far from being satisfied with the arguments which are used by the representatives of the North-west Company, in order to make out that the rencounter between the Half-breeds and Red River people, which terminated in the death of Governor Semple, and the dispersion of the colony, was a mere matter of accident, or even brought about by the zeal and impetuosity of that gentleman. We are rather inclined to judge from all that is at present known to the public, that an attack on the settlement was premeditated and resolved upon by persons in the service of the North-west Company; and that whatever Mr. Semple's conduct might have been, whether he had departed or remained—whether he had interrupted Grant's party, or allowed them to pass—an invasion of the colony would have certainly taken place in a few days. The deposition of Pambrun, which we see no reason to call in question, affords the most ample evidence as to this point. The remark of Alexander Macdonell, for example, purporting that the business of the former year (1815) was a trifle in comparison of that which would take place in 1816, and more particularly his speech to the Santaux chief,

in which he declared his intention to "drive away" the settlers, appear quite decisive of the views entertained by the North-west agents. He represented to the said chief that the settlers were spoiling the lands which belonged solely to the Indians and Half-breeds; that they were driving away the buffaloes, and would render the Indians poor and miserable; that the North-west Company would drive them away, since the Indians did not choose to do it; that if the settlers resisted, the ground should be drenched with their blood; that none should be spared; that he did not need the assistance of the Indians, but, nevertheless, he would be glad if some of their young men would join him. The triumph of this Macdonell, too, when the success of Cuthbert Grant's party against Semple was announced to him, is strongly expressive of his wishes in relation to the ruin of the colony. "*Sacré nom de Dieu!*" he exclaimed, "*Bonnes nouvelles! Vingt-deux Anglois de tués.*" Besides, the fact mentioned by the same Pambrun will have a considerable weight with those who take a minute view of the whole transaction, namely, that "each of the Canadian and Half-breeds, who was engaged in the measure, received a present of clothing." The circumstance, however, which weighs most with us is that casually mentioned by Pritchard in his narrative, in the following words. "I there (*viz.* at the head-quarters of the party who had killed Semple) saw that Alexander Murray and his wife, two of William Bunneman's children, and Alexander Sutherland, settlers, and likewise Anthony Macdonell, a servant, were prisoners, *having been taken before the action took place.*" Now, the fact that six persons had been seized and carried off before the commencement of the skirmish, proves incontestably, we think, that the banditti under the command of Grant were sent out by Macdonell for the express purpose of annoying the settlers; and affords, at the same time, but too just ground for the suspicion expressed above, that the fate of the colony was already decided upon, in the councils of the North-westers. The advocates of the North-west Company, indeed, assert in their narrative that Grant's party had received strict orders to avoid all collision with the people under Semple at Fort Douglas, and that it was solely with the view of preserving secrecy that the former made prisoners of the few settlers who had fallen into their hands. We have no inclination, and no authority, to contradict their statement on this head; still when we view the whole transaction in connection with what went before, and with what succeeded the actual rupture on the 19th of June, the threatenings which were breathed by Mr. Alexander Macdonell, and the total overthrow of the settlement, with which his proceedings closed—we cannot divest ourselves of the impression that the

event was completely in accordance with the dearest wishes of the Canadian traders.

4thly. The documents laid before the public seem to warrant another conclusion, militating, like the former, against the vindication attempted to be set up by the representatives of the North-west Company. We allude to their unceasing endeavours to implicate the Indians, who appear to have been really innocent, and to exonerate the Half-Breeds and Canadian clerks, who seem to have perpetrated the whole mischief both in 1815 and 1816. Thus in a letter from Montreal, announcing the melancholy event of the 19th of June, it is said that Lord Selkirk's colony on the Red River has been again broken up, owing to the mad and infatuated violence of Governor Semple and his people, who fired upon a party of "*Indians* conveying provisions to meet the North-west Company's canoes from the interior. The *Indians* returned the fire, and rushing in upon Semple's party put the whole, including himself, to death.—The *Indians* immediately after ordered away all the settlers, with an injunction never to return at the peril of their lives. They offered them no personal violence, but retained the Governor's and Hudson's Bay Company's property, which the *Indians* divided." Now, all this is so far from being consistent with fact, that there were only three Indians present during the affray, who seem to have taken no part whatever in the massacre; whilst the property was all delivered up to Cuthbert Grant, who signed every sheet of the inventory as "received on account of the North-west Company."

It seems indeed to have been a leading principle in the system upon which the agents of that Company acted throughout the whole of this affair, to associate with them, in every act of violence, a certain number of Indians; with the view, it is natural to imagine, either of intimidating the colonists, or of furnishing themselves with an opportunity of ascribing to the natives all the mischief which might occur. Thus, we find from a deposition made by a Chippewa chief before the Indian department in Upper Canada that, in 1815, M'Kenzie and Morrison, two agents of the North-west Company, offered him all the goods, or merchandize and rum, which they had at Fort William, Leach Lake, and Sand Lake, if he would make and declare war against the settlers on the Red River—that in 1816, "Grant, one of the same Company, offered him, the said chief, Kawtawabetay, two kegs of rum and two carrots of tobacco, if he would send some of his young men in search of some persons employed to take despatches to the Red River, and to pillage the said bearers of despatches of the letters and papers, and to kill them should they make any resistance."—"Kawtawabetay further states, that Grant, aforesaid, told him not to be surprised to hear that whilst

he, the said chief, would be absent, if he took the said chief's son and ten of his young men to the Red River; for he, the said Grant, intended to go to the said river with twelve of the Rain Lake Indians and his people for the purpose of fighting the settlers at the Red River; that he did not intend to call in the Indians to his aid to fight the settlers, for he, Grant, and his party would be strong enough to drive away the settlers, but wanted the Indians *merely as spectators*." In like manner, we find Mr. Norman McLeod writing on the 3d of June, 1816, (about a fortnight before the massacre at Red River,) to his colleagues Morrison and Grant, informing them that, after "various consultations," we—the partners at Fort William—"have come to the resolution of forwarding an express to you, to request you will, as soon as possible, assemble as many of the Indians, as you can by any means induce to go to the Red River, to meet us there. We also mean to take a few of the Lac la Pluie Indians along with us. We shall and will be guarded and prudent; we shall commit no extravagancies, but we must not suffer ourselves to be imposed upon; nor can we submit quietly to the wrongs heaped upon us by a lawless, unauthorized, and inveterate opponent in trade. You will not hesitate to explain to the Indians the purpose for which we want them to meet us; *possibly, and most probably, their appearance will suffice*; but in any case they shall be well and fully recompensed for their trouble."

Notwithstanding all these arts to gain the co-operation of the Indians, and to stimulate their hatred, we are furnished with the strongest evidence that the natives, generally speaking, were most friendly to the settlement. We are told even in the Narrative itself, that when the settlers were dispersed in 1815, some of them were taken into the houses of the "friendly Indians;" and we have already mentioned that these humane savages, regretting that they could no longer protect them, escorted such of the colonists as had remained unseduced beyond the track of the North-west Company in Lake Winipie.

In short, it is impossible for a candid reader not to perceive that the destruction of Lord Selkirk's colony was a favourite measure with the resident members of the North-west traders, and, also, that that object was achieved through the instrumentality of persons more or less connected with them, and under their control. We are far from insinuating that the individuals in England, between whom and the Company in question any relation subsists, were in the most remote degree privy to such intentions, or that they can, by any imaginable inference, be implicated in the guilt of the Bois-brûlés and wintering agents, who seem to have planned and executed the tragical catastrophe at Kildonan. Nor are we inclined to visit all the partners of the

North-west Company, who happened to be at Fort William in 1815 or 1816, with the sweeping condemnation poured upon them by Mr. Pritchard. This gentleman, in the close of his narrative, expresses his conviction that the death of Semple, and the final ruin of the Kildonan settlement, is wholly attributable to the machinations or connivance of the partners of that mercantile association. "That these murders," says he, "of my friends and fellow-settlers might have been prevented, if the partners of the North-west Company had been, in general, so disposed, is a point upon which no doubt can exist in the mind of any man who is acquainted with the state of the country. It is a fact which I can safely assert in the presence of Almighty God, and in the face of the world."

As to the conduct, on the other hand, which the Earl of Selkirk pursued at Fort William, it will appear, we think, to the great majority of readers, as at least very questionable, if not positively irregular and extra-judicial. That fort is situated in Upper Canada, and therefore, we presume, not within the limit of his Lordship's jurisdiction as a magistrate. Besides, as the occasion which seemed to him to call for so energetic an exercise of his magisterial power had arisen entirely from an emergency which involved, almost exclusively, his own particular interests, it would undoubtedly have been more becoming his high rank, and the apparent justice of his cause, to have made application to the constituted authorities in Upper Canada, than to apprehend and commit, on his own warrant, men who might thus be called his personal enemies.

Indeed the most distressing and revolting circumstance attending these recent occurrences in the Indian countries is the gross abuse, on both sides, of legal authority, and the attempt, constantly resorted to by the one party and the other, to justify unlawful acts, by the venerable forms of law, and by the sanction of the magistrate. We see, on all hands, the strongest reason for joining in the opinion of the writers of the "Narrative," that "it may be fairly doubted, whether any of the numerous persons in the interior, whose conduct is implicated in these transactions was, in respect of information or acquirement, fit to be entrusted with the powers of the magistrate, and still less at a time, when all parties must have been more or less biassed by a spirit of party and animosity." As long, indeed, as it shall be in the power of a merchant, upon any occasion or pretence whatever, to cast his rival in trade into prison and load him with irons, it is very obvious that there can be neither peace nor security in the Indian countries; and, on this account, it is certainly to be wished that the act, commonly called the "Canada Jurisdiction Act," by which such power is granted, were

either carefully revised or altogether repealed. At all events, some inquiry must necessarily take place into the merits of the several personages engaged in the late transactions; and some means must be adopted to prevent the possibility of their recurrence. The British character is at stake; the tranquillity even of our Canadian territories is committed; and we are, accordingly, in daily expectations of hearing both that the commissioners, appointed by Sir John Sherbrooke, have given in their report; and that measures founded upon it will speedily vindicate in the eyes of the world the cause of justice and humanity.

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Up to the hour of publication we have availed ourselves of every opportunity which seemed to promise the communication of further details respecting the colony on the Red River. In particular we wished to be informed, and have accordingly applied to every source of intelligence on this head, whether any information has been received in this country relative to those settlers who, upon the destruction of the colony in 1816, set out either on their return to England, or for the Canadas, by the way of Hudson's Bay. Our inquiries on that point have been altogether fruitless; and we are accordingly still left to conjecture, and to the most painful solicitude, with respect to their fate.

Of the fortunes of Duncan Cameron, too, who seems to have been sent off, by Mr. Colin Robertson, in the same direction, with the view of being subjected to a legal examination for his attack on Lord Selkirk's settlement, and his seizure of public property, we are likewise entirely uninformed. We have not heard whether he has yet reached his destination, or even whether he arrived at the Forts, or Hudson's Bay.

We were extremely desirous to communicate to our readers, whether any report has yet been made by the commissioners who, as we have mentioned above, were appointed last autumn by Sir John Sherbrooke, Governor of Canada, to inquire into the state of affairs in the Indian countries, and whether any proceedings founded on that report have been laid before the public in British America. The answers to all inquiries on this subject are equally unsatisfactory. No intelligence has as yet reached this country.

## ART. XIX. HEBER'S BAMPTON LECTURES.

1. *The Personality and Office of the Christian Comforter asserted and explained, in a Course of Sermons on John xvi. 7. preached before the University of Oxford, in the Year 1815, at the Lecture founded by the late Reverend John Bampton, M. A. Canon of Salisbury.* By Reginald Heber, M. A. 8vo. pp. 589. Hatchard. London, 1816.
2. *A Reply to certain Observations on the Bampton Lectures of the Year 1815, contained in the British Critic for December 1816 and January 1817, in a Letter to the Head of a College.* By Reginald Heber, A. M. 8vo. pp. 93. Hatchard. London, 1817.
3. *Vindication of a Review of the Bampton Lectures, for the Year 1815, inserted in the British Critic; in Two Letters addressed to the Reverend Reginald Heber, M. A. Letter I. containing a Defence of the Arguments in favour of the Doctrine of the Trinity.* By the Reverend F. Nolan, late of Exeter College, Oxon. 8vo. pp. 78. Ogles and Co. London, 1817.

THERE are some mornings so pure and cloudless as, even in our capricious climate, to fix upon the mind an anticipation of an unsullied day, which is too strong to be shaken by the occasional gathering of clouds in the horizon of our view. And thus it is with the literary lives of certain individuals. The dawn of their career has been of so bright an aspect, and has filled the mind with such agreeable expectations, that we do not hesitate to anticipate a day of triumph and glory. What they have done already has so much pleased us, that we throw our prophetic glance along their advancing course, and are kindly determined they shall please us in future. Hence it is of no small consequence in what forms the young author first presents himself to the public. It is greatly for his interest, by the spirit and character of his earliest efforts, to make a sort of lodgement in the public regard, to raise an expectation of his future achievements, and to avert the general inclination to criticism. The only risk connected with these early prepossessions in the public mind is, that they sometimes pitch their expectations too high; and, mistaking the freshness of youth for substantial vigour, the bloom of the cheeks for the strength of the muscle, are apt to require that for which no pledge was given. It is therefore, perhaps, the happiest of all conditions in which a probationer for literary honours can be placed when the character of his early productions has been such as to excite hope, without kindling too ardent a prepossession; when he has led the public to expect in him not a giant but a man; when he has soothed them to that placid

sobriety of expectation in which they are more disposed to praise excellences than to discover faults. And such we conceive to have been the case of the author of the principal volume before us, as much as of any candidate for public fame with whom we are acquainted. His prize poem, "Palestine," was exactly of a character to impregnate the public mind with the spirit which we have described. It was not very original, nor very splendid, nor very ambitious. It was characterized by none of those strong and mighty explosions of power which often break the uniformity and insignificance of juvenile composition; and fill the reader with predictions of future eminence. But it discovered much and accurate reading, great familiarity with our best poets, considerable facility in drawing upon their stores, and turning them to his own purpose, much taste in the selection of topics, great correctness of ear, and ease of composition; and, above all, there breathed through the whole of the poem a spirit so tender, and gentle, and pure, and domestic, as almost to ensure the writer a very high place in the regard of his readers. And, as far as we can judge of the state of public opinion, we are disposed to think that the poetic toils of Mr. Heber earned their appropriate wages with the great bulk of his countrymen. It inclined them to think favourably of the man and his efforts. Nor has he been guilty of any literary delinquency in the interval between the publication of his poem, and of the present severer work, so as to forfeit the general esteem. His little poem on "Europe," and other fugitive pieces, rather increased than lessened his reputation. And the notes which he had kindly supplied to Dr. Clarke, in his books of travels, induced us to think that Mr. Heber was the more exact and inquiring traveller of the two; and that he could easily have added much to the solid worth of those highly entertaining volumes.

As we should be very sorry, on any occasion, to be behind in the race of benevolent feeling, we are happy to say that our own predilection had kept pace with those of our neighbours. And we confess that we did not, as critics, or as men, hear of Mr. Heber's honourable appointment, at so early an age, to preach the Bampton Lectures, without much satisfaction. Nor have our hopes been disappointed. Whilst, as will be seen, we find cause to differ from him on some, and those by no means unimportant, points, we feel no hesitation in stating the present volume to disclose considerable talent, great and accurate reading, much independence of mind, and, above all, a spirit of liberality, of energetic benevolence, and of unaffected piety. These are no small praises; but we hope to establish them on something more solid than the *ipse dixit* of anonymous criticism before we have done. We assure our readers, in the mean time, that, whatever



be the defects of Mr. Heber's sermons, and they are not a few, they have been a real refreshment to us by their bold deviation from the model which a Bampton lecturer is now ordinarily in the habit of prescribing to himself. If there is a department in theology which may be said to be cultivated even to exhaustion, it is that of exposing and denouncing the errors of Methodism. And yet this is the solitary post which the bulk of these delegated champions of our faith delight to occupy. And we are condemned, again and again, to read in extracts from the Journals of John Wesley, those errors which scarcely any well-instructed modern Methodist would desire to justify, and which Wesley himself would probably, when the moment of enthusiasm was over, have been among the first to condemn. Methodism, understanding by that term the system of opinions and discipline maintained by the followers of Wesley, is, no doubt, a growing and formidable enemy to the Church of England; and, therefore, to the abiding interests of sober religion. And if theologians would calmly and kindly take up the subject, seize upon the really diseased parts of that feverish system, show to the wavering members of the Establishment the unscriptural nature of the Methodistic doctrine of "Perfection," the real perils of a religious system which so rashly substitutes "frames" and "feelings" for the more substantial evidences of conversion,—which feeds the flame of enthusiasm,—which cherishes a taste for the marvellous,—and which, if universally established in the realm, would deprive us of all educated, disciplined, and ordained ministers, and "take only of the lowest of the people" to make "priests of the Lord;"—if the lovers of the Establishment, or of sound and practical religion, would take up this theme, and, without harshness, or exaggeration, or bigotry, and in the spirit of tenderness, and liberality, and love, press these points on the public consideration, they might render important service to the community. But the present mode of warfare is both wearisome and useless. It is wearisome, because it is "a tale twice told." It is useless, because no Methodist of the lower order is likely to read the argument; and none of the higher order are disposed to defend the excesses of the infancy of their system. On the whole, therefore, we feel no slight debt of gratitude to be due to Mr. Heber, for having sturdily refused to wear the mantle of his brother prophets; and for having carried us into fields of inquiry less stimulating to the bad passions of our nature, and more profitable for "doctrine, for reproof, for instruction in righteousness." We are firmly persuaded that the best means of destroying the influence of error is strenuously to promote the love of truth. Secure the growth of the tree of life, and the weeds, which are too apt to spring under it, will wither in its awful shade.

These Lectures are all founded upon the text in St. John: "Nevertheless, I tell you the truth; It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come; but if I depart I will send him unto you." We shall proceed, as briefly as we are able, to give the substance of these Lectures to our readers, with our own comments upon them; noticing, at the same time, what we cannot but call the intemperate and unwarranted, though learned, and generally orthodox attack upon them, in two works, whose titles are mentioned or referred to at the head of this article.

The first lecture opens with some general observations, suggested by the circumstances in which the words of the text were delivered by their Divine Author, on the interest and importance always attached to the words of the dying. That promise, by which the Saviour of the world thought proper to console his afflicted followers at his own departure, naturally claims the deepest reverence and attention from all who bear his name, and profess his religion. The author, therefore, on this ground alone, would no doubt have been fully justified in considering the promise of the text, as a subject worthy of his labour and of his audience. But he states the additional ground for his selection of this topic, that it was less pre-occupied than most other subjects connected with the fundamentals of religion. We give his estimate of some of the known works on this subject.

"With much of natural acuteness, and a style which, though unpolished, is seldom wearisome, Clagitt had too little learning to be ever profound, and too much rashness to be always orthodox. Where he exposes the inconsistency of the Puritan arguments, his work is not without a certain share of usefulness; but for the purposes of general edification we may search his pages in vain; nor would he have preserved so long the share of reputation which he holds, if it had not been for the circumstance that he was Owen's principal antagonist. Ridley, whose talents and acquirements have not been rewarded with the fame to which, far more than Clagitt, he is entitled, has erred, nevertheless, in the injudicious application of heathen traditions; and both Clagitt and Ridley have altogether neglected the consideration of the office of God's Spirit as the peculiar comforter of Christians.

"Among those who are not members of our English Church Dr. Owen's voluminous work on the Spirit is held in high estimation; and, in default of others, has been often recommended to the perusal not of Dissenters only, but of the younger clergy themselves. But in Owen, though his learning and piety were, doubtless, great, and though few have excelled him in the enviable talent of expressing and exciting devotional feelings, yet have his peculiar sentiments and political situation communicated a tinge to the general character of his volume, unfavourable alike to rational belief and to religious charity. His arrangement is lucid; his language not inelegant; and his manner of treating the subject is at least sufficiently copious. But, as he has

most of the merits, so has he all the imperfections characteristic of his age and party; a deep and various but ill-digested reading; a tediousness of argument, unhappily not incompatible with a frequent precipitancy of conclusion; a querulous and censorious tone in speaking of all who differ from him in opinion; while his attempt to reconcile the Calvinistic doctrine of irresistible grace with the conditional promises of the Gospel, may be placed, perhaps, among the most unfortunate specimens of reasoning which have ever found readers and admirers.

"Of recent authors, where blame would be invidious, and where it might seem presumptuous to bestow commendation, I may be excused from saying more than that the plan of the present Lectures will be found to differ materially from any with which I am yet acquainted. There is another, however, and a greater name than all whom I have noticed, whose Doctrine of Grace (those parts at least which belong not to temporary fanaticism and factions best forgotten,) must ever be accounted, so far as its subject extends, in the number of those works which are the property of every age and country, and of which, though succeeding critics may detect the human blemishes, the vigour and originality will remain, perhaps, unrivalled.

"But on the personality and Deity of the Holy Ghost, the genius of Warburton is silent; and that occasional rashness, which is the attendant curse on conscious power, has destroyed, in his writings, that uniform and wary accuracy which alone can so far occupy the ground as to deny to succeeding inquirers the hope of advantage or discovery." (Christian Comforter, p. 12—15.)

Now whilst we consider each of these portraits as, in the main, just, we conceive almost all of them to need a few additional touches. Much, for instance, as the Church of England is indebted to Clagitt for his noble resistance to the theological despotism of James II.; much as she owes him for his vindication of her pretensions against the arguments of Papists and Dissenters, it must be remembered, that so cold and equivocal are his sentiments upon all questions connected with the Third Person of the glorious Trinity, that half of the battles of Socinianism upon this point have been fought under his banner.

With respect to Owen we are persuaded that his work remains, notwithstanding the publication of Mr. Heber's own book, by far the most considerable work on this subject in the language. It doubtless has its errors. It is the work of a religious systematist; and, instead of taking the liberal and unconstrained view which he ought of his subject, he strains too eagerly to accommodate it to his own system. It is also, if we may so say, too methodical, inasmuch as he ties down the freedom of Scripture to certain fixed rules. But then in variety and depth of learning; in a thorough acquaintance with the metaphysics of his subject; in the devout and practical application of it to all the inward emotions and outward habits of man, Owen, in all his works, has few superiors. It is easy to rise

rom many other accredited works on this subject, with nothing more than a cold historical belief in the Being, the Personality, the Divinity, of the Holy Spirit. But Owen never deems his theological labours concluded on any points connected with this important theme, till he has lodged the subject in the heart as well as the head, and revealed the Holy Ghost, not merely as a Being seated in heaven, and isolated from man, but as the necessary teacher, sanctifier, and comforter of the children of God.

The estimate given by Mr. Heber of Warburton's work on Grace appears to us to be too favourable. That work is surely, in many parts, fanciful and hazardous. It is pregnant, moreover, with a spirit of the deepest acrimony, contempt, and hatred, towards one and all of those who happen to differ from the author—and, above all, it has supplied the ground-work of that capital misinterpretation of the text of Mr. Heber, by which he himself has, as we shall see, been betrayed into the cardinal offence of his work. If, as the author says, the work of Warburton, "is the property of every age and country, we shall not be sorry to know that it partakes the common fate of that which belongs to all, to be cultivated and valued by none. Differing from Mr. Heber in some of these estimates, we perfectly concur in the sentiments, with the statement of which he finishes his survey.

"On ground like this, indeed, (the most fertile, perhaps, in tares, and the most liable to invasion of any in the Evangelical heritage,) our labours can never be superfluous; nor are they to be despised, who bear, with whatever strength or fortune, their efforts and offerings to the common stock of knowledge and virtue; who, following the path of more illustrious adventurers, beat down, as they revive, the hydra heads of sophistry; whose occupation it is to eradicate those weeds of error which aspire to wreath their poisonous tendrils round the fairest pillars of the sanctuary, and to chase those obscene birds of darkness and rapine, which from time to time return to scream and nestle in the shadow of the altar of God." (*Ibid.* p. 15, 16.)

The remainder of the first lecture is employed in refuting the often refuted position, that the investigation of what are termed religious mysteries, meaning by the expression, the fundamental doctrines of religion, is unsafe and unprofitable. Dr. Ogden is quoted by the author as an enunciator of this favourite dogma of infidelity. But many parts of Ogden's able, though singular work, are directly opposed to this position. Indeed, he himself reasons with much ability on these very topics. And we are convinced that the apparent leaning of a few sentences to this error, arises from his love of emphasis and brevity, which often betrays him into expressing twice as much as he means in half as

icious remarks on an allegation, not unfrequently adduced; that the Jews were not believers in the personality of the Holy Spirit. Mr. Heber appears to us to have established the point, that the orthodox opinion was the Jewish opinion. And the public are, we conceive, no little indebted to him for the diligence with which he has searched into the Rabbinical authorities upon this point. We will not say that the Rabbins have not, now and then, helped him to a theory which could hardly have sprung up in any but the rich soil of the Gemara. But they do not appear to have misled him on any fundamental point; while, on the contrary, they are constrained in his hands to fight the battles of that cross, which it was their unholy object to blaspheme and frustrate. The Gemara, however prolific of lies and absurdities, may fairly be received as an evidence of the opinions of the Jews on religion; especially where those opinions lean to the side of Christianity. And it is thus Mr. Heber has employed that work. He is not so injudicious as to maintain that the Jews of any sect or time did not fall short of the standard of knowledge as to the doctrine of a Trinity, or even the doctrine of "Spirits," to which Christians have attained, and he has expressed the contrary opinion with considerable eloquence.

"The illumination, in fact, of the moral creation of God, during the course of his dealings with mankind, has, like the advances of the physical day, been gradually and slowly progressive. The darkness of ignorance has been dispelled by a process almost similar to that which chases every morning the darkness of night from a part of the creation; and the leading truths which almighty Wisdom has thought fit to reveal to mankind have been enveloped, at first, amid the clouds of type and mystery; in promises which might sharpen the attention of the soul, and in shadows which might soften to her eyes the too sudden glare of wonder and miracle.

"At first, with the first men and early Patriarchs, we are introduced to the thin dawn and twilight of Revelation; the covenant taught by the mystery of the serpent's head, and by the institution of bloody sacrifices. Then came the dawn of day, but faint and cloudy still with ceremonies and allegory, and Christ appeared afar off, and reflected from the face of Moses. Still it grew lighter and more light as, to successive generations, successive Prophets announced, with increased precision, the approach of the destined Messiah; till, bearing in himself the full brightness of the Godhead bodily, with healing on his wings, the Sun of Righteousness arose!

"True it is, that of the glorious prospect which the Christian day-spring opened to mankind, the component features were not new, though a new splendour encircled them: the roses of Sharon and the trees of Paradise were not then first planted, though their beauties were then first discernible; and the mountain of God's help had stood for ages, though its form was indistinct before." (*Ibid.* p. 83-85.)

In the latter part of this lecture he examines the leading objections to the authority of the ancient Christian writers in matters of religion, and the Unitarian assertion of the heterodoxy of these early doctors on the subject of the Trinity. We should be sincerely glad to take our part in that argument under such a flag as Mr. Heber's. But our want of space forbids it. With candid readers, Bishop Horsley has, we think, settled the latter point for ever; and left no question as to the orthodoxy of the first ages on the subject of the Trinity. And if he had not, Irenæus, the contemporary of Justin, Tertullian and Polycarp, might have been conceived to have decided it in the following well known extract.

“ ‘ This doctrine,’ he tells us, after a clear and copious exposition of all those points for which the orthodox are now contending, ‘ this doctrine and this faith the Church, though scattered through the earth, has received, and guards as if her members were one single family. This she believes as with one single heart; this as with one single voice she proclaims and teaches, and delivers to her progeny. There are many languages in the world, but the tenor of our tradition is the same. The churches in Germany believe and teach no otherwise; nor in Spain, nor in Gaul, nor in the East, nor in Egypt, nor in Lybia, nor those which are in the midst of the world, and in the central provinces of Italy. But as all the world is enlightened by the self-same sun, so does the doctrine of truth shine every where, and enlighten all who desire to come to it. Nor will the most eloquent of our Christian teachers add to this tradition, nor the weakest in the Gospel diminish aught from it. For when the faith is one, neither can an eloquent exposition add to its doctrines, nor the briefest statement detract from them.’ ” (Ibid. p. 115, 116.)

There is a note in the second lecture, which, in our anxiety to expose calumny and to defend individual reputation, we cannot withhold from our readers.

“ Mr. Belsham, in his recent publication addressed to the Bishop of London, among many other eminent characters whom he cites as secretly attached to the opinions of modern Unitarianism, has thought fit to name Bishops Law of Carlisle, and Shipley of St. Asaph, and the Rev. Archdeacon Blackburne. On what evidence it is that he ascribes a dissembling of their faith to men of unblemished character, whose writings, doubtless, may be searched in vain for any thing on which to found the charge of heresy, he has not deigned to let us know. For Bishop Shipley, whose memory I respect, at least as much as Mr. Belsham can, and whose private sentiments I have better means of knowing than Mr. Belsham can possibly possess, I can answer, on the authority of his son, that the charge is as false as it is injurious. Had Dr. Shipley's faith been inconsistent with that of the Church to which he belonged, those who knew his utter disregard of worldly interest, and his characteristic frankness of character, know that he would not have retained his preferment a single hour.

In truth, however, his daily devotions and his confidential discourses were in perfect consonance with his public professions. He was, like his original patron Hoadly, a Low-Churchman, but he was a Churchman from the purest feelings of conviction. Mr. Belsham might have known all this, had he thought it worth his while to be accurate, as he might also have known from the published life of Archdeacon Blackburne, that this zealous partizan was not only a Trinitarian but a Calvinist. From these specimens of Socinian exactness, we may ascertain the degree of credit due to Mr. Hopton Haynes, when he tells us that Sir Isaac Newton did not believe in our Saviour's pre-existence." (*Ibid.* p. 120, 121.)

Mr. Heber, having shown in the second lecture that, in the second century, and less than one hundred years from the resurrection of Jesus Christ, the doctrine of a Trinity of persons in the Godhead (in which doctrine the personality of the Holy Spirit is necessarily included) was established in the Churches of the East and West, proceeds, in the first part of the third lecture, to prove that this opinion could not have been derived from that little band of philosophical converts whom Christianity received in those early ages from the Platonic school.

Of this part of the lecture we will only observe (for the discussion of the various subjects involved in it is far too extensive for a paper of this kind) that, while we consider the author as having made good his points, we consider his estimate of Platonism as, on the whole, too favourable. When he speaks of their "notions of the Deity," as "pious and reasonable," and considers their conception of the Trinity as a "yet nearer approach to the truth in the adumbration of a three-fold existence in the Godhead;" we conceive that he says more than he precisely means. And although we cannot think that these negligent expressions fairly expose him to the somewhat rough assaults of his antagonists on this subject, we imagine that he will be happy to avail himself of the opportunity of sobering and subduing them in a subsequent edition.

The latter part of the sermon is designed to meet the Heterodox opinions, that the term Holy Spirit is used in an allegorical sense in the text: and that He is merely a quality of the Supreme Being. On these two points we think his argument triumphant. As to the first point, nothing can be more obvious than the fallacy of an argument which endeavours to found the allegorical usage of the term Holy Spirit, on the fact that he is said to be received, to be given, to be quenched; for it is obvious that similar modes of expression are employed with regard to the Son of God, whose real existence is not questioned, and even with regard to the Supreme Being himself.

And the system which would make the Holy Ghost a quality of God is sufficiently exposed by the consideration that, in this

case, the Father would be spoken of as receiving his commands, and even the illumination of which He was to be a dispenser from the Son. "He shall take of mine, and show it unto you." It is added that the "Spirit of truth" was "not to speak of his own," but "as he was to hear, so was he to speak." Could this be said of the Father?

There is a passage at the end of this sermon, of which we could have desired, for the sake of its practical value, to have found many more counterparts in this volume.

"If any such there are, (and such there doubtless must be among the younger part of this assembly) whose opinions are not yet confirmed by time or inquiry in those doctrines which our Church with reason inculcates as essential to our holiness here and our happiness hereafter; if such there be, let me exhort them not to shun those studies on which their faith must hereafter repose, nor (if such studies are begun with proper feeling, and continued with proper perseverance) to entertain any doubt as to their issue.

"But let them recollect, during such their inquiry, that what is above reason is not, therefore, unreasonable; that, where difficulties are found on either side, the word of God is the only sufficient arbiter; and that the best means of understanding any single passage of Scripture, is to acquire an accurate and long acquaintance with the whole of the sacred volume.

"Yet, though Scripture be the test by which every doctrine is tried, it is by the sense and not the terms of Scripture that the conformity of an opinion to God's will may be most fairly estimated. It is no objection to a solemn truth that it should be conveyed in barbarous language; and, if our adversaries have compelled us to define, with scholastic precision, our faith in the Triune Deity, the fault, if fault there be, must rest with them by whom we are daily and falsely accused of idolatry.

"But, brethren, I speak as to the wise; a name, ye know, is nothing; nor have ye so learned Christ (God forbid ye should have so learned him!) as to believe his religion to be a system of sounds and syllables; or to fancy that a Scriptural doctrine cannot be contained in unusual or unscriptural language. Bear with us, then, in this our infirmity! Attend not so much to the terms which we use, as to the meaning which those terms convey; and, as ye honour the gift of reason, and as ye love the privilege of Revelation, reject not an inference legitimately drawn from premises admitted by all; despise not the wonders of the Gospel, because their heavenly nature transcends the grossness of our present faculties!

"Nor fancy that we are leading you from practical truths along the dreary track of useless, perhaps of impious, speculation; or that the time is wasted which is employed in discussing rather than improving the spiritual graces vouchsafed to us by the Almighty.

"In our religion is no speculative truth, but it is connected with, and terminates in, practice. We study God's nature, in order that the more we know of him, he may offer a shape more tangible and



more accessible to our faith, our affection, and our prayer. The more firmly the personal existence of his Spirit is imprinted on our minds, the more conviction do we feel of our own spiritual and immortal nature; the warmer gratitude to that eternal and almighty Redeemer, by whose merits and whose power this heavenly guest is brought down to dwell in the hearts of men.

"In that Redeemer, indeed, as in the former Adam of Cabbalistic Mythology, all the rays of the celestial Sephiroth meet and terminate; all the splendours of Revelation are embodied in him; and every minor difference of creed or discipline is extinguished in this central light, with those who offer up at the basis of his cross, their hopes, their doubts, their merits, their infirmities!

"From that most holy and most happy company; from that innumerable multitude who, with more or less of knowledge, and amid less or greater errors, have sought redemption through the sufferings of Christ, and shall find it in his final triumph, the Socinian is self-excluded! Like the wind of the desert, where his doctrines pass, the fruits and flowers of Eden vanish or decay; and in that self-confidence which counts the blood of the Eternal Covenant a worthless thing, and doth despite to the Spirit of Grace; in that strength of prejudice which would rend from Scripture whatever page or passage contravenes his previous opinion; in that gloomy materialism which turns identity into illusion, and degrades our nature to the level of a speaking automaton, he stands alike anathematized by the primitive Faith and the soundest Philosophy; rejected alike from the academy and the temple.

"That these renowned and venerable seats of learning and piety may, as they have embraced, continue long to hold fast the better part both in philosophy and religion, may He accord to our prayers from whom all wisdom and godliness flow; the author of every good and perfect gift to man; the ruler and patron of that Church which the Son hath purchased by his blood; who, with the same most blessed Son, and the Almighty and Eternal Father, liveth and reigneth ever one God, world without end." (Ibid. p. 191—195.)

The following elegant translation of Synes. Hymn. iii. ad fin. occurs in the notes to this sermon, and we are unwilling to deny it to our readers.

"Grant me, releas'd from Matter's chain,  
To seek, oh God, thy home again,  
Within thy bosom to repose,  
From whence the stream of Spirit flows!  
A dew-drop of celestial birth,  
Behold me spilt on nether earth;  
Then give me to that parent well,  
From which thy flitting wand'rer fell." (Ibid. p. 199.)

Mr. Heber proceeds in the fourth lecture to treat on the Unity of the Divine Persons, and the Christian Trinity. And, having established this point in some judicious observations, he goes on to inquire who were the "*objects* of the promised advent

of the Comforter," and what were the effects to be anticipated from his advent.

Having inferred the perpetuity of the presence of the Holy Spirit in the church from the expression in the text "for ever," he turns aside to examine the part which the Holy Spirit has sustained in the scheme of Divine Providence, under the Patriarchal and Mosaic dispensations. It is in this part of the work that some of those speculations are found, for which Mr. Heber is probably indebted to his friends the Rabbins; and we certainly should, on the whole, be glad that he cancelled the debt by returning the property. We shall, however, have occasion more particularly to notice one of these theories in the conclusion of these observations. Mr. Heber's own termination of this discourse is one of the best which could have been subjoined to it.

"Be it observed, above all, that these wilder or more fanciful speculations of theology, though, if correct, they may illustrate; if false or exaggerated, cannot, by their failure, affect the more solid columns of Christianity,—those doctrines of the Atonement and Triune Deity against which the gates of hell are destined never to prevail; which, of whatever materials be the superstructure which we seek to rear on their basis, are themselves impregably founded on the rock of eternal wisdom.

"And though, in such conjectures as have been this day offered to your notice, there be little which can lay claim to the praise of original research, and less, as I should hope, which can incur the blame of an unreasonable desire of novelty: yet, if any thing have been unintentionally spoken in rashness or in folly, may the Church of Christ forgive it; and may He, above all, by whom we are sanctified to salvation, forgive, for His sake and through His merits by whose blood our salvation is purchased." (Ibid. p. 274, 275.)

The subject matter of the 5th, 6th, and 7th lectures, the only remaining parts of the volume which we think it necessary to notice, we shall collect and present in a single point of view; both because they relate to the same topic, and because it is impossible for us to state seriatim our judgment on every distinct part of them. We shall therefore first give an abridged view of the sentiments of the author; and then offer a few general observations on them.

The object of these three discourses is, first, to disprove the ordinary interpretation of the text, that by the promise of "the Comforter" to "abide for ever," is meant the perpetual presence of the Holy Ghost as the teacher, comforter, and sanctifier of his people:—and secondly to establish the interpretation, that this promise is confined to the grant of the Holy Scriptures.

In order to sustain these extraordinary positions, the author begins by endeavouring to show that this promise could not refer

to the miraculous powers, because the benefit of these could extend only to a few, and to these few for a limited time; whereas the promise of the text was meant to extend to *all*, and to all, *for ever*. The author then proceeds to show that the promise could not refer to the ordinary operations of the Holy Spirit, whether conferred in the sacraments, or by any other channel it might please the Divine Being to employ. This point he labours to establish by showing, first, that sacramental grace was no new gift to the successors of Christ; because the sacraments had long been known to the Jews, and a certain measure of grace conveyed by them to the Church in all ages; whereas the language of the text implies that a *new* gift was to be made, and "*another Comforter*" to be sent. In the 6th sermon he examines the question with more especial reference to the ordinary gifts of the Spirit; and contends that the promise cannot respect these because they do not "*teach us all things,*" or show us things to come, &c. &c. whereas the Comforter is to do both. In his course, Mr. Heber states, two of the strong reasons which incline him to reject the common application of the passage to the ordinary gifts of the Spirit, viz. the difficulties which embarrass both the Arminian and Calvinist, on this scheme of interpretation: and the fact that the Heathen themselves were, as he conceives, possessed of these ordinary gifts long before the death or advent of Christ. In the 7th lecture the author, having now cleared the ground for his own theory, proceeds to state and to justify it. He endeavours to show that, by the promise of the Comforter, is meant the promise of the Holy Scriptures, which he has dictated, and by which he is present in the Church, as its Comforter, for ever. "Our possession (he says) of the Scriptures of the New Testament is a comfort sufficiently great, a guidance sufficiently infallible, to correspond with the essential features of that benefit foretold by our Lord." And again, it follows, "that the Holy Ghost has accurately fulfilled the engagement of Christ, as the Patron and Governor of Christians, by the writings of the inspired person when absent, as by his actual presence and preaching. And, if St. Paul, having once, by Divine authority, set in order the Asiatic and Grecian churches, had departed for Spain or Britain; yet still, so long as the instructions left behind sufficed for the wants and interests of the community, that community would not have ceased to be guided and governed by the Holy Ghost through the writings of his chosen servant." And, once more; "We conclude then, as Warburton has long since concluded, that it is by the revelation of the Christian covenant, and by the preservation of the knowledge thus communicated to the ancient Church in the Scriptures of the New Testament,

that the Holy Ghost has manifested, and continues as the vicar and successor of Christ to manifest, his protecting care of Christianity."

Now, it is in the above theory, so repugnant to the general authority of the Church of Christ in all ages, that we arrive at what we consider the capital blot in this laborious work. Nor is the opinion less surprising than offensive to us. Every attentive reader of this volume will have conceived, at almost every preceding part of the author's reasoning, that he entertained what may be called the orthodox opinion as to the meaning of the word 'Comforter' in the text. Let the whole of that part of his second lecture be considered in which he confutes the argument for an allegorical interpretation of the text. Could it leave a shadow of a doubt on the mind whether the author would not be foremost to condemn an interpretation which considered the Comforter sometimes as an apostle, and sometimes as a book. This consideration might have prevented us, even now, from ascribing this new theory to Mr. Heber. But his real opinion is thus expressed by himself, in his reply to the observations of the *British Critic* (p. 59): "My general hypothesis is that of Bishop Warburton,—that the promise made by our Lord (John xiv. 16,) and fulfilled by the Holy Ghost in his character of Paraclete, was the grant to mankind of a knowledge of God's will with reference to the Christian covenant; and that as this knowledge was first communicated to the apostles by inspiration, so is it since continued to the church, through the medium of the Holy Scriptures, by that same Divine Person who dictated them first, and by whose Providence they are still preserved among us."

We certainly consider this as one of the most considerable delinquencies committed by an interpreter of Scripture which it has fallen to our lot to notice. In drawing up our indictment, however, against Mr. Heber, we will not adopt the language of the *British Critic*, and say—that he has subverted the usual interpretation of Christ's promise of a Comforter by a "sophism, whereby the promise is first narrowed by a contracted view, and the refutation of those who adopt it in a full and comprehensive sense then conceived to follow from the subversion of its use in a false and confined acceptation." And we will not adopt this language, partly because we feel a strong repugnance to fix or impute any thing like a "sophism" to such a man as the author; and partly because we honestly confess that we cannot precisely comprehend the charge as thus expressed. Our own charge upon him is simply this; that he has stated the promise of the Comforter to be the promise of the Holy Scriptures. On this opinion we shall now proceed to offer a few observations.

In the first place, is the author clear that he has the authority of Warburton for his opinion? The essay of Warburton on Grace contains the following remarkable passage.

"On the whole then, we conclude, that all the Scriptures of the New Testament were given by inspiration of God. And thus the prophetic promise of our blessed Master, that the Comforter should abide with us for ever, was eminently fulfilled. For though, according to the promise, his ordinary influence occasionally assists the faithful of all ages, yet his constant abode and supreme illumination is in the sacred Scriptures of the New Testament."

It was hardly to be expected that this passage, of which the meaning was at least equivocal, should escape the notice of the various controversialists whom the heat of the fiery Bishop quickened into indignation and activity. And, among others, the celebrated Mr. Law fell upon it with his characteristic eagerness and vigour. The Bishop, however little disposed to avow it, felt the power of the attack; and without any compassion towards his adversary, or acknowledgement of his own error, contrives, rather to evade the blow, than to repel it. The following note to our edition of his work is somewhat curious.

"The late Mr. Wm. Law, who obacured a good understanding by the fumes of the rankest enthusiasm, and depraved a sound judgment, still further, by the prejudices he took up against all sobriety in religion, seized the above paragraph, as he found it detached from the discourse in a quotation made of it by an ingenious writer, and thus descants upon it: 'Dr. Warburton's doctrine is this, that the inspired books of the New Testament is the Comforter or Spirit of truth and illuminator, which is meant by Christ's being always with the church. Let us therefore put the Doctor's doctrine into the letter of the text, which will best show how true or false it is. Christ saith, If any man love me, my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him: that is, according to the Doctor's theology, certain books of Scripture will come to him, and make their abode with him; for he expressly confineth the constant abode and supreme illumination of God to the Holy Scriptures. Therefore (horrible to say) God's inward presence, his operating power of life and light in our souls, his dwelling in us and we in him, is something of a lower nature, that only may occasionally happen, and has less of God in it than the dead letter of Scripture, which alone is the constant abode and Supreme illumination.' Miserable fruits of a paradoxical genius!" (A humble, earnest, and affectionate Address to the Clergy, p. 69, 70.)

"This poor man, whether misled by his fanaticism or his spleen, has here fallen into a trap which his folly laid for his malice. In the discourse from whence the paragraph so severely handled is taken, I treated distinctly of these two branches of the Holy Spirit: 1. As he illuminates the understanding, under the title of the Spirit of Truth; 2. As he rectifies the will, under the title of the Comforter;

by the first of which he establishes our faith, and by the second he perfects our obedience.

"Now it is under the first branch in which this obnoxious paragraph is found. So that common sense and common honesty require, that when I say, the constant abode and supreme illumination of the Holy Spirit is in the Sacred Scriptures of the New Testament, I should be understood to mean, that he is there only as the illuminator of the understanding, the establisher of our faith. But Mr. Law applies my words to the other branch of his office, as the rectifier of the will, the perfecter of obedience; and so makes my observation nonsense in order to arraign it of impiety."

May we not then venture to affirm that, if Warburton held the opinion that the Comforter in this passage applied only to the Holy Scriptures, to the exclusion of those sacred influences by which the Holy Spirit teaches, sanctifies, and comforts his church, he was at least ashamed of it.

Mr. Heber then may have, and indeed we know that he has, other co-partners in this interpretation; co-partners, however, of whose society he will not be very proud. But as for Bishop Warburton it does seem to us to be inaccurately assumed, that this is his interpretation. We will, however, freely own, that the opinion would have derived little weight with us from having found an advocate in Warburton. With extraordinary acuteness, profound learning, great wit, perspicuity, severity, facility, and invention, he seems to us not to have combined the judgment and accuracy of thousands inferior to him in every one of the above-named particulars. Perhaps his great work is the most signal monument in existence of the abortiveness of genius and scholarship without the addition of sound sense. Invention and learning confederate their powers, and waste their strength, to maintain an opinion, of which many a youth of fifteen would at once have detected the inaccuracy.—But, setting aside the question of authority, let us endeavour to ascertain what real value belongs to the opinion of Mr. Heber. And to this end, let us hear something of his own defence, as condensed and strengthened in his Reply.

"In maintaining this hypothesis, I have not denied that both the *extraordinary* or miraculous, and what are called the *ordinary* gifts of grace, proceed from the same good Spirit, to whom the name of Paraclete was, on another account, assigned. I have enlarged on the glorious signs and wonders by which the same Holy Ghost distinguished the primitive Church. I have devoted nearly one whole Lecture to prove the reality and necessity of his sanctifying grace; and I have acknowledged that this last is to be sought for by Christians through a faithful use of those ordinances which our Lord, while on earth, appointed.

"But I have said that these were not the specific mercies foretold

by Christ in the promise which is the subject of my Lectures. And this I have done for the following reasons. First, the promise of the Comforter was made to the Church *for ever*, and throughout all generations. But this promise cannot be said to have been fulfilled by the grant of miraculous powers to a few individuals in a single generation. Secondly, the Comforter was to guide us into all truth, to teach us things to come, &c. But neither miraculous powers, nor sacramental ordinances, nor even that sanctifying grace which we are to seek through them, can be said of themselves to *teach us* any thing. Thirdly, that grace, whatever it be, which the Comforter was to dispense, was *promised* by Christ as a consequence of his departure, and therefore related to something which, when he spoke, his disciples had not yet received, and which was to be a compensation for the loss of his visible presence. But if the apostles were ever baptized at all, they must have been baptized while Christ was on earth. We know that before this conversation passed, they had received the Eucharist; and they must also have partaken in the sanctifying graces of the Holy Ghost, to enable them to believe on Christ at all, or to entitle them to the honourable name of his 'friends.' It follows, that before our Lord's departure, and at the very time of his making the promise now under consideration, they were already possessed of the spiritual advantages derived from the use of the sacraments and the ordinary grace of God, and therefore that neither of these could be that particular advantage which our Lord here promises as a future and compensating consequence of his departure." (Reply to the British Critic, p. 59—61.)

Mr. Heber has advanced a few other arguments in defence of his hypothesis; but these now stated are evidently those to which he attaches the most importance.

Now, it is a full reply to his *first* argument, viz. that the promise of the Comforter is *for ever*;—and that therefore it cannot be confined to the miraculous gifts, which are obviously not perpetuated to the church—that no sound critic ever supposed the promise to be *confined* to the miraculous gifts. The miraculous gifts are indeed maintained to be included in the promise; but the promise is conceived to include also those gifts which are abiding and perpetual: viz. the enlightening, sanctifying, and comforting gifts of the Spirit of God.

His *second* objection, viz. that the promised Comforter was to "teach us all things," and to "guide us into all truth," whereas neither "miraculous powers, nor sacramental ordinances, nor even sanctifying grace, can be said of themselves to teach us any thing," admits of an equally easy reply. Can Mr. Heber possibly contend that the Apostles were not, by the descent of the Holy Spirit, *taught* a variety of languages, that in their trials before kings and rulers they were not *taught* what to say." And will he not moreover admit that, even now, the devout servant of God is *taught* to know himself, to know his God, to know his duty, to

know the way to heaven, and that while he who studies the Scriptures by the feeble lamp of his own understanding, and without prayer for the Spirit of God, finds them a mere dead letter, he who seeks for the Spirit of his God, is "guided into the truth," learns more, understands more, knows more every day of his Christian course? Surely he does not conceive the duties of a teacher to be consummated by merely placing the truth in the presence of his hearers. Otherwise, why does Mr. Heber deem it necessary to mount the pulpit, and endeavour as assiduously as we believe he does, to "guide" his hearers "into the truths" of the Gospel? Why that enormous waste of bricks and mortar, and caps and gowns, and lexicons and logic, and lamp-oil and lectures, and head-aches, in the learned university to which these lectures were addressed? And, why, to speak more seriously, should Mr. Heber, and thousands such as he, continually and vehemently urge their hearers to pray for Divine illumination, and unite with them in such petitions as the following: "that which I see not teach thou me"—"teach me thy paths"—"teach me thy statutes"—"teach me to do thy will, for thou art my God," &c. &c.

And why should he, as we doubt not he does, before he sits down to the composition of his own sermons, pray that the Holy Spirit would preserve him from error, would guide him into all truth, would enable him to understand the written word, to catch its Spirit, and to draw from it those legitimate deductions, and only those, which tend to the glory of God, and to the salvation of souls? But, we will not dwell upon an argument, admirable materials for which might be found in many parts of the author's own works.

Let us next turn to his *third* argument, that the promise of the Comforter could not refer to the miraculous gifts and sanctifying graces of the Holy Spirit, because it *evidently referred to something which was not yet given*, whereas these gifts and graces had long been in possession of the Church. Now in reply to this we ask, Where does it appear that this Comforter had never yet been given? Is it ever said, "The Comforter has never yet appeared, but I will send Him." It is indeed declared, "If I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you." But is it not a satisfactory explanation of this to say, the "Holy Ghost will not come in the manner, and to the extent, which he is promised to the Church, unless, by my death, I purchase this new and extended blessing for my people." The blood of Christ has doubtless purchased for the Church innumerable gifts; and, amongst others, it has purchased a fuller measure of grace, a more copious effusion of the Holy Spirit; it has invested "the body" of the Christian, which is "the temple" of the Divine



Spirit, with new splendour, and has surrounded it with a new glory. And here we cannot resist the temptation of presenting to Mr. Heber and our readers, though at the risk of their being familiar with it, the following noble passage from Jeremy Taylor which finely illustrates this sentiment.

"In the law God gave his Spirit in small proportions, like the dew upon Gideon's fleece; a little portion was wet sometimes with the dew of heaven, when all the earth beside was dry; and the Jews called it *filium vocis*, still, and small, and seldom, and that by secret whispers, sometimes inarticulate by way of enthusiasm, rather than of instruction, and God spake by the Prophets, transmitting the sound, as through an organ pipe, things which themselves oftentimes understand not. But in the Gospel, the spirit is given without measure; first poured forth upon our head Christ Jesus; then descending upon the head of Aaron, the Fathers of the Church, and thence falling, like the tears of the balsome of Judea upon the foot of the plant, upon the lowest of the people. And this is given regularly to all that ask it, to all that can receive it, and by a solemn ceremony, and conveyed by a sacrament: and is now not the daughter of a voice, but the mother of many voices, of divided tongues, and united hearts, of the tongues of Prophets, and the duty of saints, of the sermons of apostles, and the wisdom of governors. It is the parent of boldness and fortitude to martyrs, the fountain of learning to doctors, an ocean of all things excellent to all who are within the scope and bounds of the Catholic Church: so that old men and young men, maidens and boys, the scribe and the unlearned, the judge and the advocate, the priest and the people, are full of the Spirit, if they belong to God: Moses's wish is fulfilled, and all the Lord's people are prophets in some sense or other."

A fine extract from Mr. Heber's own work, given in an early page of this Review describes the gradual progress of spiritual knowledge in the Church of God. And doubtless this progress has been commensurate, and only commensurate, with the light shed down from heaven. The whole analogy of nature and Providence points to the same gradual developement of divine beauty and benevolence. New remedies for disease, new cures for ignorance, new sources of peace and virtue and joy, are continually presenting themselves; the little seed of moral and physical discovery is swelling to a large tree; the leaven of mercy is gradually leavening the whole mass; the small stone, which has been the sole inheritance of the Church, is dilating into a great mountain; truth is widening the stakes, and stretching the cords of her tent; Bibles are every where circulating; missionaries are beginning to traverse the whole face of the globe; the cloud of the Divine displeasure, which has so long hung over a guilty world, is beginning to disperse, and the "Sun of righteousness to arise with healing in his wings." And this gradual, though lingering amelioration, as it is the effect, so it is the evidence, of the larger effusion of the

Holy Spirit, in strict consonance with the promise of the text. The Comforter has come. He is "teaching" the world partly by his Scriptures, partly by his ordinances, partly by his ministers, chiefly by the sacred influence which gives power and success to these and all his other agents. And, in his own good time, the promise shall be altogether fulfilled, and "the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."

We here dismiss the topic on which, though, with much reluctance, we have felt it our bounden duty to express our decided difference of opinion with Mr. Heber. Happy shall we be if any humble suggestion of ours should assist in leading him to reconsider the question, and to lend to what we have said may be almost called the orthodox opinion, the sanction of his valuable authority.

We must in conclusion say a few words on the work of the other author whose name is inscribed at the head of this criticism. Agreeing with this somewhat rude assailant of the work of Mr. Heber in the substance of the last charge which we have examined, we confess that as to the rest of his imputations we are disposed, for the most part, to take the side of the Bampton lecturer. The mode of assault adopted in Mr. Nolan's criticisms is, we think, wholly unmerited by Mr. Heber. The world will, we are sure, concur with us in saying, that his name and character should have protected him from insinuations such as are there found. Nor have the objections themselves, according to our judgment, in general, any foundation. Mr. Heber is charged, for instance, with the most exaggerated estimation of the Alexandrine and Platonic philosophy. Now, though not wholly guiltless on this score, we find him in his "Lectures" saying much to lower the pretensions of that philosophy. We find him, for instance, maintaining the opposition of the tenets of the Academy to orthodox Christianity; asserting the ordinary spirit of the sect to be Antichristian; declaring that the small number of philosophers who embraced the Catholic faith were rather orthodox in spite of their Platonism, than conducted by Platonism to orthodoxy. Again, Mr. Heber is charged with "obviously renouncing the celebrated text of the heavenly witnesses;" but we have found no such renunciation of this passage in his volume; and, though he had renounced it, we conceive he might have sheltered himself under the authority of the best Biblical critics of the age. To have employed it in controversy with Unitarians would certainly have been to contend with a broken weapon, when a choice of a sound one lay shining before him in the Christian armory. Of some of the remaining charges found in the pages of his examiner, as, for example, that he

has abandoned those arguments for the doctrine of the Trinity on which the faith of the community is founded; that he has made an ungrammatical use of the pronoun *ex eis*, in establishing the personality of the Holy Spirit; that he has rashly resorted to dubious and hazardous authorities; that he has robbed the sacraments of the Christian Church of their deserved honours; that he has inaccurately affirmed baptism and the eucharist to have been rites familiar to the ancient Jews;—of these charges we will only say, that, in some instances, the answer fails to fix the crime upon the accused, and that almost in every instance in which he succeeds we are happy to share the guilt of the imputation, conceiving, as we do, that Mr. Heber has Scripture, and the authority of the wise and good, upon his side.

There are, however, two points as to which we think it will be right even to add a few words to this extended paper. Mr. Heber has maintained, though we must say with the sort of modesty and doubtfulness which became him on such a point, that Michael and Gabriel, as mentioned in the Prophecy of Daniel, and other parts of Scripture, are names for the second and third persons of the Sacred Trinity. Now we do not mean with his critic to affirm that, because he has found Rabbinical authority on his side, that therefore he has both derived his opinion from the Rabbins, and has nothing but Rabbinical authority to support it, because he has cautiously and laboriously endeavoured to ground his opinion upon Scripture. But this we will say, that such acquisitions appear to us to be, generally speaking, attended with some danger—and little use—to be likely to fix the imputation upon Trinitarians of endeavouring to bolster up a weak cause by intricate reasons and remote deductions. And we will add of this disquisition in particular, that it seems to us to receive its death-blow from that passage of the Gospels where Gabriel himself is made to say, "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee," &c. Nothing can be more unnatural, in our judgment, than an imputation which considers the speaker as here speaking of himself. We should be wanting in sincerity also if we did not add, that Mr. Heber appears to entertain a more limited and less delightful opinion on the presence and superintendence of angels, than is maintained by the general body of orthodox divines. We are willing, however, to believe that he may have been hurried into expressions savouring of this peculiarity, by his zeal to contravene the errors of credulity and superstition upon this particular point.

The only additional charge alleged against the author which we shall notice, is that of *maintaining that the sanctifying graces of the Holy Spirit are not withheld from the heathen.* We are

aware that this opinion has been held by many great divines; that some strong passages, or rather a single strong passage of Scripture, may be alleged in its favour. That Mr. Heber himself has anxiously endeavoured to rescue his opinion from any mischievous abuse of it by those in possession of the gospel; that he has for confederates in this sentiment a body of professing Christians, distinguished for their moral excellence; that the opinion carries along with it the recommendation of admirably harmonizing with the character of God as the universal Father of his creatures; but still we think that it does not stand upon sufficient ground to warrant its acceptance by the church of Christ. If men ask us, "*What*, upon your theory, is to become of the heathen?" we answer that "we know not—nor is it given to us to know all the mysteries of the kingdom of God." We know that a state of idolatry is represented in Scripture as a state of darkness, and misery, and guilt, and danger. And we further know that we, as Christians, are called upon by every motive which can touch our hopes, or our fears, or our affections, to preach the Gospel to these heathen, to lead them from darkness to light, from the kingdom of Satan to the kingdom of God. This is our duty, and we leave the rest to God.

If we are further asked, "*Why* are you disposed to deny the possession of sanctifying grace to the heathen," we would, though with much diffidence of ourselves, and, we trust, with much tenderness for the heathen, thus reply:

In the first place *we find no Scriptural authority for the supposition* maintained by Mr. Heber. Some knowledge of God is doubtless ascribed to them in the first chapter of the Romans; but it is evidently merely that knowledge which springs from a contemplation of his works. Can it be alleged as any evidence of grace, that a man, looking at nature, concludes there is a Creator of it? Again, it is certainly affirmed of the heathen that they "*were a law unto themselves.*" But the apostle is here showing not that they received or understood the law of God; but merely that there is, in every heart, that instinctive recognition of a God, and of the superiority of a certain order of virtues to a certain order of vices, which is sufficient to condemn the practice of those vices. With the exception of these passages the whole of Scripture leans, we think, the contrary way. But, secondly, *fact* in this instance, as in every other, confirms the authority of Scripture.

One of the chapters on which the argument in favour of the heathen is sometimes endeavoured to be established, gives a faithful history of their condition and character. And surely it may be confidently affirmed that it presents no evidence of their possessing the sanctifying graces of the Holy Spirit. And does

not profane history confirm this testimony? If any opposite testimony is to be found, where must we search for it? No writer, that we know, has contended for the purity of the heathen mob; and as for the philosophers, let it be remembered that they were ordinarily the greatest enemies to truth; that few received Christianity; and that these few were the first to poison the pure streams of the sanctuary by the infusion of their own absurd and monstrous dogmas. On this point we do not dwell, but rather refer our reader to any accredited work on the ancient philosophy; and when he has found materials for a vindication of Socrates in his intercourse with Aspasia from the imputation of gross sensualism, and to exculpate Cicero from the charge of atheism, we shall feel better disposed further to confer with him upon this melancholy theme. At present we are compelled to dismiss it with the expression of our deep regret that we are not able to cast any ray of comfort over the gloomy vista of former ages; that we cannot discover in the lamp of philosophy even a feeble reflection of the light of the Gospel; and that we recognize, in the refinements of the Academy, and in the wisdom of the Stoics, only the features of those more subtle delusions by which the "Father of lies" has contrived to quench the inquiries, and quiet the consciences, of those lofty spirits who were struggling up the ascents of virtue by the fruitless energies of unassisted nature.

If we have conveyed to our readers our own conception of the work of Mr. Heber, they will welcome it as a work of considerable ability, great research, much candour, and deep and varied reading; as comprehending many disquisitions of much value to the Church of Christ; but a work of which the general value is impaired by the too free indulgence of a conjectural spirit, a habit of pressing a little too far into obscure subjects; a work disfigured by one blot, so foul as to leave its worth to the cause of sound religion a little questionable. Perhaps also we may be permitted, while we render the small tribute of our thanks to Mr. Heber for what he has done well, to express our regret that he has done no more in a department where his judgment and his affections are, we are convinced, on our side. No one appears to be a firmer believer in the necessity of the enlightening, comforting; and sanctifying graces of the Holy Spirit to the soul of fallen man. We could wish that he had struck out a few disquisitions of dubious correctness, and of little value, to make room for a more frequent and powerful application of the great questions which employed his pen to the bosoms and business of his hearers.

Every sermon admitted of such an application, and we could not but contemplate, with a feeling of deep regret, the heart-

affecting spectacle of a large body of youthful auditors, such as Mr. Heber's reputation was sure to attract, retiring on each successive Sunday from the University church in full and ardent discussion about Platonism, Rabbinism, and the Cabbala, instead of being led, as they might have been, to the solemn inquiry whether they themselves possess the Spirit of truth; and whether the fruits of His sacred influence discover themselves in their lives and tempers. A minister of religion can rarely hope to occupy even once in his life so grand a post for the dissemination of the great saving truths of the Gospel as that lately occupied by Mr. Heber. Could our feeble voice reach those lofty towers in which the Bampton lecturers excogitate the subjects of their future addresses to the University, we would solemnly call upon them to remember this fact, and to substitute for that laborious trifling; for those penetrating inquiries into points of polemical irritation, rather than of vital interest; for those agonistical exhortations to duties and tempers which few think it right to practise or indulge; for those transparent exhibitions of follies of which none are in danger; for those thundering denunciations of leading truths of the Gospel under some odious title given them by the lecturer;—to substitute for these difficult trifles, and spurious charges, those sober, enlarged, scientific defences and applications of acknowledged truths, which become the dignity of the occasion, the age of the hearers, and the high and solemn function of the ambassador of God. The period of life at which the members of the University are collected round the Bampton lecturer is that of all others most important. The levity of youth has in a measure retired before the habits of severe business in the University. The worldliness of maturer age has not yet occupied its place. At this critical moment conviction may smite “between the joints of the harness,” and find its way to the heart through the only aperture by which it was approachable. Let the Christian warrior faithfully point the weapon, and there never will be wanting a gracious Hand to speed its sacred course, and carry it to its destined mark.

## ART. XX. FRENCH LITERATURE AND CRITICISM.

1. *Tableau Historique de l'Etat et des Progrès de la Littérature Française, depuis 1789.* Par M. J. de Chenier. Deuxième Edition. 8vo. pp. 401. A Paris, 1817.
2. *A Course of Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature, by Augustus William Schlegel.* Translated from the Original German by John Black. 2 vols. 8vo. Baldwin and Co. London, 1815.

THE state of the literature of France, from the year 1789 to the present period, offers a very interesting subject for observation and inquiry. It is affirmed by the French journals of the time, that Paris contained, just before the breaking out of the Revolution, *twenty thousand* men of letters; by which they mean *authors*—persons who had furnished their quotas to the mass of enlightened sentiment, which was then collected by the nation! We have recently seen a list of the elections of the deputies sent by the French capital to represent it in the various revolutionary legislative bodies: from this document it appears, that, of twenty-four individuals, which was the number returned by Paris, to the famous convention, *ten* were “*artistes, savans, ou gens de lettres!*” Amongst this respectable party, there also figured three *comedians*,—making, with the authors and artists, thirteen of the twenty-four! In recapitulating the totals of the elections for the department of the Seine, from the beginning of the Revolution to the year 8, the number elected seems to be 160 deputies; of these we find forty-two (upwards of a fourth) described as “*savans, artistes, gens de lettres, et propriétaires.*” We have not the means of knowing the proportion which the last-mentioned subdivision (*propriétaires*) bore to the others; nor, as English Reviewers, can we guess for what reason it is included with the *gens de lettres*; but the various statements render it clear, that our brethren in the department of the Seine possessed a share in the national representation, far surpassing, in numerical strength, any other class whatever, except the lawyers; and, indeed, we find, now we look again, that the literary class, with this one exception, outnumbers all the others; such as “*financiers, cultivateurs, commerçans, administrateurs,*” put together! Twenty thousand authors, in a capital of 600,000 souls! Nearly forty amongst 160 deputies! One person was to be found in every thirty passing along the street, who was accustomed to show himself in print; and in the legislative assemblies almost one in four! Voltaire says of himself, alluding to the quantity of his works, that it is difficult for a writer to travel with

so much baggage so far as posterity: on the same principle it may be averred, that with so many conductors it would be difficult to arrive at truth. It will, however, be no longer considered astonishing, that the most momentous questions, which, from the oldest times, have exercised and baffled the strongest understandings, were, at the period alluded to, fully and finally settled in the course of a forenoon's discussion; and the decision brought into practical operation by the afternoon's decree. With such a galaxy of authors, who could imagine himself unenlightened? Mr. Windham said pleasantly, but perhaps a little unsuitably, when the enthusiasm of the volunteering service existed in this country, that he was afraid to throw a nut-shell out of a window lest he should wound the military honour of a colonel: something like this might have been said in France, with equal point, and more propriety, of poets and philosophers, during the early part of the Revolution. In these intellectual days, the nervous eagerness, and feverish vanity, of pamphleteers and journalists, acted immediately, without intervention of any kind, on all the great affairs of the nation; they were brought into close contact with the very first movements of politics. To the irritations, the jealousies, the self-conceit of this race, proverbially notorious for all these qualities, were committed the treatment and the lives, of perhaps the most pitiable victims of human wickedness and cruelty that have ever existed,—the monarch of France, his queen, and his family.

How this extraordinary condition of things connects itself with the peculiar character of the French literature that just preceded the Revolution; and how, at the end of the short and furious course of republicanism, it naturally settled into that stagnant state of letters which forms one of the chief features of the usurpation that followed; it would be both curious and instructive to trace. The task of doing this is most worthy of the ambition of the philosophical historian; and would give honourable and promising employment to the efforts of his talents and industry. It would also be highly interesting and useful to institute a strict inquest on the intellectual merits of the literature of France, during the revolutionary period, by summoning to examination the particular authors, and their works, that are still distinguishable amongst the herd. But, perhaps, chiefly would it abound with amusement and admonition, to pass under close review, the orators and authors, whose genius found encouragement and scope under the splendour of the Imperial *dynasty*, as we recollect it was called. We were then invited to admire the triumphs of emancipated intellect and expanded knowledge: there are some who now call upon us to join in bewailing their overthrow and disgrace. Two great parties in this country have



conspicuously and strenuously wrestled with each other on the import of the floating history of these remarkable times; for as Flanders was called the fighting-stage, England may be termed the debating-room, of Europe.

M. Chenier, according to the intimation of his title-page, ought to lead us throughout the greater part of this interesting course; and we ought to be enabled, in giving an account of his book, to throw a light on the various objects of curiosity to which we have alluded. We find him, however, but an insufficient guide to what we should deem the most interesting points of the inquiry,—the state and progress of French literature, from the memorable era at which he commences. It is not that his work is destitute of indications of talent: we can see that its writer must have been a person of a sharp and shrewd spirit; certainly not very apt to be misled by enthusiasm either of feeling or fancy. He appears to have looked at things with a keen but common eye: his tact seems naturally coarse; but it had been well-enough trained to dexterity by literary intercourse, and the routine of the Institute. There are apparent, in his style, certain qualities of briskness, fluency, and self-content, which give it what the French term precision and clearness. Of this kind of writing they are very fond; and they manage it in general very well. It bears, with its merits, however, an air of poverty and of flippancy which is not pleasant to an English taste. Burke described it exactly when he gave the character of Mr. Townshend in the House of Commons. He spoke of the manner of the late statesman as one of considerable convenience to him in his station; carrying the attention of his hearers lightly and currently over the whole extent of a subject; but owing its ease to a want of earnestness; and the want of earnestness he was inclined to trace to a deficiency of heart.

As a catalogue of writers and works, scrupulously full in its enumerations, with an addition of a certain portion of neat general writing on the subject and manner of each, M. Chenier's book may be useful to those who desire a direction to names and titles: but, although there are several instances of pointed severity, and one or two of eloquent encomium, in the work, it is, as a whole, and with respect to all principal purposes and qualities, uninforming and unimpressive. His authors are made to pass before the reader's eye, one by one, in a tame succession, like the early Assyrian kings, as has been said, whom it is impossible to know one from the other; and who are continued in a series that seems endless, without offering a single variety. M. Chenier musters all his personages, in a long line, on the foreground; and a bewildering equality of appearance prevails over the whole display. We are told that this style of criticism is due

to "French urbanity;" and it was, no doubt, thought due to some other quality, equally national, to pronounce, in authoritative language, as the candid and matured judgment of a person whose competence and impartiality are not to be suspected, that "French literature, in spite of its numerous losses, and notwithstanding the slanders of envious ignorance, still remains *the first literature of Europe*." (Introduction, p. 23.)

We suspect it would not be very easy to procure from any Frenchman, of any time, any other sort of opinion, in regard to any single accomplishment, virtue, or attainment, that might be named. But, as it is to little purpose to parry one assertion with another, we shall not molest by a contradiction this boast, which, we may at least say, M. Chenier's book does not sustain. His *Tableau of the first literature of Europe* is a picture without any kind of perspective; without principal figures, or even prominent groups. One does not know where to look in it for the brightest ornaments of this pre-eminent literature; it furnishes no scale of comparative merit, unless we take the alphabetic order of the author's names. Sismondi, the historian of the Italian republics, must be found out as he stands jammed between two translators; the first of whom, we are told, has preserved himself anonymous; but he merits "*remercimens et louanges*;" and so does M. Sismondi also, for he has rendered "un veritable service a notre litterature."

In poetry, however, the reader will expect the degrees to be more marked; for distinguished eminence, in this class of composition, must, of course, be found in the first literature of Europe; and we apprehend, that, not even in France, can there have been so many truly eminent poets, within the last twenty-five years, as to render it useless to make an attempt to confer priority of place on some few individuals. M. Chenier proceeds, in the most legitimate manner, by noticing the various poetic species in their order of rank, commencing with the "heroic epic." This he properly describes as "eminent and sublime, being consecrated to the celebration of men who make the destiny of nations." He does not, however, in following up this solemn note of preparation, render us ashamed of the forebodings, which, we confess, the very name of *epic* excited in our breasts, in consequence of the extreme lateness of the day for this sort of celebration, and of thinking, perhaps, of the indifferent success of Voltaire's "*Henriade*." It is ominous to find, that his list commences with an "estimable but defective *attempt*,"—the "*Helvetians*." The poem in question appears to have been the production of a young man, who died prematurely. M. Masson, we are informed, "was attached to the military service of Russia from his youth, but quitted it, in a manner the most honourable

when the Emperor Paul declared war against France." M. Chenier traces the faults of the poem to its having been composed in Petersburg, instead of in Paris. From this unsuccessful attempt we are lowered instantly to certain *hopes*: they are high ones to be sure; but still they are only hopes. M. de Fontanes ("qui brille aujourd'hui comme orateur à la tête du corps législatif") gives "hautes esperances" of what he is *about to do* as an epic poet! We learn that he has, on various occasions, read to the Institute certain promising morsels of a piece, which is hereafter to be named, when it is completed, "De la Grece Sauvée;" and, "it is to be presumed," says M. Chenier, "that M. de Fontanes will be more successful than the English poet, Glover, in his *Leonidas*."

With this presumptive triumph over the English poet, achieved by a celebrated nonentity, which is regarded in France as worthy of "the first literature of Europe," we are rather suddenly turned out of the epic altogether; or, indeed, we may say, before we well knew we were in it. We are passed to the *heroic-comic*; and here, says M. Chenier, with exultation, "we are not obliged to confine ourselves to hopes!" "Whatever may have been the genius of Ariosto," he adds, "Voltaire has at least proved himself his equal;" and a "Mr. Parney is worthy of being cited after these models." The worthiness of being cited *after*, is a very equivocal sort of worth; but it is soon clear that genuine praise is intended, for there is a good deal thrown out against that "pious zeal, which becomes unjust;" and the "envy which takes the mask of religious hypocrisy." It is, therefore, evident, that M. Parney's comic-heroic poem, entitled "*La Guerre des Dieux*," is of that peculiar sort, in the abundance and merits of which the literature of France is certainly richer than that of any other nation.

M. Chenier, then, describes a poem bearing the interesting title of "*La Napliade*;" and having for subject the conquest of Naples by Charles VIII. Its personages are the Chevalier Bayard, the Count Vendome, Alexander VI. and "his terrible nephew, Cæsar Borgia." This group seems very promising; but M. Chenier does not say that the poem is a good one; indeed he rather intimates that it is bad; "but most things," he suggests, "may be seen in different lights;" it is not destitute of merit," which is only saying it is written by a Frenchman; yet "one cannot but wish for more poetry in the style, more sustained versification, and a lighter pleasantry." The author, it seems, has left a good deal to be wished for; but the *notes* are excellent; "they come from a pen instructed, and, what is better, enlightened;" and, such as it is, the poem "*would figure in any literature less rich than ours!*" This last touch may

seem to some incredible; but we assure our readers that we quote with literal exactness.

Amongst the numerous translations which would seem to make up the great body of the first literature in Europe, in its most elegant branches, there is one of Ossian; "a bard whom some English and German writers," says M. Chenier, "place in the same line with Homer." We think it proper to mention, that if this is intended to represent what can be fairly termed the opinion in our country, relative to Ossian, it is a gross mis-statement. One hears more of the beauties of Ossian in France than in England, or even in Scotland now. In fact, the French have been remarkably fond of this spurious work; it is to be seen in all their booksellers' shops, and even on all their stalls: we have heard something of its being a favourite with Buonaparte; and it is sure to be mentioned in the course of the first ten minutes' conversation, held with any Frenchman on the literature of Britain. We need not suggest how completely and finally the pretensions of Macpherson's compilation have been reduced with us: and, as there will be allusions in this article to that great genius, whom the progress of time, and the union of testimony, have established on the very pinnacle of honour in our country, we are anxious to throw off an imputation, which, if just, would show that the evidence given by ourselves, on the value of our own productions, is totally unworthy of credit or respect.

In the course of M. Chenier's work he has, as we all know, to enumerate writers of very considerable claims. M. Delille is one of these; but what we complain of is, that there is no bringing our author to any test in respect of his boast as to the general superiority of French literature, by what he says in describing its particulars. As he assigns no chief rank, there is no adjusting with him the reasonableness of his pretensions. Should we agree, for instance, with what he enumerates in favour of Delille, yet be inclined to deny that the merits of this writer can confer the reputation of superiority on French poetry, we are not at all approaching to an issue. Were we to justify and establish our reserve, we should have done nothing; for we might immediately be referred, with an arrogant air, to certain symptoms of a future epic, manifesting themselves at some of the sittings of the Institute. In short, M. Chenier takes special care not to commit the triumph of his country's letters to the fate of any particular personal reputations; nay, it is independent, as we have seen, of any thing actually accomplished. The same baffling vagueness characterizes his judgments throughout all the chapters of his work; and it is really appalling to observe, how, when he approaches towards a point where the division of moral right and wrong is strongly marked, he totally declines intimating

an opinion which road his author has followed. All the considerations, therefore, that chiefly connect themselves with the interests of society, and the dignity of personal character in literature, M. Chenier leaves totally out of sight, in a Review which is to show the universal excellence of the French writers. He commences by declaring that he means to avoid all *delicate* questions. Whether the work he notices be offensively blasphemous, or only boldly philosophical, he will not decide; for "he tasks himself not to forget the extreme circumspection which certain matters exact." When the merit of a metaphysical volume is the question, he excuses himself from following up its argument, "as that would be to get into questions, from which the Academies have agreed to abstain." Treating of the labours of an historian, he says, "the sentiments which M. Segur manifests, and the judgments which he conveys, are susceptible of a long discussion: but this would be here out of place, and the matter being as delicate as it is important, we feel ourselves obliged equally to decline eulogy and blame."

Our readers will see that it would answer no good purpose whatever to wade through the contents of a work which is thus loose and slippery on all points that are capable of receiving something like a fair trial and decision, and which is at the same time in the highest degree confident and peremptory, wherever the dispute would reduce itself to a mere clashing of brass against brass. We readily avow that it is for a very different purpose that we have taken advantage of the title of M. Chenier's book; and we shall almost immediately address ourselves to the principal business of the present article. There are however one or two remarks, suggested by the facts that have already fallen under observation, which we are anxious previously to make.

When we consider to what a degree the present literature of England is rendered picturesque and imposing by marked varieties of individual talent and character,—by the boldness of genius, and the free and even luxuriant indulgence of those peculiar impulses that distinguish one individual from another, it is impossible not to feel that we are looking down, when we turn from it to the tame equality of M. Chenier's Tableau. We will not follow his example, by asserting the absolute superiority of our authors; but we have half a dozen, or more, names, which suggest so much diversified richness of talent, so many interesting points of essential and comparative inquiry, such irresistible invitations to refer to the great principles of literary excellence, as they have their origin in the human heart, to trace the different modes by which the energy of passion expresses itself, and how it becomes united to the splendour and extent of the

imagination : names, in short, that force upon one's recollection so many matters falling within the plan of a treatise on the literature of a nation, none of which M. Chenier has touched upon, that, we confess, we should accuse ourselves of doing him an injustice, were we not to impute a certain proportion of his deficiencies to the intrinsic poverty of his subject. This, we feel confident, we ought to do ; but there are other principal reasons to be given for that crippled, dwarfed, and mean character, which this book bears, in comparison, for instance, with La Harpe's Course of Literature, although the latter is far from appearing to have possessed more natural talents than M. Chenier.

The brutalities and extravagancies of the Revolution, while they had disposed the mass of the French public to cherish a sottish lethargy on all points of intellectual or moral inquiry, had also left the greater number of the persons who acted conspicuously during these outrages, in a state of discredited character, and disgusted temper, which made them at once afraid, and unwilling, to manifest any thing like a desire of again assuming the direction of men's minds. Of this hideous state of wreck, weakness, and destitution, an individual had taken advantage to lead the victims of their own folly into the most abject state of thralldom ; and this affords us substantial reasons for people being inclined to say too little rather than too much. Of the actual weight of this iron rod some idea may be formed from what we are about to state. M. Jay, a clever writer in newspapers and periodical works, who is well known to belong to the party that calls itself, by distinction, *liberal*, in France, recently reviewed M. Chenier's work in the "*Mercure*." In the course of the review, he goes out of his way to pay the author of the "*Tableau*" a compliment for *daring* to mix some praise with some blame of Madame de Stael's novels, at a time when that lady was wandering in Europe under the ban of the Imperial tyranny ! The reviewer particularly notices the circumstance, he says, because such conduct was rare, and required *courage* as well as impartiality. It almost stifles one to think of the state of oppression and servility, which is indicated by this casual and apparently unconscious notice. As to the contrast suggested by the present political institutions, we need only to mention, that M. Jay delivered himself, but a few days ago, without scruple or apparent thought of danger, an animated eulogium, not only on the literary talents, but also on the private worth of M. Chenier, of whom we have seen it asserted that he was one of the men who voted the death of Louis XVI.

Included in the volume with M. Chenier's "*Tableau*," there is a Report on the Merits of La Harpe's "*Lycée*." This Report

was published by the Class of French literature in the Institute, to make known the grounds on which it had decided, that the grand prize should be awarded to the "Lycée," instead of to "L'Examen Critique des Historiens d'Alexandre," par M. de Sainte Croix. The prize was announced to be destined for the work, "which should unite, in the highest degree, originality of idea, talent of composition, and elegance of style.\* The Class states itself to have seen, with surprise, the verdict of the jury of its members, which gave this reward to the publication of M. de St. Croix. Having resolved to distinguish La Harpe's in preference, it entrusted to M. Chenier the drawing up of the memoir necessary to justify this proceeding. Inas-much as La Harpe and he had been enemies, the selection did credit to M. Chenier's reputation for self-command and impartiality. The Report is well done; and certainly it is not unfairly severe on the "Lycée." Neither is it an unmeaning eulogium; the imperfections of the work, as far as they could be discerned by the Reporter, are smartly reflected upon, and the qualities which appeared to the Institute to have merited the prize are neatly displayed. This part of the book under our notice contains more of real meaning than its main division. In running over the critical opinions of La Harpe, M. Chenier conforms in every point to the dogmas, and enforces with zeal the all-sufficient character of that *System of Principles*, on which the French have not only founded their literature, but also claimed for it that all other nations should acknowledge its superiority. It therefore furnishes us with an opportunity of examining those Principles to some extent: and, we confess, we have been very anxious to join our efforts to what others have done in directing attention to the fundamental errors of this celebrated code of criticism, which has stood firm amidst the destruction of much better codes, and which is still as deeply

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\* Lacretelle says that these decennial prizes, which were founded by Buonaparte, and "which made a noise in Europe, but had no effect in France, displayed, perhaps better than any thing else, the collision of the opposite impulses, influencing that fantastical tyrant to attempt the system of universal servitude which it was given to him to push so far." Lacretelle states, that, when he made himself Emperor, he wished to play the parts of Alexander, Augustus, and Louis XIV. To promote this design he imagined these decennial prizes, to be distributed from his triumphant hand, surrounded by the gorgeous apparel of a domination without bounds,—forming a scene "where oriental pomp should cover the teutonic reality of his power, and he might appear as a Nebuchadnezzar grafted on an Atala. Here the Imperial charlatan played his game, but it clashed with that of the military despot." The consequence was, says M. Lacretelle, that he did with the decennial prizes what he often did with the other *Constitutions of the Empire*, "from whence he wandered as he pleased, because they never were but the jerks of a head more fixed to one end than to one plan.\*\*\* In fine he retracted as a folly one of his grand thoughts.\*\*\* His last tactic on this point was to pay literary prostitution at a handsome rate."

rooted in France as it was in the times of Racine and Voltaire. We shall proceed then, without further ceremony, to consider it in its various features; alluding to some of the opinions delivered by certain of its most notorious supporters; and strengthening ourselves on the points, as we go along, by respectable authorities on our side.

The circumstance which first strikes us as remarkable, is, that, according to the testimony of those French critics who take the highest tone in asserting the superiority of their country's literature over that of all other countries, ancient and modern, France came the latest into the field, where she has, if they are to be believed, ultimately surpassed all competition. She, who was destined to take the lead of all, remained, up to very recent times, behind all other nations. La Harpe runs over the literature of the Spaniards, the Italians, and the English, from the earliest modern ages, to that which in France they term the age of Richelieu and the French Academy:—"It is proper," he says, "that we should finish with France; for she long continued inferior to other nations in every species of composition, though in many she has since outstripped all who preceded her." Barbarous as Lope de Vega and Shakspeare are accounted by the critic in question, he, nevertheless, states, that the dramas of these very rude writers as far surpass the French productions of that period, as both have since been surpassed by Corneille and Racine.

It is true, the French critics hold in very low estimation the primitive productions of European literature; and their disdain saves them from feeling mortified, that their country cannot boast of a rivalry with Danté, Chaucer, Boccaccio, Ariosto, Petrarch, Spencer, Shakspeare, and Cervantes. The affection and veneration which the names of these early writers excite in the breasts of the people of various nations, connected as their productions are with the elements of national character, and constituting a valuable part of the recorded honours on which their countries respectively pride themselves, are set down by the French, without scruple or doubt, to gross ignorance or bigoted obstinacy. They ask for the "*langage poli*," and not finding it, according to the standard of the anti-chamber, much before the age of Louis Quatorze, they are contented to limit the pride of their own literary pedigree by this very modern date. Furthermore, they would regulate the literary honours of all others by the degree in which they have imitated that "full-dressed and formal beauty," as it has been termed, that unyielding punctilio and perpetual parade, which courts and academies, under the influence of their natural instincts, have enforced on mankind as constituting the model of grandeur and



elegance. Within this truly grovelling and narrow range, the French see all that is sublime and enlarged: whatever falls without it they proscribe as mean, coarse, or ignorant. A writer on their stage has remarked, of one of their first authors, that he often conceals what is in reality hard, base, and low, under forms of politeness and courtesy. The French will deny the fact; and the whole value of their own denial is theirs by right: but it might be useful to them, if they could be set upon considering a circumstance, the lesson of which is applicable to manners as well as literature,—namely, how very frequently we find an intimate connection existing between the forms of politeness and courtesy, and the essentials of what is hard, base, and low.

La Harpe, imitating Voltaire, is full of contemptuous allusions to the barbarities and imperfections of the early writers. Danté, he says, occasions "*l'ennui mortel*," which renders it impossible for a reader to follow "his rude and absurd rhapsody:" Don Quixote is inferior to Gil Blas: the Portuguese Camoens "had in truth very little invention:" the plays of the Spaniards, Lope de Vega and Calderon, "are deficient in every merit which art teaches, and good sense prescribes:" Shakspeare is, on many occasions, described as "gross," "coarse," and "disgusting." The Frenchman admits, indeed, that Shakspeare had "*un talent naturel*," by the force of which he was "*quelque-fois élevé au sublime*;" but he adds, that these passages are rendered more striking by their being "so rare," and mingled "with so much base alloy;" and that, "since the appearance of men of the first order of genius under Louis Quatorze, it can only be national prejudice that affects to consider as a master in the first of arts cultivated by enlightened nations, an author who merely contrasted some sparks of genius to the darkness of his country's barbarity, and of his own general style." Even Milton, according to the opinion of the late lecturer at the Parisian Lyceé, "*passé les premiers chants of the Paradise Lost*, can scarcely be read by any person of taste."

To do nothing was better than to do so: hence a Frenchman is the first to mention his country's intellectual poverty and obscurity, in the age of Bacon, of Michael Angelo, and Raphael, because, in his opinion, that was a barbarous and an ignorant age. As yet the French Academy was not; but enlightened times approached: that admirable body was established by the Minister Richelieu to withdraw people's attention from politics; and at length under Louis XIV. burst upon us, in the words of the enraptured Frenchman, "*cette éclatante lumière qui a rempli le monde!*"

Mr. Schlegel, in his work on Dramatic Literature, par-

ticularly notices the contempt with which the French treat their own early writers, as well as those of other nations. "We may leave," he says, "to themselves the task of depreciating the antiquities of their own literature, which they do with the mere view of adding to the glory of the age of Richelieu and Louis XIV." Then commenced, say they, "the grandeur and regularity of sustained diction." They confess with a smile of pity, that before this fine period, their authors made Kings, Queens, and Princes talk, "*comme mon voisin, et mes voisins, que j'ai laissés à la maison*:" but at length they attained to what La Harpe emphatically calls "the art" of writing, constituted of "*tous les convenances, et tous les rapports*." Richelieu, to withdraw, as we have just said, and as their own writers agree in stating, the public attention from his nefarious political designs, gave them the Academy, and Louis XIV. gave them Versailles, and all that appertained thereunto. Of course literature could not do less under such circumstances than put on her court-dress, and we find her immediately up to the ears in brocade, dancing attendance in the anti-chamber. The muse now breathed only "the agreeable illusion," and was made up of the "*tout artificiel*," of which the well-connected and "*assorted parts do not present real nature, for she is always near us, and we have not need of art to find her*." La Harpe, vol. iv. p. 168, &c.

"Every man who thinks," says Voltaire, "and what is more rare, every man of taste, reckons only four ages in the history of the world." The first he calls "the age of Philip and Alexander, or that of Pericles, Demosthenes, Aristotle, Plato, Apelles, and Phidias." The second is that "of Cæsar and Augustus." The third followed the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet II., when the Médici encouraged learning and taste in Italy. The fourth "is that which is named the age of Louis XIV. and it is perhaps, *of the four, the one that approaches the nearest to perfection!*" The rising of this glory he dates from, and ascribes to, the establishment of the Academy; the happy influence of which institution, he says, extended even "to England, where it excited an emulation," of which, he is of opinion, we had great need. We are disposed to admit that the influence of French modes did about this time extend to our country, and we know how to appreciate its value. If we did not, Voltaire would help us to a proper conclusion. He says, the plays of Shakspeare, though "good enough for his day," were not "*d'une tragique assez noble du temps des Lords Carteret, Chesterfield, et Littleton*:" he quotes Marmontel, who congratulates the English nation upon daily reducing and altering the works of Shakspeare that had possession of the theatre, and compli-

ments *Garrick*, in particular, for having almost clipped him from the stage!

We must not allow ourselves to be piqued at having the improvement of our wit and taste referred by *Voltaire* to the French Academy, for we find him conceding that France remained in a state of barbarism until it appeared. "Avant le siècle que j'appelle de Louis Quatorze, et qui commence à peu près à l'établissement de l'Académie Française, les Italiens appelaient tous les ultramontains du nom de Barbares: il faut avouer que les Français méritaient en quelque sorte cette injure." This is very extraordinary, considering how late the Academy came into the world. An historian of their various political revolutions exclaims, "Qui pourrait ne pas déplorer cet état d'un peuple, qu'on détache de tous ses temps passés, pour concentrer toutes ses affections, toutes ses pensées, sur le temps présent!" As we shall in the sequel return upon the various facts we have established, we must not give way just now to the temptation of enlarging upon this singular trait. We shall only permit ourselves to impress upon attention, that it is quite *peculiar*. The French are, in this respect, a contradiction to all other nations. All people, ancient and modern, but themselves, have looked back fondly upon their early literature and early writers. These, to all people but the French, have furnished an authority in their examples, and a delight and a pride in the traditions of their names and histories. Without asserting that every old production must be excellent, we may affirm that there is a certain class of excellence which belongs almost exclusively to the primitive character. This class is not only one of the highest in itself, but its appeal goes directly to the superior qualities of the soul, and makes the largest demands upon the opulence of the imagination. A prevailing disrelish of early native genius, indicates that the public taste is of an inferior and false kind: that it has either had but scanty opportunities of acquiring a relish for the best things, or, through weakness or seduction, has been turned from enjoying them.—"Notre antiquité n'est rien pour notre admiration," says a Frenchman; he accuses his countrymen of even being inclined to fix the commencement of their genealogy, as a people, to the reign of Louis XIV. This feature of character is a decisive one, and it has had its influence on other matters besides their criticisms.

We would take leave to mention, though it may seem impertinent in us to have a better opinion of the French authors than is entertained of them in their own country, that we can by no means agree that their early literature is so imperfect as they represent. When *Voltaire* says that *Swift* has "*perfectioned*" *Rabelais*, he is not, to be sure, quite so far wrong as when he

says that Shakspeare's plays are not noble enough for the taste and acquirements of Lord Chesterfield; but he is far from being right. Rabelais is himself, such as he is, all complete of his kind. He offers his work, "*non comme bon, mais comme sien.*" His character is distinct, decided, and not to be dressed into what a Frenchman calls perfection. Swift was not his equal; and if he had been his superior, he could not have "perfected" Rabelais. We use the gallicism, for the word is too unmeaning to be translated into English. A mechanical art may be forwarded on the road to perfection, and so may a science; but how one man's genius is to be rendered perfect by another, we cannot comprehend. The most of those who are said to have done this, are mere copyists, necessarily inferior to their models; though we do not mean to intimate that Swift servilely copied Rabelais. When Voltaire affirms, that "a certain *naïveté* forms the *sole* merit of Joinville, Amiot, Marot, Montaigne, Renier, and the Satires of Menippus," we doubt the justice of his judgment in regard to all of these earlier French writers, because we are sure it is unjust in regard to some. The language of Amiot, in his translation of Daphnis and Chloe, put side by side with that which has been given by a more modern hand, will show how much the process of refinement has faced-down all marked phraseology and masculine turn of expression. This, even as foreigners, we will venture to maintain, because we have perceived the merit we praise: the counterbalancing advantages for its loss, very possibly because we are foreigners, we have never been able to discover. As for Montaigne, it evinces an utter want of feeling for the acuteness of his observation and the inimitable charms of his manner; to sum them all up in the hacknied word "*naïveté*," which has been used in behalf of all sorts of persons and characters, from grisettes to poets, till its meaning, like that of most of their words that would have remained striking, if sparingly and fitly applied, is utterly worn out. The fact is, that the illuminated saloon of Louis Quatorze at Versailles so dazzles the eyes of these French critics, that they are blind to the stars which shine brightly in their open sky.

It seems to be a constitutional weakness in the French character, to pamper itself with one or other false notion of the refined, the splendid, and the elegant. The multitude in all countries is too easily deceived; but there is some security against a general delusion, when each class retains its proper tastes, and is not ashamed to confess them, contented to be natural, and preferring to walk firmly on its feet to tottering ridiculously on its tiptoes. In France, from a general want of a *sense of suitableness*, any crafty foppery, addressing them

from the mountebank stage of an imperial throne, an academical chair, or a juggler's booth, in the name of art, literature, or science, has as many dupes as hearers; and, as the dupes in such cases must also be the judges, we know what decisions to calculate upon.

It is the national feeling, above described, that has led the French to pride themselves upon having cut off all manly idiom from their language: and to the same source we must trace their self-congratulations upon the lucky idea of making poetry display its dexterity in fetters (*"entraves,"*) like the dancing felons in the Beggar's Opera. This inveterate vanity is never interrupted by any of their numerous changes, in its succession from father to son: it has always belonged to them, and it would appear that it always will. In their works it takes the character of one of those eternal principles which nothing can agitate, weaken, or discredit. We can trace it back from the last newspaper published in Paris, through M. Chenier's Tableau, into a countless number of memoirs, tracts, and dissertations. In thus following its course, we find it amusingly displayed by Huet, Bishop of Avranches, who joined Leclerc, the Genevese, against Longinus and Boileau, in maintaining that there is nothing sublime in the account of the creation of light in the book of Genesis. This reverend critic has favoured the world with a History of Romances; and, to show his right to select such a subject, he takes occasion to observe, that the gothic fabulists are very coarse; nay, that the early fictions altogether are so rude and unpolished, that they can afford no pleasure to refined and instructed readers. As was to be expected, he proceeds from this to mark, for admiration, "the consummate degree of elegance and art which distinguishes the French Romances" of his time; and he accounts for this by observing that, "the superior refinement and politesse of the French gallantry has happily given them the advantage of shining in this species of composition." It might appear unfair to interfere with the good Bishop's enthusiasm for French gallantry; it shone upon him as a thing from which he was forbidden, and, under such circumstances, the imagination is apt to be restive. His philosophical countrymen of the present day will be more inclined than ourselves to treat him with disdain; though they perpetuate his foible, with this difference, that it is now less harmless and more disgusting. We think however it will amuse some of our readers to sketch the character of those romances, which M. Huet represents as doing so much honour to his country. They were the productions of Gomberville, Calprenède, Des Marais, and Mademoiselle Scuderi, and some of them ran to the length of twelve volumes in thick octavo. The authors

took Scipio, Alexander the Great, Pompey, Brutus, Horatius Cocles, &c. and made these grim old warriors enter into an "espece de vœu, de ne parler jamais, et de n'entendre jamais parler, que d'amour." The two that excited most applause of these, were the Cyrus, and the Clelie of Mademoiselle Scuderi. Artamenes, in her hands, became "more mad than all the Celadons and Sylvanders: from morning to night, he did nothing but lament and groan of his love." Brutus was yet deeper in love than Artamenes; and Horatius Cocles went about singing,

"Et Phenisse meme publie,  
Qu'il n'est rien si beau que Clelie!"

In these "consummately elegant romances," the heroes of the Roman republic debate enigmas and questions in gallantry; and, for the better understanding of the whole, "la Carte du Pays du Tendre," is given with the first part of *Clelie*. Boileau says, that, in his youth, he thought these works chef-d'œuvres; and read them with ecstasy.

We may remark, however, that these strange productions are not the worst part of French literature. They are chimeras, and profess to be what they are. All their parts are in keeping and consistency, because they avowedly discard truth of imitation. They sometimes display a considerable portion of imagination and sensibility, judiciously enough employed according to the plan of their composition. They cannot fairly be said to misrepresent nature and character, for they do not pretend to represent either the one or the other. This is not the case with the "fine writers," as the French call them. Their surpassing merit is stated by Voltaire to consist in having made "aussi bonnes experiences sur le cœur humain," as the English, "sur la physique." Identity and individuality become, then, in regard to their works, first-rate considerations; yet, we profess, we know of no higher burlesque in Scuderi or Gomberville, than Racine's lines, which he puts into the mouth of Alexander the Great, addressing a queen of India:

"Mais dans ce même temps, souvenez-vous, Madame,  
Que vous me promettiez quelque place en votre ame!"

This is indeed "*wafting sighs from the Indus*," and scarcely exceeded by Glumdalca's reply to Queen Dollalolla:

—"Madam, I am  
Your most obedient, and most humble servant!"

The lines quoted from Racine, are, we admit, stated to be unlucky ones by the French themselves, but they are, strictly speaking examples, though marked ones, of the peculiarities of that species of writing, which forms what they call the "*perfectioned style*." This style is distinguished by two circumstances,

among others, which we wish at present particularly to note. The first is, that it is strictly and exclusively *French*; though it cannot in the best sense of the word be called *national*: the second is, that it finds welcome and applause in almost all other countries, yet cannot fairly be said to have been *received* by any. Both these observations seem to require some explanation.

Inasmuch as it has been fashioned by themselves, and made up, as they say, of the "tout artificiel;" inasmuch as it acknowledges the despotic supremacy of French forms and conventions, and allows itself to attempt the beautiful and the natural only as it can be done in entire submission to certain modern ordinances and customs established amongst themselves, it is wholly French, and nothing but French: While, on the other hand, as it has no depth of root in history, as it has not acquired fulness and vigour in the course of an hereditary transmission through the deep course of time and the varying channels of public events, as, in fact, it has no genealogy, it cannot boast of that antient and inseparable connection with the manners and records of its country, that would render it worthy to be called *national*. It must not be supposed that the academies and coteries of a time of fashionable refinement and individual vanity, can form a national literature, any more than the clubs of the Palais Royal could give a national political constitution. In regard to the second circumstance we have mentioned, namely, that the French style is welcomed and applauded in all countries, without having been received by any, it is to be thus explained. The tastes and feelings that grow up and strengthen themselves in the artificial temperament of genteel society; which look for their gratifications in certain agreements with its rules and laws; these form a class that admits of few or no varieties, and which is spread over the whole of civilized Europe, chiefly by means of its great capitals. Now, "social cultivation," as Schlegel says, "prevails throughout the whole of the French literature and art. This sharpens the sense for the ludicrous, and on that account when it is carried to an over-refinement, it is the death of every thing like enthusiasm; for all enthusiasm, all poetry, has a ludicrous effect to the unfeeling." We may easily conceive, then, as he further observes, "Why the French literature, since the age of Louis XIV. has been, and still is, so well received in the upper ranks of society." It has, we see, its proper element, throughout all Europe, within those ranks: they form a sphere where manners, and even opinions, are uniform; where character is formed to one pattern; where the judgment, and even the affections, all move in one orbit, round a central spot of modish authority. It is impossible to imagine that Lord Chesterfield should not be more fond of Racine's Esther than of Shakspeare's Romeo and Juliet.

But the French style is not merely imported as an exotic, it always remains one. It is only fit for the hot-house. It never takes root in the soil; it never flourishes in the natural air of the countries to which it has been brought as a luxury for the fashionable world. The reason of this is, that it has no stamina vigorous enough to establish itself deeply in the character, and that it holds no correspondence with the heart. It is not to French poetry that we can go in solitude or in sorrow, although it may be found to harmonize with the pensiveness of a summer-house, and to soothe, while it indulges, a fit of the vapours. For reasons already noted, it has, almost every where, been read, praised, and imitated; but where has it spread, strengthened, and fixed! It is the prerogative of natural species to propagate each after its kind, but French literature lives and dies in cold celibacy: it exists but in unproductive examples. It belongs therefore of right to the people that have invented it. They may boast that it has been, from time to time, copied and applauded by Italy, Spain, Germany, and England: it has been almost universally caught, like the contagion of their politics, and been as widely extended as the temporary ascendancy of their arms; but wherever it has been received or imposed, it has always remained extrinsic to the national style, and foreign to the national character; and, sooner or later, it has been thrown off and expelled, by the return of innate energy, like the paroxysm of a disease, or the yoke of a foreign conquest.

The French, however, boast loudly of the universality of the reputation of their poetry: they do not feel the extent of the sacrifices by which this same universality must be purchased; and yet there are several analogies in nature which might help them to some sensibility on this head. Nothing certainly can be more *universal*, in one sense of the word, than the style which makes Alexander the Great echo back into the ears of the young Parisian beauty, seated in a *loge grillé*, the very compliments and entreaties which she found it so difficult to resist in her boudoir, when they were pressed upon her by a kneeling musquetaire. Shakspeare's Juliet would have no mercy shown her by critics so expert and practised: her mode of receiving Romeo's attentions would be vehemently accused of a want of *tournure*; and we tremble to think how "*les religieuses*" of St. Cyr would have been shocked by the levity of Rosalind; or the simplicity of Imogen. The French style, on the other hand, is one that reconciles every thing, and pleases every body; nor can we have a better example of its almost miraculous powers in this respect, than the play which Racine wrote for the devout establishment just referred to. We have already named the drama of Esther, in this article. Its object was to combine reli-



gious edification, and political sarcasm, with royal amours, amusement, and splendour. It was written at the instigation of Madame de Maintenon, the *mistress* of Louis, to be performed in a *convent*, before that monarch and his court, by the scholars of the nuns—*young ladies of the first families in France!* Some rather important incongruities cannot fail to strike the English reader of this description. La Harpe has given an impressive account of these extraordinary representations, which we shall quote; for it conveys the image of a glory, such as it was, that has passed away, and of which “*nothing can bring back the hour.*”

“Qu’on se représente de jeunes personnes, des pensionnaires, que leur âge, leur voix, leur figure, leur inexpérience même, rendaient intéressantes, exécutant dans un couvent, une pièce tirée de l’Ecriture Sainte; recitant des vers pleins d’une onction religieuse, pleins de douceur et d’harmonie, qui sembloient rappeler leur propre histoire et celle de leur fondatrice; *qui la peignoient des couleurs les plus touchantes, sous les yeux d’un monarque qui l’adorait, et d’une cour qui étoit à ses pieds*; qui offroient à tous moments les *allusions les plus piquantes, a la flatterie ou a la malignité*, et l’on concerra que cette réunion de circonstances, dans un spectacle qui, par lui-même, n’appelait pas la severité, devait être la chose du monde la plus séduisante.”

All this must certainly have been “one of the most seducing things in the world.” We do not wonder that Madame de Sevigné, giving an account of these superb spectacles, is impelled to exclaim, in the very height of a Frenchwoman’s enthusiasm, “Racine a bien de l’esprit!”\* We could have condemned ourselves to sit by the side of a hoop-petticoat, to have been present at that imposing assemblage of princely grandeur and pleasure, and piety and beauty, and pomp and pageanty, the *toute ensemble* of which could exist in no other country on the face of the earth but France. We would willingly have changed our pens for white-sticks, or even yeomen’s halberts, to have seen the devout mistress who established the convent, the monarch, “who adored her,” the courtiers “who were at her feet,” and (certainly not the least remarkable part of the company;) the “*eight Jesuits with Father Gaillard*,” who, according to Madame de Sevigné, “honoured the spectacle with their presence.” But more than all these, more than Madame de Maintenon, or Louis, or the Jesuits, or even than the Père Gaillard himself, do we estimate the “*jeunes pensionnaires*,” on the stage, rendered so in-

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\* Le Brun, writing to Voltaire, says, “The *bel-esprit* wanders from nature, the genius approaches to it.” Champéfort, in his eulogy of Fontaine, asks pardon for praising “l’esprit” in that author. “Quel homme,” he exclaims, “fut jamais plus audessus de ce que l’on appelle esprit!” Neither le Bruu, nor Champéfort, seems to have imbibed the spirit of French criticism.

teresting by their voice, beauty, and inexperience; and delivering in the gentlest sweetest accents, to the gorgeous silent audience, so royal, reverend, military, and gallant, the polished verses of Racine! These verses, full of "*onction religieuse*," and yet carrying with them, we are told, the most *pointed allusions both flattering and malignant*." It may be imagined how keenly such allusions would be relished, in the midst of such persons, surrounded by such scenes, and mingled with the solemnity of scriptural subjects, and the magnificence of elaborate poetry! Esther was intended as a portrait of Madame de Maintenon; and La Harpe asks, if the court could avoid thinking of her predecessor, Madame de Montespan, when Esther thus speaks of Vasthi:

"Peut-être on t'a conté la fameuse disgrâce,  
De l'altiére Vasthi, dont j'occupe la place,  
Lorsque le Roi, contre elle enflammé de dépit,  
La chassa de son trône, ainsi que de son lit!"

Allusions so express and particular, so indulgent to the royal vices, and at the same time so rich in all the stimulants of courtly malice and scandal, could not but powerfully recommend a piece, "*tirée de l'Ecriture Sainte*," to ears polite. How far the nuns of St. Cyr acted suitably in permitting their young scholars to occupy their fancies with these allusions, it is no longer interesting to inquire.

In considering the merits of the French poets, and of the code of rules to which they are subject, we have taken every opportunity of checking our sentiments by tests of their correctness, the most strict that have presented themselves. If there be any meaning in our opinions, they must connect themselves with something beyond our own assertions; and, in some way, support themselves upon general principles and admitted facts. It is their carelessness about this, that warrants us in applying the epithet impertinent to certain doctrines of our neighbours. Voltaire, after praising the pure taste, classical accomplishments, and lively genius of Pope, attempts to ridicule an exquisite passage in Hamlet; and, in so doing, exclaims—"This is the stuff which Mr. Pope thinks fine!" Any one but a Frenchman would have suspected, that he might, by chance, be wrong in decrying a piece of foreign poetry, which a native critic, of whose general sense, taste, and learning, he had professed the highest notion, regarded as transcendantly sublime and beautiful.

It appears that La Fontaine totally differed in taste, as well as in practice, from the "fine writers" his contemporaries. His eulogist informs us, that he was delighted with the pastoral images in D'Urfé; while La Harpe, in his remarks on the ancient pastoral, says, that there is no species of poetry in greater discredit amongst the French, and the Abbé de Lille expresses his

regret that the "false delicacy and unfortunate prejudices" of his countrymen should have proscribed the style suited to the pastoral. We must place Fontanes, both in discernment and sensibility, at an immeasurable height above the standard judgments of French criticism, while, he himself confesses certain peculiarities of character, and seems contented to be consigned to an inferior order of literature, careless of the authority of the Academy, or the seductions of splendid success. He seems willing that his companions should under-rate his style as much as they pleased; he does not the less shrink from entrusting his fame to it. In the shape of apologies for himself, he is perpetually discovering a true feeling for the highest beauties and powers of composition; and, we may add, a thorough recognition of all those principles on which we pronounce French criticism to be false, the poetry it praises to be of an inferior kind, and its denial of the superiority of the early European writers to be heresy. He does not envy the fine authors of his day their popularity, or the praise due to "*le beau tours de vers, le beau langage, la justesse, les bonnes rimes;*" but he scruples not to avow his own preference of the barbarous elder writers of his country, such as Marot and St. Gelais, whose merits, in spite of the fashion of the time, he cannot consider eclipsed by the brilliancy of the age of Louis Quatorze. He proceeds, he says, "sometimes by one road, and sometimes by another, but he always travels most surely when he follows the steps of the old poets." In this respect, then, Fontanes affords us a remarkable support, and presents a striking contrast to what we have noticed as one of the most objectionable features in French criticism. He looked for the treasures of literature deep in the mines of native genius, careless of the clipped and hammered currency of the Academy, made up of conventional tokens, and doubtful imitations. In his opinion, "*le secret de plaire ne consiste pas toujours en l'ajustement, ni meme en la regularité. Combien voyons-nous de ces beautés régulières qui ne touchent point, et dont personne n'est amoureux!*" In all humility he ventures to hope, that "*des vers qui enjambent*" may be pardoned to him; for they cannot, "in his way of writing," be avoided, without making "*des détours*" and "*des recits AUSSI FROIDS QUE BEAUX;*" without submitting to "*CONTRAINTES FORTES INUTILES,*" and neglecting "*le plaisir du cœur, pour travailler à la satisfaction de l'oreille.*" It is thus that he condemns that style of frigid and superficial declamation, which he saw praised and flourishing around him, and which constitutes what the French deem the pride of their literature!—a style, "*aussi froid que beau,*" in which the sallies of passion are adjusted to a certain order, and confined within prescribed limits, in the same way as the Lord Chamberlain

directs, before a court birth-day, how the horses' heads shall stand, where the carriages shall approach the palace, and how they shall return to their homes. The evils that attend the servility of the latter practice, Fontanes has the delicacy to apply only to his own "genre" of poetry; but they alike result from it, whatever may be the species of composition. Delille, and one or two of the latest French writers, have the merit of daring occasionally to introduce verses "qui enjambent" into serious poetry, but the French critics still loudly protest against the licence: \* it is sufficient to make them overlook any degree of elegance, tenderness, energy, or pathos, contained in the thought. Fontanes could not confine himself within the narrowness of their system. He saw that it mistook handicraft dexterity for the soul of intellectual art: he discerned its real meanness and poverty, in the midst of its boasts. He felt that it elevated the "leather and prunella" above genuine worth; that its attractions addressed themselves chiefly to common-place minds and the inferior qualities of character; to those dispositions which are scrupulous only because they are infirm, and cautious only because they are ignorant; while, in the same proportion, and for the same reasons, it was calculated to disgust the manliness of large and generous natures.

It is impossible to open a page of standard French criticism, without finding an example of what we have been observing. Boileau, for instance, lays it down as a maxim, that "one would rather tolerate, generally speaking, a low or common, thought, expressed in noble words, than a noble thought expressed in mean language." This is in the teeth of Cicero's doctrine, that "nature without instruction is more powerful than instruction without nature;" but, on the other hand, it coincides with the Clown's opinion, that the Beefeater is more like a King than his Majesty. Boileau's preference and authority has opened a prolific source of offensive inflation, affectation, tinsel, frigidity, and vulgarity. Moreover, it lets us into the weakest side of the French character generally, including manners, and politics, as well as literature. As noble words are within the reach of persons who have no more command over noble thoughts than Owen Glendower had over the spirits of the Red Sea, the maxim in question furnishes an ample authority to pretenders; like the diplomas of some of the Scotch colleges, it gives a professional authority to quackery and stupidity. We have heard of a person's declaring that he could not read the word *beverage* in poetry without thinking of small-

\* M. Chenier is afraid that such liberties must hurt the "general harmony" of the piece in which they are introduced. Malherbe, he says, banished them from French verse. Racine constantly observed the rule laid down by Malherbe; and Boileau consecrates it as "*une perfectionnement remarquable.*"

beer. Such an one should live, and write, and cogitate, in France alone, where Boileau specifies, as one of the most remarkable proofs of Racine's genius, that this great poet has once been able to introduce the word *dogs* (*chiens*) into dramatic verse, without shocking the delicacy of a French audience!

Rousseau is another author, belonging to the same nation, whose style is an offering made to nature, in a strong feeling of her divinity.—We have nothing here to do with the abstract justice and moral propriety of his sentiments:—it would almost seem as if his country must do mischief one way or the other:—but to us, we confess, it appears, that Rousseau carried the eloquence of sensibility to the very highest pitch of fervour. In this respect we do not know his equal: his language has an intensity that causes it to pierce to the marrow:—when, with this power, it happens to touch upon a tender part of the reader's mind,—upon some diseased or afflicted sympathy,—the effect is terrible. What a dreadful mirror does the following passage present, to startle, with its own dark likeness, the soul that has withered under the effects of fatal disappointment or irreparable loss:—

“J'étois jeune encore;—mais ce doux sentiment de jouissance et d'esperance qui vivifie la jeunesse, me quitta pour jamais. Des-lors l'être sensible fut mort à demi. Je ne vis plus devant moi, que les tristes restes d'une vie insipide. \* \* \* \* \* Je venois rechercher le passé qui n'étoit plus,—et qui ne pouvoit renaitre!”

This specifies to the consciousness, something,—(a small part)—of what Shakspeare suggests to the imagination in the last burst of Lear's breaking heart:—

——“O thou wilt come no more,  
Never, never, never, never, never!”

Rousseau's hand was against French criticism, as its hand was against him. Voltaire, the great champion of what is false and poor in feeling, professed as much contempt for Rousseau, as for the Hebrew Lyrics, the Greek Odes, and English Poetry. And it is thus that Rousseau passes judgment on French dramatic verse:

“Communément tout se passe en beaux dialogues, bien agencés, bien ronflans, où l'on voit d'abord que le premier soin de chaque interlocuteur est toujours celui de briller. Presque tout s'enonce en maximes générales. Quelque agités qu'ils puissent être, ils songent toujours plus au public qu'à eux-mêmes. \* \* \* \* \*. Il y a encore une certaine dignité maniérée dans le geste et dans le propos, qui ne permet jamais à la passion de parler exactement son langage, ni à l'auteur de revêtir son personnage, et de se transporter au lieu de la scène.”

Schlegel may be as wrong, in what he says of the French dramatic poetry, as the writer in the "*Mercur*" affirms he is; but at all events he has only been struck by it as Rousseau was. The following passage, taken from the *Lectures*, is a repetition in other words of what we have given above:

"It is only a certain full-dressed and formal beauty which is incompatible with the greatest truth of expression, and this beauty is exactly that which is demanded in the style of a French tragedy. \* \* \* \* \* The main cause lies in a national feature; in the social endeavour never to forget themselves in presence of others, and always to exhibit themselves to the greatest possible advantage. It has been often remarked, that, in French tragedy, the poet is always too easily seen through the discourses of the different personages; that he communicates to them his presence of mind, his cool reflection on their situation, and his desire to shine upon all occasions. When we accurately examine the most of their tragical speeches, we shall find that they are seldom such as would be delivered by persons speaking or acting by themselves without any restraint. We shall generally discover something in them which betrays a reference more or less perceptible to the spectator. Before, however, our compassion can be powerfully excited, we must be familiar with the characters. But how is this possible, if we are always to see them yoked to the views and endeavours of the author, or, what is worse, to an unnatural and assumed grandeur of character? We must overhear them in their unguarded moments, when they imagine themselves alone, and throw aside all care and precaution."

The animation which poetry is intended to produce, whether it be of the passions or the imagination, can only be yielded to with a good grace, when the reader is assured of the earnestness of the author, and that the feeling in which each passage was written, went even beyond that which it seeks to excite; the least appearance of artifice strikes enthusiasm to the ground, and occasions a sense of mortification and shame. We repeat, then, that the defects blamed above, are decisive marks of a weak judgment and a vulgar taste; for they consist, not in forgetting the smaller decorums in the zeal of a great design, or under the power of an absorbing emotion; but in extending petty forms until they encroach on essential principles, and at length shock even common sense by transgressing the elements of subordination, and reversing the natural order of importance. The title of one of Boileau's chapters on Longinus is very applicable here, "*en effet, de trop s'arreter aux petites choses, cela gâte tout.*" A most disagreeable character may be often seen resulting from this error in private life; and in poetry its influence is in the last degree odious. The imperfections of the Italian, Spanish, English,

and German poetry, by which the French profess to be shocked, are all of another kind; they all belong to the family of *hardi-messes*. The French critics quarrel with the poetry of these other nations, as a timid rider quarrels with a mettlesome horse; while we object to theirs on the same principle that the English sportsman would express his contempt for the amusement which the French court calls hunting, and which consists in cantering down one long avenue and up another. Still we find, in the consistency of their opinions, a corroboration of the justice of ours; as we have supported ourselves on what Fontanes approved and enjoyed, so may we derive a cogent confirmation of our sentiments from the disapprobation and ridicule of Voltaire. Bacon says of the ode, that "it strikes the mind as it were with a divine sceptre;" Voltaire is of opinion, that, "as a people becomes enlightened, the ode falls into disgrace on account of its *exaggerations*." Milton extols "these frequent songs throughout the Law and the Prophets; which, in the very critical art of composition, may easily be made appear to be over all other kinds of lyric poetry incomparable." The Psalms and the Prophets are described by Voltaire as made up of "galimatias;" of mere absurdity, and rank fustian. He thinks the English style is "trop copié des écrivains Hébreux;" but on one occasion we find him letting a suspicion escape, that "this style may perhaps *elevate the spirit though by an irregular march*." What can be more satisfactory than this! What more flattering testimony could we desire! One of our living poets has noticed the influence of the old English translation of the Scriptures, committed as it is to every body's hands, on the public taste. It is probably to this, more than to any thing else, that we are indebted for the force of imagination and habit of contemplation discoverable in the body of our people. The sublimities of the original have been, amongst all our ranks and classes, the object of daily thought; and their admiration has been trained to "the height of this great argument."\* Indeed we know of no more certain proof of a small, vain, egotistic, and shallow spirit, than an insensibility to the magnificence that abides within the clouds and shadows of the Hebrew compositions. We are here alluding to

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\* The style of the period when the translation in common use was made, has preserved more of the energy and character of the original than could have been hoped for from modern hands. Indeed, nothing can be more remarkable than the superiority of our early translations, in the way of conveying the spirit of a foreign work. As Ben Jonson says in behalf of the English edition of Guzman d'Alfarache, which fully confirms our favourable testimony,

— "then it chimes  
When the old words do strike on the new times;"

them only as a test of *good taste*; in this respect they try all the higher qualities of perception and feeling. He must be prepared to take a flight above the most attractive sensualities, who will follow their mysterious course. He must look out far beyond himself, for his chief pride and his choicest gratifications, who would enjoy their grandeur. Voltaire was totally destitute of that quality of magnanimity which is necessary to elevate the comprehension to the height of the noblest beauties; there never was a man that had less of the romantic in his disposition; he had not dignity enough in his consciousness of the things about him, to perceive the value of that wise neglect, by which, as Burke finely says, "generous nature is permitted to choose her own road to perfection." This writer, or *philosopher*, as he is called, had for his principal faculty, and must be contented to have for his chief fame, the power of degrading the value of things: whatever passed through his hands came deteriorated from them. His talent was "de dire basement toutes les choses." Even when his arguments are ranged on the side of truth and virtue, the way in which they are constituted, and the manner in which they are urged, invite to a light indifference in regard to both. He leads to those low conceptions of the human character and destiny, which form the best excuse for systematic profligacy of conduct; and his general tone is tinged with that levity in regard to the integrity of means, which can only discredit worthy ends, and promote the triumph of the worst. He belongs to the class which he describes as "les gens qui ne regardent jamais les choses les plus serieuses, que comme l'occasion de dire un bon mot;" who put us irresistibly in mind of the monkey tribe, that are always grinning in their deformity, and cause their spectators to laugh in contempt and shame, as it were, of their very selves. It is a pitiable event when the great interests of society, the name of philosophy, and the reputation of improvement, fall all under the influence of this vain, pert, and shallow-hearted race. We are not wholly without the school in England; its disciples are persons with whom self-sufficiency is the moving principle. All their qualities, particularly those which do them the most service, will be found directly opposed to magnanimity. Even their style is small, sharp, trifling, and affected; it is described in the censure that has been passed against that of a Roman author, considered by some to

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And it would seem that old words are best suited to do this. Cotton's translation of Montaigne is another proof of what we have been affirming. The task of translation had not then been consigned to mere dunces. It was thought that

—"Books deserve translators of like coat.

As was the genius wherewith they were wrote."



belong to the family in question; "he makes a pass with a pin, but with the flourish of a fencing master, and when he pricks fancies that he has mortally pierced."

We are led, then, to place some confidence in our own judgment on French poetry, first, by observing what is most to the taste of the French authors for whom we have the highest respect, and whose genius is indisputable; and, secondly, by looking at the works which are neglected, condemned, or despised, by those French critics and writers, who chiefly exemplify what we consider the errors of the French style. Another mode of checking our sentiments, is suggested by the boast, which is in every Frenchman's mouth, and which is dispersed throughout almost the whole of their publications; that their literature generally, and particularly their poetry, is acknowledged by all the nations of Europe, except England, to be excellent above every other. The superior talent of their writers, and the superior beauty of their style, they consider as great luminous truths, flashing conviction, and dazzling the universal view. Voltaire says, "Il est vrai que l'Angleterre a l'Europe contre elle en ce point." La Harpe abounds with similar assertions, and he traces the unequalled reputation of French poetry, to its improvement on the acknowledged merits of the antique. If all this were true; if there existed a broad and encompassing line of affinity between the effusions of French talent, and the natural feelings of mankind, in the various kingdoms of Europe, with the single exception of our own; and if this modern testimony were sanctioned by the connection of its object with the remains of antique genius; a connection originating in a feeling of veneration for the glory of other times, and of dissent from the buz of the moment, when it is raised against the silent past; if this were the case, as it is pretended to be, our opinion would be strongly suspected even by ourselves. But if the facts are quite otherwise, we have a right to claim the benefit of the directly opposite conclusion. If the French style of poetry is disowned by the strongest native spirits in every country; if it has no support in any, but in the tastes of those who have formed themselves according to an artificial and unmeaning standard of manners, which destroys all real features of character, whether individual or public;\* if French criticism alone permits itself to exercise offensive and absurd outrages against all the great reputations both of the ancient world, and of the early modern times; setting up against the prescriptive honours of ages, its own high opinion

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\* Warton notices the effect of "the tacit compacts of fashion, which promote civility by diffusing habits of uniformity, and thus destroy peculiarities of character and situation."

of itself, and the all-sufficiency of Richelieu's academy: if this should turn out, as we suspect it will, to be the right way of putting the case, we certainly shall not profess any diffidence of ourselves, in pressing a disagreement with our neighbours that has so many supports untainted with the weakness of self-partiality. Now, then, for the facts. We apprehend that it is simply a matter of observation, that the admired early Italian writers, are, in what may be termed the spirit of their style, in their mode of looking at natural objects, and their feeling of what chiefly communicates lively and intense impressions, much more akin to the barbarous English writers of the times of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I. than to the polished French, of the age of Louis XIV. But, supposing this should be disputed, it cannot be controverted that in English literature, more than in French, are to be found the signs of an enthusiastic admiration of those great men, who shone in the morning splendour of art and letters; and that English criticism is always at least respectful towards the Italian poets; while the French critics seldom or never praise them, but to insult them by placing certain alleged absurdities against their merits, and some Frenchman's production above them. Compare, for instance, La Harpe's notice of Dante with Warton's in his *History of Poetry*; and observe the rich reflection of Italian grace and sublimity in Milton! The latter brought from his pilgrimage, to what he deemed the land of poetry, a feeling of what was due to an emulation of its genius, very different from that which seems to have influenced Voltaire, in the work which M. Chenier considers as at least equalling "*Ariosto*."\* Lord Holland's account of the two principal Spanish dramatists sufficiently manifests that the Spanish muse has nothing in common with the French Academy; and the taste of the nation, as is truly stated by Schlegel, has of late years retaken a strong tendency in favour of the national literature, in recovering from the momentary ascendancy of a French school; a circumstance that sometimes occurs in all countries, for reasons that have been before explained. As to Germany, France cannot boast of any very flattering testimony from that nation of affected but original thinkers. The work of Schlegel on *Dramatic Literature*, with all its blemishes, triumphs over French criticism by its superiority of execution, while it conveys the bitterest condemnation of the leading principles and chief examples of French poetry. It is impossible to imagine a more striking con-

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\* Considering how Frenchmen ought to feel in regard to the female whose name Voltaire has attached to his unnatural obscenity, we view "*La Pucelle*" as the most infamous work that disgraces the literature of any period or language. Its chief feature is unmanliness.

trast to the critical labours of Voltaire, Marmontel, La Harpe, Palissot, Chenier, &c. than the German work. It is distinguished by a strong feeling for distinct and peculiar traits; the Frenchmen are anxious to lose all these in a standard splendour and polish: it uses imagination as a powerful ally of discernment; the Frenchmen oppose the two to each other: it spreads itself out over the height, depth, and width, of human nature; the Frenchmen entrench themselves within the narrow limits of their own modes and opinions. Schlegel informs us, that the public taste in Germany has been so decidedly against French tragedies, that there is no longer cause to fear any illusion from that quarter.

So much for the general suffrage of the continent in favour of French poetry; let us now examine what support it can derive from the acknowledged excellence of the antique. It is at least very evident that the antique owes nothing to French criticism. Fontenelle says of Æschylus that he was *mad*! He affirms that it would evince a want of reason not to acknowledge how infinitely the French theatre is above the Greek. The same Frenchman remarks, of Virgil's sixth Æneid, that he could not have recovered from a drunken fit when he composed it; it is so full of absurdities. This insolence Dryden chastises, showing that it proceeds from a national disposition to make their own age and country the rule and standard of others, and themselves the measure of all. The Greek theatre, one of their writers declares, had all the monstrosities of the English. The intervention of supernatural agency, so calculated to produce grand theatrical effect, and at the same time so authorized by the feelings and traditions of mankind at large, is prohibited by the strict rules of French criticism: in this respect they deem the Greeks barbarous, and the English, of course, no better. It is the same with regard to the introduction of mental derangement on the stage. The ancients frequently adopted this great mean of striking terror and pity into the breasts of the audience. The furies of Æschylus are personifications of distraction and remorse: they are the deities and dispensers of madness. The poet has impressed them upon the imagination as shadowy, disheveled forms; at one moment sunk in an awful sleep, representing exhausted frenzy; and, in an instant, rousing themselves with cries, waving their hissing serpents in the air; fleeing, like misty vapours, after their victim; fiercely demanding him as their prey in the teeth of trembling gods, and seizing him in their fangs, as he clings with shrieks to the feet of Apollo! La Harpe objects, however, to these terrible creations, because they snore on the stage, which he thinks shameful; Brumoy, with all his inclination to praise the Greeks, had previously found himself incommoded with their "ronfle-

mens;" and Voltaire, if we recollect rightly, has his joke on the occasion. The latter states that the ancient drama hazarded spectacles of death and suffering not less revolting than what one meets with on the English stage; and on the chorusses he has no mercy. Yet, every now and then, as Schlegel justly remarks, "he spoke with enthusiasm of the Greeks, that on other occasions, he might rank them below the more modern masters of his own nation, including himself." This is the secret of all that is to be found favourable to the ancients in French criticism: they praise the "Phedra" of Euripides; but it is to increase our admiration for that of Racine, which is ranked far above the Greek production. We agree with Potter, the translator, though perhaps we might express ourselves rather more strongly, that Racine's "Phedra" is not the "Phedra" of Euripides, and that, "though the amiable and gallant Hippolyte of the French author forms a very pleasing and interesting character,\* yet we are sorry to lose the severe unyielding Hippolytus of the Greek poet." Nothing can be more nationally characteristic than the servility with which the French adhere to the dry dead letter of the critical rules of the ancients, while they give themselves the most offensive licence to ridicule and insult the spirit of ancient poetry; that heavenly power from which criticism was content to take its laws, and by the splendour of which it was alone enabled to reflect light on the world. It was not in their rules that the ancients found their poetry: it was from their poetry that they took their rules. The meanness, coupled with the arrogance, in this habit of the French critics, forms a compound as revolting as singular. We have acted very differently: we have carried our veneration upward to the immortal soul that animated the body that was so beautiful, leaving the mere skeleton for the exclusive use of those whose taste leads them to prefer the servile imitation of mechanism to the independent emulation of intellect. La Harpe's book, and Schlegel's are strongly contrasted on the merits of the ancient poets. The German strips himself entirely of modern habits, and all the weights and hindrances formed of modern associations; he then plunges into the subject with devoted enthusiasm, as into a mighty stream which is to carry him to a land whose lofty shores gleam upon the sight from the other side of the dark gulf of time. He goes to seek and to

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\* Dryden says, "Where the poet ought to have preserved the character as it was delivered to us by antiquity, when he should have given to us the picture of a rough young man, of the Amazonian strain, a jolly huntsman, and, both by his profession and his early rising, a mortal enemy to love, he has chosen to give him a turn of gallantry, sent him to travel from Athens to Paris, taught him to make love, and transformed the Hippolytus of Euripides into *Monsieur Hippolyte*."

admire, not the conveniences, the gratifications, the proprieties, to which he is most accustomed,—but antique peculiarities, the impressions of an early age, the signs of primitive manners, pictures of our common nature, influenced by circumstances of climate, religion, politics, and history, the most dissimilar that can be imagined from those of our day. The Frenchman sacrifices all these complexional differences as barbarous and bad: he offers them up as victims at the shrine of offended national fashion, and calls upon the ladies and gentlemen, his hearers at the Lycée, to contemplate, with astonishment, how much more genteel they are than the Greeks! He ridicules that glorious religious rhapsody, the “*Bacchæ*” of Euripides, which burns with the Greek fire even in the English translation: he cannot follow the steps of the god, who,

——“ Waving in his hand  
The torch that from his hallowed wand  
Flames high, his roving *Bacchæ* leads,  
And, shouting as he nimbly treads,  
Flings to the wanton wind his streaming hair!”

The enthusiasm of this piece works itself onward with a still increasing velocity, until, at last, it seems to set the earth, the seas, the heavens themselves in motion, and we hear

——“ the proud wife of Jove in triumph dance,  
Shaking the pavement of the Olympian house.”

The French tell us that they alone have caught the mantle of the Greeks! What they would palm upon us for all this is a mere Parisian scarf; something like Catherine’s gown, of which Petruchio exclaimed in indignation,—

“ Here’s snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash;  
Like to a censer in a barber’s shop!”

Kate, however, was of opinion, that she never saw a better fashioned thing—“ more quaint, more pleasing, more commendable.”

None can truly admire the antique, who do not admire it for its own sake, without any felonious thought of carrying off its mighty remains to erect a modern palace out of them. The French would do worse than this: from its mutilated fragments they would fain steal materials to build a hall of sitting for their own Academy, and, on the strength of the mischief thus done, summon us to recognize Plato in Voltaire, and Aristotle in La Harpe. We cannot, however, submit to this. The misery is, that the French cannot be taught the difference between first and second hand: they cannot be made to see, because they cannot be made to feel, that what was native and genuine in Athens in the time of Pericles, can only be affected and counterfeited in Paris

in the time of Louis the Fourteenth, or Buonaparté. So far as the animation that springs from self-applause and social encouragement can give the power of production, the French may boast of what they have accomplished: there is nothing that they will not try to do, and, in their own opinion, they succeed in all they try. There is some ground for their self-flattery in this respect: they imitate excellently all that can be imitated; they fashion-off the dead and empty form to a nicety; they even improve the regularity of its proportions, and place a more obvious simper upon the countenance. If the sacred fire were to be stolen now, as it was of yore, the manufacture would be wanting in nothing. In love with their own workmanship, the French are more easily contented than Pygmalion; they do not fret themselves if the animating soul be deficient. Being endowed with this skill and self-complacency, they have been denied an insight into the deep and secret springs, from whence proceeds that stream of endless renovation and variety, that sparkles over the face of the world. In the ceaseless revolutions of human affairs, genius takes new shapes, as it is, from time to time, cast in fresh moulds. A provision is thus made for the immortality of fame. The excellence that has once existed can never be hidden from our sight by what may come afterwards. It remains distinct and pre-eminent on its own ground; to be compared with what you please, but to be confounded with nothing else. We can turn no where to enjoy what we have lost, but to the remembrance of itself; and there is much that is assuring and comforting in this consideration. Life is indeed frail and fleeting; but to the sadness of its uncertainty is not added the disgrace of its being transferable. The French do not seem to be open to these reflections: their revolution was to intercept the view of the past altogether, and to leave future generations only to wonder how the race could have existed amidst the misery and ignorance which hung over the world before that reviving and enlightening era! Voltaire considered the Odes of Pindar, the Lyrics of David, the Lamentations of Job, and the glowing annunciations of Isaiah, as quite obliterated from the existing world by the correctness of French verse, and the dignity of French tragedy. La Harpe affirms, that the Achilles of Racine is even more Homeric than that of Euripides! "What shall we say to this?" exclaims Schlegel: "Before acquiescing in the sentences of such critics, we must forget the Greeks." This, however, they think may be done without regret. Fontenelle, in one of his poems, has a line which affirms that the glory of Paris is a sufficient consolation for the decay of Athens. And this may be so to Frenchmen. Paris may be much superior to any thing that Athens ever was: on such a

question of taste, each person will decide for himself; but, as it cannot be exactly what, and where, Athens was, it cannot fill the place of Athens. Nature,

——“ which formed the various scene  
Of rage and calm, of frost and fire,”

has appetites too strong to limit her attachments, as the French would represent. The seraglio of her beauties is full of all complexions, shapes, and humours: she only demands passion and feeling; hence nothing is excluded from her favour but the Platonic *Beau-ideal*, which is left to be the insipid mistress of the French Academy.

If we were called upon to specify in a word the general amount of all this poverty and perversion, we would say that it resolves itself into a *want of imagination*. It is this want which chiefly characterizes French composition and French criticism. Take, for instance, Gil Blas; an admirable work in its way; and observe how little the imaginative power is shown in it compared with Don Quixote. Feeling themselves, however, to be gay and volatile, and finding themselves accused of being capricious and inconstant, the French deem that they are distinguished by an excess of imagination. They do not know that it is a faculty far more contemplative than active, more melancholy than mirthful, more resigned than impatient. Their philosophical politicians would never have attempted so much in the way of improvement, if they had been gifted with imagination to conceive the height and beauty of perfection; they would never have been so presumptuous as to the immediate condition of man, if their imagination had been strong enough to enter on the mysteries of his destiny. Their poets would not be so arrogant in a conviction of the strength and efficacy of a few scholastic rules, if they possessed imagination like Milton's, that could “soar above the wheeling poles,” and overlook the immense complexity of the machinery of the universe. But of all the deficiencies which it is possible to lay to their charge, a Frenchman will probably be least prepared to expect that his countrymen should be accused of the one which we have mentioned. One of their writers lately expressed his indignant surprise, that France should not have produced, for some time, any strikingly good novels or poems, and that she should content herself to translate from the English. He is prepared to assign any reason rather than want of talent: amongst others, he mentions the *earnestness of political thinking* amongst the French people, insinuating, we presume, that the English are very indifferent to politics, and have therefore leisure to write novels and poems! At all events, he says, it is well known that the French are *not wanting in imagination*. We

affirm that they are, and we shall note some circumstances, which, we think, will be found to support our assertion. M. Cabanis, a late French writer on metaphysical subjects, states, in his introduction, that the French tongue is *poor in words that are necessary to the display of the imaginative faculty*: it is, on the other hand, he says, rich in all that assists the neat and concise delivery of facts, and the clear development of logical or scientific reasoning. Now, we apprehend, that to say of a national tongue that it is deficient in the language of imagination, is to say of the people using it, that they are not superabundantly endowed with the faculty; for where the latter exists it will give a colouring, a scope, and associations to words, that will fit them for its use. Further, the remark of M. Cabanis throws considerable light on one of the principles of French criticism. Being poor in the language of imagination at home, it cannot understand that language abroad, and very adroitly sets itself to ridicule what it is not able to appreciate. This furnishes us with a key to all that Voltaire has written against Shakspeare, in the justice of which he believed himself; but we are inclined to think that the greater part of his abuse he knew to be misrepresentation. We find, scattered throughout the French critical publications, many casual remarks, which all tend to prove that the national character is scantily furnished with this most sublime and distinctive prerogative of the human spirit. "We are a nation," says Voltaire, in his letter to Bolingbroke, "accustomed to turn into ridicule every thing that is not of common usage amongst us:" can a more miserable or mean character be imagined! "If one of our authors were to hazard on our stage," says he, "that fine incident in Addison's Cato, where the father receives the dead body of his son, in a manner worthy of an old Roman, our pit would laugh, and our ladies would turn away their heads." That is to say, it would be ridiculed, as an incident not of daily usage in Paris. The same writer states, that the French will tolerate nothing that stands in need of an *excuse*: from what we have just quoted, it appears, that they deem every thing in need of an excuse which is not part of their own fashions; so that if any thing excellent should happen to fall without this mark, it cannot be tolerated! Schlegel observes, that the French boast of their *impatience* as a proof of quick apprehension and sharpness of wit. "It is, however, susceptible of another interpretation: superficial knowledge, and more especially an inward emptiness of mind, always display themselves in fretful impatience." La Harpe, in accounting for the neglect of pastoral poetry amongst the French, says, it is necessary to read the Idylls of Theocritus with the feelings of a Sicilian peasant, and this he considers it utterly impossible for a Frenchman to do. This



impossibility is to be traced to the want of imagination,—a deficiency which characterises the whole system of social manners in France, particularly that part of it which relates to women. A Frenchman, it would appear, on the testimony of his own authors, has but little of that noble faculty which outlives time, and overleaps distance;—which renders the individual co-eval and co-extensive with his race; a partaker of all its sympathies; a participator in all its changes; a companion of all nations, tribes, tongues, and periods; gifted with the spirit of the great family of mankind, and existing, not in a wretched confinement to one spot and its fashions, but in all famous places, and at all remarkable eras, and amidst all eventful circumstances. It is their want of imagination that causes the French poets to make all their characters Frenchmen; nay, Frenchmen only of the court of Louis the Fourteenth! “Antiquity, says Schlegel, is merely used by them as a thin veil, under which the modern French character can be distinctly recognized. Racine’s Alexander is certainly not the Alexander of history; but if under this name we imagine to ourselves the great Condé, the whole will appear tolerably natural. Who does not suppose Louis the Fourteenth and the Duchess de la Valière represented under Titus and Berenice?” It is their want of imagination which makes them believe that “the age of Louis the Fourteenth has left nothing remaining throughout every succession of ages, till the very end of the world, but a passive admiration of its perfections.”

The imagination of the reader, when it is duly inspired and impelled by that of the author, leads him to accept, not only willingly, but eagerly, and by anticipation as it were, peculiar turns of expression and marked words, with a full yielding to the force of their import where they stand, as distinct from their vulgar or fashionable signification, conveying perhaps some interesting peculiarity of personal genius, or charged with the transports of a passionate moment. When the author, instead of being fettered to a certain adjudged and prescribed style, which must inevitably, by constant use, become common-place; or, instead of being threatened with laughter, if he shall derange the toilette-like order of “silken terms precise,” and the still more toilette-like arrangement of fashionable ideas, corked up and labelled for occasional use, like so many essence vials and approved cosmetics; when, instead of being thus confined and intimidated, he can reckon on the kindred enthusiasm of his readers, as well as on their deference and self-suspicion in his favour when necessary, he will feel himself in spirits to proceed in a bold freedom, to use all the means of moving and impressing. He can only have the confidence in himself necessary to the production of master-pieces, when he is assured that the aim

and endeavour of those who read him, will be to follow his ascent to the fresh and breezy eminence, not to keep him down to the level of the streets, or the squares. French criticism, however, will not allow an author to have this necessary confidence. It is not possible to fancy either the existence, or the popularity, of the best pieces of Burns in France. But if we think of Spain, Italy, or Germany, nothing suggests itself to render their appearance impracticable in any of these countries. France, by making rules despotic, has destroyed the native sovereignty of mind.

It has been said very justly, that fine poetry will always make its own excuse: the composition that cannot do this, is not worth a justification. If any person doubt this maxim, let him go to see one of David's large pictures, and, if possible, hear the artist illustrate the merit of his own production. He will find that every thing, to the minutest point, has been attended to. A theory is involved in every touch of the pencil, or some incident of history, or trait of character, lurks in every gesture and fold: divine birth is to be discovered in the poising of a spear; patriotic devotion in the cut of the hair; the year of the event, according to the chronological system at present approved by the Institute, in the texture of the drapery. Lastly, all this painful enumeration of matters of fact is so glazed over, and polished up, with the patent-varnish of the beau-ideal; that, in the result, we have a beautiful piece of generalization, on whose clear face nothing of magnitude is marked, but at the bottom of which the smallest objects may be discerned! This is, indeed, the triumph of the rules: they will account for every thing, in or about such a picture, even to its badness.

The only rules that are neglected by such artists are those which nature observes. La Harpe, echoing his master, Voltaire, is very careful to stipulate, that nature should not be too closely followed. He says: "*Elle est toujours pres de nous; nous n'avons pas besoin des arts pour la trouver.*" This may be very true; but not in the sense meant by La Harpe. He is anxious that the difficulties which the artist has surmounted by his dexterity, and the able means by which his triumph has been gained, should be displayed prominently and constantly before the spectator; and the reason he gives is highly curious: "*pour adoucir les impressions de la tragedie, qui, sans cela, seraient trop fort, et ressembleraient trop à la douleur réelle.*" Very possibly French sensibility may afford some ground for this excessive caution; but it must be acknowledged that their stage, with its constrained monotones, and their actors with their sonorous declamation,

form a very good protection against too strong an impression of "la douleur réelle." The same writer, with sufficient consistency, declares himself averse to hearing kings and queens speak "comme mon voisin, et mes voisines, que j'ai laissé à la maison." It happens, unfortunately, however, that the *Chedreux* style of poetry, as Dryden names it after a famous French perruquier, in proportion as it separates ranks, loses its claims on sympathy in the chasm. When free-masonry, of any description, is put in the place of commonly intelligent communications, the large body of the uninitiated must remain as uninterested as uninformed. La Harpe does not at all improve his argument by saying that tragedy exhibits kings and queens, "not in those indifferent actions of life where all men resemble each other; but in selected moments and interesting situations." This remark only shows his lamentable ignorance of the heart. It is precisely in the indifferent actions of life that men are furthest from resembling each other; that kings and queens speak a language proper to themselves, which is very different from that of our neighbours whom we have left at home. It is in trying and important situations that all secondary and feigned distinctions are lost in the general fellowship of the great family of human nature. It is in *these* that nature vindicates her authority over all her children alike, and proves to them that there is no escaping from the equal laws of their parent. When the cry went forth in Egypt at midnight, for the first-born slain in every house, the lamentations that came from the palace were not more stately in their sound than those that came from the cottage. The language of highly excited passion is poetry; from whatever mouth it may proceed. Shakspeare knew this well; as what did he not know! The airs and phrases of the levee-room are only of use in lieu of real feelings and pressing occasions: while those first fill up the scene, the eyes and ears may be employed, but the heart can have nothing to do. Set the real elements of humanity in action, and observation becomes sympathy, and sympathy increases to emotion. There is no vulgarity or meanness in this doctrine; it rests on the only true principles of dignity. The degradation lies in the opposite system; in putting small things before great, and petty considerations before regards of the first magnitude.

This, as we have had before occasion to observe, our neighbours are too inclined to do; and hence they have a superabundance of majesty, splendour, and elegance, always in the market to supply the demand. Their grace is not of the "*unbought*" kind; it is their staple commodity. There is no fear of their ever exposing themselves to be drowned, by jumping into the deep to pluck honour from the moon; they can take it at any time from

their looking-glasses. They have cut out easy ways by which the broken-winded can ascend to what they call the summits of fame. The great importance which the French attach to patching and mending their language, and the miserable scantiness to which they have reduced it by their meddling, prove, in the first place, how inordinately they overrate trifles, and, secondly, how utterly they spoil what they pamper. "Language and versification," says the German writer whose work stands as part of the head of this article, "which, in the classification of dramatic excellence ought to hold a secondary place, are *alone* in France decisive of the fate of a piece." La Harpe fancies that he puts an additional flower in the garland of his country's victory over all competitors, when he intimates, that "the most indispensable and essential separation between familiar language and that of tragedy, cannot be established but in proportion as the idiom of a language is purified and ennobled." We hear from the French critics, on many occasions, that their writers have succeeded, beyond all others, in separating tragedy from familiar language; and we are unceasingly told of the success that has attended the efforts of their Academy, to purify and ennoble their tongue. The meaning of all this is, that their disposition, before described, has led them to the foppery of selecting and arranging a set of words to dignify sentiments, instead of chiefly trusting to sentiments to dignify words. But the question forcibly suggests itself here; what purifying and ennobling a language means? If to incapacitate two thirds of a thing, from bearing a part in any honourable employment, or appearing on any great occasion, be to ennoble it generally, the labours of the French to refine and exalt their language have been very successful; but if, on the contrary, ennobling means to extend eligibility, to confer powers, to break impediments, and remove incapacities, the ancients did, and the English do, illustrate and honour their respective languages much more than the French. To obviate all suspicion of prejudice and partiality on our parts, we shall call La Harpe as our witness. His testimony in regard to the ancients is as follows:—

"La nature de leur idiome permettait une foule d'expressions simples et naïves, qui dans le notre seraient basses et populaires. Le poète pouvait donc, tour à tour, être tres-naturel sans craindre de paraître bas, et tres-sublime sans craindre de paraître enflé. Ainsi ce double avantage, tiré du langage et des mœurs, l'éloignait aisément de deux écueils dont nous sommes toujours voisins \* \* \* \* \* Chez eux, les détails de la vie commune, et de la conversation familière, n'étaient point exclus de la langue poétique: presque aucun mot n'était par lui-même bas et trivial; ce qui tenait en partie à la con-

*stitution republicaine, au grand rôle que jouait le peuple dans le gouvernement, et à son commerce continué avec ses orateurs. Un mot n'était pas réputé populaire pour exprimer un usage journalier, et le terme le plus commun pouvait entrer dans le vers le plus pompeux, et dans la figure la plus hardie."*

Nothing can be more explicit or intelligible than this; and his evidence is equally clear in regard to his own country.

*" Parmi nous, au contraire, le poète ne jouit pas d'un tiers de l'idiome national : le reste lui est interdit comme indigne de lui. Il n'y a guère pour lui qu'un certain nombre de mots convenus."*

The result then of the process of refining their language, which has been so long conducted by the Academy and the great geniuses of France, may be summarily stated to consist in having condemned two thirds of the national idiom as unworthy of use in elegant composition, and limiting the poet, (whose "eye glances from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth") to a certain number of conventionally established words! The most popular part of the language being condemned, it necessarily follows, that the richest, most forcible, and most applicable turns of expression are lost; and, as to the *maneged* remainder, it is as necessary to go through a course of preparation to be able to connect one's sympathies with it at all, as it is to practise right and left to be able to fill a place in a cotillon or a country dance. Even if they had not so cropped and disfigured their language, we could form no very favourable opinion of the manliness of their tastes, from finding them, in all questions of poetical excellence, attaching the first importance to a matter of academical regulation; but our wonder and pity are carried to the greatest height, when we discover, that all these ill-placed and doting attentions have been lavished, apparently with no other object than to produce rickety imbecility; that they have swaddled the national tongue to as mischievous a purpose as the Chinese women swaddled their feet; forcing natural strength into a crippled smallness, which depraved fashion passes off for elegant; but which deprives its victims alike of the power of graceful exercise and of useful exertion.

The ancients (says La Harpe) could be natural without fearing to appear low, and sublime without seeming inflated; they had few, or no words that were stigmatised as base or mean in themselves; that is to say, they took the liberty to use their words as they wanted them; they trusted them, like their good weapons, to the management of those who handled them. They no more thought of deciding which were to form elegant writing, and to be admired accordingly, than they did of enacting that he who carried a spear should, as a matter of course, kill him who was only armed with a sword. Why have not the

French pursued the same manly plan? They say that the free and vigorous practice of the ancients in regard to their language is to be traced to the respectable political part which was played by the people of Greece and Rome. Did it never strike them that the same cause will generally produce the same effects? The people of England, too, have been accustomed to play an important part with their government. This at least cannot be denied; nor, further, that the institution to which the improvement of the French language is traced, had its origin in the successful design of a minister to increase and continue the political insignificance of the French people. Here are some curious contrasts, and coincidences; particularly as these self-congratulations of the French critics rest on the curtailment and confinement of their native tongue, while the reputation of the ancient writers connects itself with the independence and expansion of theirs! There is no breaking through such a chain of corroboration as this, and we must plainly tell them, that we protest altogether against the competency of a critical tribunal, which, in its constitution, is thus fundamentally connected with the corruptions, errors, and weaknesses, that present to observation the most unpleasant side of human affairs. Sir W. Temple, noticing the fact which all the French writers state, and of which Palissot boasts, namely that Cardinal Richelieu set up the Academy to amuse the wits of that age, and divert their attention from raking into his politics and ministry, adds, that it was this body which brought into vogue that attention to the smoothness and art of language, which, in our respectable countryman's opinion, marks the decline of its spirit and strength. They carried this favourite work, he says, to a point highly prejudicial to the efforts of intellect; for "few things, or none, in the world, will bear too much refining." Our genuine old humourist has hit off this sort of literary refinement exactly, by forming a partnership 'twixt "the poet and the perfumer;" but now we refer to Ben Jonson, we may as well clench the argument by one of his blows that are not to be either parried or sustained: "under specious names, they commit *miracles in art, and treason against nature!*"

We have before said that their want of imagination has given indelible features to their criticism; perhaps their treatment of their national tongue is but another proof of this deficiency; but at all events their system in regard to their language may be considered as a sort of mould, in which their general critical judgment is set to a small and insufficient size, which renders it incapable of being fitted to any of the finest examples of intellectual beauty and strength. We have already hinted the opinion of M. Cabanis; we shall now quote his testimony: the French

language, he says, appears more proper for philosophical discussion, "que capable d'agiter fortement et profondément les imaginations, et de produire tout-a-coup sur les grands assemblées ces impressions violentes dont les exemples n'étaient pas rare chez les anciens." What right, then, have they, whose knowledge has few or no means but what this unfortunate language affords, and whose minds and tastes are shown in this insufficient and weak medium as in a mirror, what right have they to seat themselves in judgment on points which are thus confessedly above their reach, and altogether beyond their capacities? How should that nation relish the wonders of the reserved muse, that "more illustrious magnitude of things," that "more perfect goodness and beautiful variety," whose men laugh, and whose women toss their heads, at every thing which does not present an image of their own fashions, and furnish them with a glass in which they may admire how nicely they sit upon themselves. Again, how should true poetry, the very elements of whose power are the universality of human passion, the dignity of natural feeling, the worth and import of individual character, be appreciated by critics, whose standard of excellence is formed according to certain principles of exclusion or dictation, which are calculated to starve or to stifle the struggling births of genius. It was by this grovelling standard, and with these impotent means, that Perrault tried the ancient poets, and that Voltaire has since tried the English and the Italian. Boileau has well ridiculed the former, whose talent, he says, was to turn every thing to meanness; and has justly reprobated the weak arrogance of pronouncing on compositions, that were conceived and executed in a noble strength and liberty, by the rules of a language, which, as he says, "is capricious above all others in words, and also very poor in many important respects." "Voilà, Monsieur, la manière d'agir ordinaire des demi-critiques: de ces gens dis-je, qui sous l'ombre d'un sens commun, tournent pourtant à leur mode, prétendent avoir droit de juger souverainement de toutes choses." Nothing can be better than this; and it warrants us to ask what is meant by the "perfectionnement" of the language, on which Boileau sets so much store? But one is never sure of French critics. From off the back of their most humiliating confessions, they leap to the most offensive boasts. Thus Voltaire says to an Englishman, "Je regrettais cette heureuse liberté que vous avez d'écrire vos tragedies en vers non rimés;" while in another part of his works he has the silly effrontery to maintain, in a fit of spleen against Milton, that blank verse is *as easily written as a common letter*!\* What more severe can be said,

\* "Among our Magazine Poets ten thousand catch the structure of Pope's versification for one who approaches the manner of Milton or Thomson," Dugald Stewart.

both against their faculties, and their language, than what they say themselves, that they are obliged to use rhyme, even in the species of poetical composition least adapted for it, as the only distinction in French between poetry and prose! It may be true that this deplorable necessity exists; but, whatever they may do to please themselves, amongst themselves, we cannot permit them to exercise, to the injury and offence of all the world but France, what one of their writers says is their national habit, of converting their necessities into virtues, and their deficiencies into attainments.

Two circumstances may be particularly specified, among the immense number and variety that always go to the formation of national character, as principal sources of the heresies of the literary system which we have been occupied in examining and exposing. The first of these is, the predominant voice and despotic power, which the thing called *society* has always possessed and exercised in France, relative to matters, the progress of which in other countries it has followed, not led. It is only this mischievous influence that could induce poets to consider "politeness as one of the original and essential ingredients of human nature." Schlegel. Or, if the word politeness occasion a dispute, as in its best sense it includes natural grace, we may say that it is only by this mischievous influence they could have been led to sacrifice the genuine graces of nature on the altar of a clumsy idol, improperly called politeness, which is an image of fashionable distortion, and whose high priest Lord Chesterfield was, when he prohibited, in the name of good breeding, blowing the nose and speaking the truth. The character of man, as an individual, is infinitely more amiable than that of the embodied mass, which has a distinct and substantial existence under the name of society. By this we do not mean the *public*: the latter is quite a different body. It abides in all the homes and properties of a country; society is to be found only in the assemblies, theatres, and fashionable places. We can appeal to the honour, to the compassion, to the understanding, to the taste, to the piety of an individual; we can appeal to the understanding, the taste, and even the religion of the public; society has none of these qualities to a degree that would warrant confidence in them. It is generally restless, envious, malignant, and hard-hearted. Man is often serious,—society is generally frivolous: man sometimes contemplates,—but society dissipates thought. It has often been remarked that companies and corporations will readily do things that each individual in these bodies would be ashamed to do. If the taste of the being, called society, is not always of the very coarsest kind, at least it is seldom fine, and it is perpetually capricious. Negative correctness is its cli-



max of accomplishment. It is easily duped by quackery, while it insolently rejects the claims of merit. It submits itself servilely to the chattering of coxcombs and the saws of pedants; and opposes, with even a vindictive spirit, the independent sentiments of real genius. We speak here of society in its most diseased state, arising from high-feeding and pampering; when no currents of vigorous opinion are permitted to refresh it from more healthy quarters: when it can shut itself up within itself, to revel on its own effeminacies, and listen to its proper panders, unassailed by the wholesome correctives of popular ridicule and censure. This can never be wholly the case in England, though we have enough of the tendency to the evil to conceive its consequences when it is at its height, which it was in France, from the time that Louis the XIVth stripped his kingdom to turn all the French of any note into courtiers of Versailles; for society is always most powerful and arrogant when individual character is least independent and marked. From its influence arises that hateful propensity to heartless and ignorant ridicule which is the scourge of genius. An appearance of enthusiastic feeling, a word escaping from the overflow of the heart, is capital game for the writers and repeaters of epigrams in society. Hence comes that contempt for every thing that is not of daily usage, which Voltaire notices: hence it is necessary to keep artifice always prominent, "pour adoucir les impressions;" for society is irritable without tenderness, and insolent without zeal.

It is curious to observe at what a very early period this meddling and frivolous tyranny commenced in France. In the year 1804, Clementina Isaure, Countess of Tholouse, published an edict, which assembled all the French poets in arbour, dressed with flowers; and he that produced the best poems was rewarded with a violet of gold. During the ceremony, says Warton, *degrees* also were conferred. He who had won a prize three times was created a doctor in "*gaye science*." The institution, however fantastic, soon became universal. In latter times the verdicts of society were delivered from the Hotel de Rambouillet, where a coterie of men and women held their sittings, and pronounced on the claims of all literary productions and candidates. This authority would have hindered, if possible, the performance of Moliere's "*Femmes Savantes*," as an attack on some of their members. La Harpe, in his miserable judgment, says, that the Hotel Rambouillet (though he cannot subscribe to all the decisions of the ladies and gentlemen) "did good in accustoming people to show cleverness on all subjects." "It is by this," he strangely affirms, "it is necessary to *commence*; one afterwards learns to show on each subject the species of wit that properly belongs to it." That is to say, it is good to begin by

pronouncing on all things, and to learn by degrees to speak common sense on a few! If ever there was a maxim started more calculated to feed the impertinence of half-informed and wholly-confident persons, we have never met with it. From that time, French literature, philosophy, and science, have all lived in the noise of society, and taken their daily aliment and highest encouragement from the saloons. The literary and scandalous memoirs of Bachaumont afford a picture of those close complications of learning and debauchery, wit, foppery, religion, and intrigue, which then formed what may be termed the social surface of France, and which certainly is most interesting as an object of curious examination. The late publications of Grimm assist to complete the representation. Two sects arose on the comparative merits of two sonnets: one called themselves *Jobelins*, and the other *Uranistes*. The Prince de Conti was at the head of the *Jobelins*, and Madame de Longueville was the leader of the *Uranistes*. Society quarrelled terribly whether La Fontaine's tale of *Joconde*, or that of some now nameless and forgotten person, who had also made a version from the original, was the finest. Boileau found it necessary to write a long piece of comparative criticism, maintaining the superiority of Fontaine; and proving that the very dullest and worst productions are not really finer than the most lively and beautiful! Louis Quatorze, we are told, had no taste for La Fontaine; but he felt all the beauties of Racine. This must have been thought a great misfortune for La Fontaine at the time; but who now thinks of it at all?

The other circumstances to which we alluded, as having had a very principal effect in chilling, blighting, and reducing, the spirit and strength of literature in France, is the formation of the *Academy*; an institution which had its rise in slavery, and which has been perpetuated by vanity. The Academy has always been a favourite with the despotic rulers of France, and it has well purchased and deserved their favour, by mean subserviency and fulsome adulation. Louis the Fourteenth and Buonaparte have alike found their account in this great corporation, which its best friends must allow has done more for the interests of despotism than it has even done for those of poetry, to say nothing of philosophy, which is a tender subject. Fontenelle, in his history of the Academy, states that the king named and approved the members; the same king that made poor Chapelain, the bad poet, his acting judge of literary merit, and his organ for dispensing rewards to the most approved writers. In consequence of this appointment, there was not a wretched rhymester in France who did not address verses to Chapelain, lauding to the skies himself and his master. Buonaparte, in like

manner, knew the value and tendency of such an institution too well not to be very busy in and about it, under its altered name of the Institute.\* He decreed decennial prizes to literature, and prohibited M. de Chateaubriant from delivering the usual speech on his introduction as member, because he was informed that it contained allusions which might have a disagreeable political effect. The Institute was always ready to deliver bombast speeches at the foot of his throne when he returned from his wars, but it is not on record that this body, composed of men of letters and science, and forming the selected intellect and knowledge of France, ever made a single effort, or even went the length of hinting a distant allusion, in favour of public liberty, personal independence, national peace, private tranquillity, or domestic security. Yet if these are not the objects of philosophical inquiry and political celebration, what ought to be?

Lacretelle declares that the spirit of adulation had a great influence over literary men at the epoch of the foundation of the Academy, and he regrets the tone of flattery in which it has been accustomed to express itself. It certainly would not seem that he, himself, furnishes any exception to the degradation which he bemoans, or that amongst the other blessings of the intellectual system established since the revolution, the quashing of parasites, or the silencing of fulsome falsehood, is to be numbered. The author in question has very lately published a collection of detached parts of his works, and it is from this that we have taken the matter of two notes to this article, one on the decennial prizes, and the other on the report relative to the *Génie du Christianisme*. We see in these how M. Lacretelle treats the "fantastic tyrant, the imperial Charlatan;" nevertheless, as he states very coolly, "I praised the dominator then, as it was usual, and as we were commanded. I have preserved these praises, and permitted them to rest by the side of the severe judgments which to-day I pronounce against that extraordinary person, that they may at once prove and *expiate my part in the common servitude*." So late as 1812, we find Lacretelle terming Buonaparte the "*heros législateur*, who with one hand restored altars, and with the other founded the liberty of worship." In

\* Lacretelle states a curious example of the liberties which Buonaparte was accustomed to take with his Institute; it will suffice to give an idea of what portion of independence and consciousness of dignity could appertain to the authors and savans of France under this system of royal or imperial encouragement of which they are all so proud. The Emperor, who hindered M. Chateaubriant from delivering the usual speech on his admission as a member, demanded of the Institute why they had not comprised in their examination of the pieces that might be worthy of the prize, the *Génie du Christianisme*? He ordered them to make a special report on this work. They did so, and the Emperor received the document, of which from that day to this they never heard a syllable. One knows not how came, or where went this fantasy, says M. Lacretelle.

the severe judgments of *to-day*, we find it said of the "heros legislateur," that, "as legislator he followed the steps of the most vulgar tyrants; and that with his good fortune, he nourished the natural ferocity of his soul." On the 16th of Nov. 1809, M. le Comte Boissy-d'Anglas, senator and president of the Institute, addressed "Sa Majesté l'Empereur et Roi," at an audience given by the "heros legislateur," to the members of that magnanimous body, at which, no doubt, M. Lacretelle was present: "Our historians and poets," said the president, with becoming regard to the dignity of letters, and to the delicacy due to the character of Buonaparte, "will escape oblivion by founding their renown on your Majesty's; they will attach themselves to *your* great name that their *own* may survive. One out of the multitude of your vast actions is sufficient for the immortality of an individual, nay, for the glory of an age. The greatest difficulty that history will experience will be to render its recitals credible. Your magnanimous disposition is the finest gift which nature can give to genius. It will hereafter be said of you that *no reverse ever interrupted your memorable triumphs; that Fortune, inconstant to all other men, remained faithful to your Majesty; and that, for the first time, the ingratitude of contemporaries did not display itself to afflict the great man!*" Before the 6th of February, 1817, it would seem that some unaccountable jilting had been indulged by his Majesty's faithful Fortune, for on that day we find the same most respectable person, M. le Comte Boissy-d'Anglas, declaring in the Chamber of Peers, that "*the French love their king, and wish their king, LOUIS XVIII.*" But he had on this occasion certain fears for liberty which it becomes him to express, "that he may be faithful to his principles, and, above all, *consistent with his past conduct.*"

The truth is, that the Academy, or the Institute, or whatever else it may be named, has been chiefly efficacious in corrupting the simplicity, oppressing the independence, and ridiculing and misrepresenting the originality of true genius: while it has exercised this tyranny, it has pushed forward with a mean zeal the chariot wheels of whatever grotesque or cruel idol formed the authority of the day. An academician feels it to be a chief element of his existence to hold a certain well-defined and indisputable consideration in company: for this purpose he must be a slave to the radical vices and weaknesses of power and of society, for it is only by this sacrifice he can constitute himself the leader of their temporary tastes. "Academies," it is observed by Schlegel, "always carry with them the dread of the ridiculous, that conscience of poets who write for the world of fashion." Moreover, an academician is encompassed by his own proper competitions and jealousies: what with these, and his obligation

and inclination to keep well with the powers that be, and his anxiety to stand conspicuous and approved in the world, we have a host of considerations all claiming and receiving attention before the real interests of literature and learning can be thought of; and when the latter come in competition with the former, we may guess which will be preferred. The facts correspond with the reason of the thing. The founder of the French Academy was the traducer and enemy of Corneille, and procured, as it was to be expected he would, a decision of this body in correspondence with his stupidity or his spite. *Le Sage* was not of the Academy; *La Bruyere*, we believe, was ultimately elected; but they kept him out for a long while by their cabals, and they did the same by *Boileau*. An instance still more in point than any is, that they never elected *Moliere*. All this is easily accounted for; those who become members are instantly plunged into the turmoil of elections, prizes, and bye-laws; and the talent, or claim of any kind that comes in contact with the views of individual intrigue, or corporate ambition, has, as we have before said, but a poor chance. Those who are not members must take their measures to become so as speedily as possible; and these are often incompatible with the boldness, originality, vigour, and fidelity, that distinguish the career of master-spirits. We happen to know a fact of recent occurrence that fully proves this. One of the most clever experimentalists at this moment in France has entirely omitted in an able work which he has published, on the science to which he has chiefly dedicated his talents, one of its very principal divisions. The reason for this is well understood to be, that handling it would have led him to enforce opinions conflicting with those that are entertained by the person who is at the head of, and who possesses a great interest over, that class of the Institute into which the author aspires to be, and probably soon will be, admitted. This fact is pregnant with instruction as to the influence of academies on the real interests of literature and knowledge:

Thus have we endeavoured to prove the contempt generally entertained and expressed by the French critics for their own early literature; and we have shown that they turn from it in disgust to refresh and delight themselves with the style that became prevalent at a late period.

We have shown that they treat very hardly all the famous early writers of other countries, including even the ancients: that they are chiefly hard on these by pretending a peculiarly quick feeling for their merits and reputation, arrogating to have received these strictly into their own keeping and peculiar charge; at the same time taking advantage of this pretension to treat them with insults, whenever their native features are found to be at variance with French airs and graces.

It has been repeated from their own statements, that the literature of which they boast, (the distinctive character of which has always been in our view during the course of these remarks), had its origin in an Academical Institution, whose foundation was laid by a crafty political intriguer to answer a nefarious political design: that this late and tardy birth took place when manners were on the decline, and in a state the most of all opposed to simplicity of feeling, and personal independence:—that the Institution in question has ever since continued to exercise a sovereign influence over the intellectual concerns of France, while it has been itself the servile subject, and even the instrument, of the oppressions, prejudices, desires, dislikes, of despotic and ostentatious governments.

That literary men in France have borne the yoke of a still more degrading and galling slavery, having been summoned, like the Jews in Egypt, to make bricks without materials:—that is to say, that they have been confined to the caprices and niceties of pedantry and fashion, when they have been called upon to supply what can only be found “in the spacious circuits of musing,” and which, while it is of “highest hope,” is also of “hardest attempting.”

We have quoted their own testimonies as to the poverty of their language: we have proved by these that it is “capricious above all others in words, and also poor in many important respects;” that it is particularly deficient in expressions that would serve to indicate the exercise of the imaginative faculty; that French poetry is bound to certain “conventional words;” that two-thirds of the national idiom is taken from the poet altogether, so that he cannot bring himself home to the “business and bosoms of men” by the shortest and most certain ways, but must divert his own enthusiasm and his reader’s sympathy from the spirit of his subject, to introduce “holiday and lady terms” that “shine brisk and smell sweet.”

These are facts which, we contend, we have placed clear of the suspicion that would attend our own assertions on such points, by a process of inquiry and quotation which the French disdain to follow when they pass judgment on the literature of other nations and periods. They are facts which prove much, and afford strong presumption in favour of all we are inclined to press against the *National System of Composition and Criticism* that belongs to France. In raising our voices against the extravagant assumptions of its interested supporters, we feel that our province is one of higher claims on confidence and goodwill than that of the advocate or partizan of any particular sect, country, or era. We are making our stand for all that ages have bequeathed and that nature offers: we are defending that

connection between the past, the present, and the future, which gives a breathing-space to the soul, and something of enlargement to the otherwise brief and petty existence of the lord of this earth: we are seeking to be delivered from heated disputes, acrid jealousies, and baffling inconstancies; and to receive a certain shelter from them in the all-sufficient extent and according harmony of the wide scene of natural beauty. We must oppose a Frenchman, or any other man, whom we see putting his foot against the motions of the universe, and crying *halt here, for where I stand is perfection!* We are of opinion that the tide of time bears in its vast bosom treasures of greater value than the cockle-shells that one can pick up about its margin. By separating themselves from their early literature, the French have committed a mortal amputation; they have acted unnaturally, and divested themselves of the sympathies most likely to check or recall them in their wanderings from nature: they have made of their literature an excrescence without a root. In short, the compositions must, in comparison with others, be stinted and cold, which take their character from the combination of circumstances that we have been called upon to specify and describe. Science, we believe, may often require that assistance which the patronage of power and opulence can alone afford. Painting seeks the large halls of palaces, and the domes of cathedrals, to unfold in all its extent the superb scroll of her magical creations: but, even in respect of these, it is the genius of the individual that must be honoured by the encouragements and opportunities which he receives. Poetry has not the same necessities. On this point Voltaire delivers a testimony that is much in favour of our country, but his heart was not sound enough to permit him to do himself credit by the acuteness of his perceptions. He compares English genius to "*un arbre touffu, planté par la nature, jetant au hasard mille rameaux, et croissant inégalement avec force:*"—he adds, "*il meurt si vous voulez forcer sa nature, et le tailler en arbre des jardins de Marli.*" Long may this continue to be the distinction of English literature, although it may hinder it from being placed as the ornament of a court lobby on a gala night! Let that which is the offspring of the contrary system, instead of advancing with conscious power and dignity to address the heart, stop to balance and scrutinize words, lest any of them should be consigned to ridicule by the "*gens qui rient.*" It may attempt to be pathetic or sublime, but in the very height of its passion it is liable to be called to order by the insolence of an incompetent authority. Being confined to received turns of expression, it is deprived of one of its most proper and valuable privileges; one which it possesses amongst more free and manly spirits; the

prerogative of ennobling with a touch, and conferring an illustrious place for the time to come on what was before common and undistinguished. Instead of ennobling, it must serve; instead of giving riches, it must receive alms. It may acquire a servile dexterity, but its rod of divination is broken. It would be proceeded against, according to due course of law, if it were to attempt, with a wizard blow, to draw water from rocks, to call back into life the images of the past, or to turn at will the passions and affections of the human heart. It must not seek to uncover by a stroke the treasures that lie under the common feet unsuspected and unknown, to the discovery of which the regular rules and methods of investigation will never lead. These, we humbly apprehend, are the proper prerogatives of genius; but an academy condemns them, and society laughs them down.

Schlegel, in undertaking to review the three most celebrated French dramatic poets, Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, says, "Our chief object is an examination of the system of tragic art, practically followed by these poets, and by them partly, *but by the French critics universally considered as alone entitled to any authority, and every deviation from it regarded as a sin against good taste.*" Here are at once our provocation and justification in respect of this exposure of the errors, affections, and arrogance of our neighbours. We have chosen to go hand in hand with this German author in our observations on French literature and criticism, because his talent and knowledge afford much assistance on such a subject, and more particularly because his Work furnishes a remarkable refutation of the common assertion in France, that she has the consent of Europe generally, and the example of the world's excellence universally, to sustain her in her controversy with England on literary questions. We flatter ourselves, however, that this mistake has now been sufficiently exposed to prevent it for the future from keeping itself in countenance by obstinate repetition. We have quoted the opinions of La Harpe frequently in the course of this article, with some sense of reluctance, as if the matter of his sentiments were almost too slight to bear the weight of serious argument:—but we knew not a more fit representative of that shallow, ill-informed, but presuming code of rules, and vanities, which has been maintained in succession by the most authoritative French critics,—exemplified in practice by their most famous writers,—applied without understanding, as without modesty, to all other literature, ancient or modern,—and which, furthermore, is in general accordance with the national manners,—the style of thinking, speaking, and acting, in France. We wish it, however, to be particularly noticed, that we disclaim to



have at all entered upon the discussion of the particular merits of individual authors. If it had been our business here to treat of the particular examples of French composition, instead of the principles of its criticism, we should have had to express our admiration of many striking beauties; but we should have still had to define and limit the class to which these beauties belong. There certainly exists one of an higher order of excellence, to which few of the French writers have raised themselves, and from which it is the task of French criticism to keep them back. Yet the literature of France is distinguished by brilliancy, it possesses noble examples of pathetic and magnanimous declamation, it is superb in its serious march, and light, lively, and gay, to an almost unrivalled degree, in its excursions over the field which society opens for sharp observation and familiar reflection. We can praise to a certain extent all that the French admire: we see their productions distinguished by most of the merits which they describe: we differ from them when they become transported with themselves, and are thus hurried away to affirm that these merits belong to the highest possible order, and that the world beside cannot produce their equals. To support this difference we have quoted their own admissions of their own prejudices and defects; we have proved their incapacity to judge of any thing foreign to their every-day observation and practice; we have shown that they are the unconscious and boasting slaves of impoverishing and degrading authorities. We have not made false or mean translations of the finest passages in their authors: we have not insulted their men of wit and learning, by asserting that they have submitted their judgments to the coarse taste of the lowest of their mob. If we did any of these things, we should render ourselves as offensive and contemptible as the French critics, who have abused Shakspeare on the ground of the incapacities of their own language and the perversions of their own habits.—As a fairly intended compliment to our neighbours, we shall shut up this long tissue of objections against their practice and principles, with a well-expressed sentence taken from their own Boileau, who never attained to write poetry himself, and who had unfortunately imbibed several mean notions in regard to its essentials, but whose various critical observations contain many sentiments of a truly vigorous and sound character: “I could pardon their blunders and their ignorance; but what I cannot pardon is, the insolent confidence with which they set up their judgment as that of all reasonable persons, and express an affronting amazement that any one should be so infatuated as to disregard their suggestions, or any critic so ignorant as to differ from their opinion.”

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